ncerning Kissing

Ethics in a Business Suit

So They Say

lume VII
No 42

June
25 Cents

The Golden Book Magazine

E. White

Hickman

Cosslett Smith

Wilkins

The
Immortality of Tissue
By Dr. Alexis Carrel

lzac

Molnar

Do Novelists Use Real People?
By Earle F. Walbridge

ntempelli

My Summer in a Garden
By Charles Dudley Warner

Bunner

nth Muse

Summer Sports
Fantastic Drawings by Heinrich Kley

Dumas

rs-d'œuvres

From the Play

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Accorded the enthusiastic praise of owners everywhere . . .

A NEW CONCEPTION *of how dependable an oil burner can be*

To hear an Electrol owner express his satisfaction is to realize that Electrol engineers have produced the dependable automatic heat which you have wanted for your own home.

You are impressed by his praise of the service it gives . . . operating without attention . . . keeping his home at the temperature he likes best, regardless of the weather or sudden changes.

The advanced engineering principles of Electrol have been recognized by prominent engineers and business men who have selected it for their homes. Numbered among them are Mr. Robert S. Baldwin, Vice-Pres. General Electric Co., Mr. E. D. Nims, Pres. Southwestern Bell Telephone Co., J. C. Chadwick, Mgr. Packard Motor Co. of New York, Mr. C. W. Peelle, Pres. Peelle Co., and Mr. David R. Jones, Geometric Stamping Company.

Electrol is All-Electric and Entirely Automatic. It employs positive electric ignition—eliminating the need for a gas pilot light. Produces a surprising volume of heat without waste of fuel. And is regulated in every phase of its quiet operation by *The Master Control* which stands guard like a living hand always at the furnace door.

Form your own opinion of Electrol from the experience of those who know it best. Send for our book, "The Master Furnace Man", containing full details of Electrol and comments of owners.

Wherever Electrol is sold, you will find complete oil heating service backed by a sound, large and growing manufacturing organization. Sizes for every type and size of building. Can be purchased on an attractive budget payment plan if desired.

ELECTROL INC. *of* MISSOURI
185 Dorcas St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

ELECTROL

The OIL BURNER with *The Master Control*

LISTED AS STANDARD BY THE UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES, AND BEARS THEIR LABEL

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Counterfeit

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Arthur Symons

AS WE went away from a tobacco shop, my friend turned over his money very carefully; he slid small gold coins into the left pocket of his waistcoat; into the right, silver money; into the left pocket of his trousers, a huge mass of coppers; into the right, a piece of two francs he had particularly examined. "Singular and most minute distribution!" I said to my inner self. We met on our way a poor man who held out his cap to us with a trembling hand. I know nothing more disquieting than the mute eloquence of those supplicating eyes, which contain all at once, for the sensible man who knows how to read in them, as much humility as reproach. He finds there something somewhat similar to the depth of this complicated sentiment, in the tearful eyes of the dogs when one whips them. My friend's offering was much more considerable than mine, and I said to him: "You are right; after the pleasure of being astonished, there is nothing better than that of giving one a surprise." "I gave him the bad money," he said to me tranquilly, as if to justify himself of his prodigality.

But into my miserable mind, always occupied in trying to find noon at midnight (with what fatiguing faculty has not nature gifted me!), entered suddenly this idea that a corresponding conduct, on the part of my friend, was only excusable through his desire of creating an event in the life of this poor devil, and perhaps of knowing the various consequences, ghastly or not, which the bad money might engender in a beggar's hand. Might it not multiply itself into real pieces? Might it not also be the means of the beggar's imprisonment? A baker, a tavern-keeper, for instance, might have been arrested as a coiner of bad money or as a propagator of the bad money, good as the bad money might be for a poor little speculator, the germ of a few days' riches. And so my fantasy went its way, lending wings to the intelligence of my friend and drawing all possible adventures from all possible hypotheses.

Suddenly he broke in upon my reveries by repeating my own words: "Yes, you are right; there's no sweeter pleasure than that of surprising a man by giving him more than he expects."

I looked into the white of his eyes, and I was terrified when I saw that those eyes shone with an incontestable candour. I saw then clearly that he wanted at the same time to be charitable and to make a good bargain; to gain *quarante sous* and God's heart; to prevail over paradise economically; and at the last to seize for nothing the warrant of a charitable man. I could almost have pardoned in him the desire of the criminal enjoyment I had just then supposed him to be capable of; I might have found it curious, singular, that he should amuse himself by compromising the poor; but never could I have forgiven in him the ineptitude of his calculation. There's no excuse for one's being wicked, but there's some merit in knowing that one is; and the most irreparable vice is that of doing evil through sheer stupidity.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JVNE

PISCATOR—Look you, scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a trout, I pray put that net under him and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar, I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite: come, scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish for supper.

VENATOR—I am glad of that: but I have no fortune: sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

PISCATOR—Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all: there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VENATOR—Ay, and a good trout too.

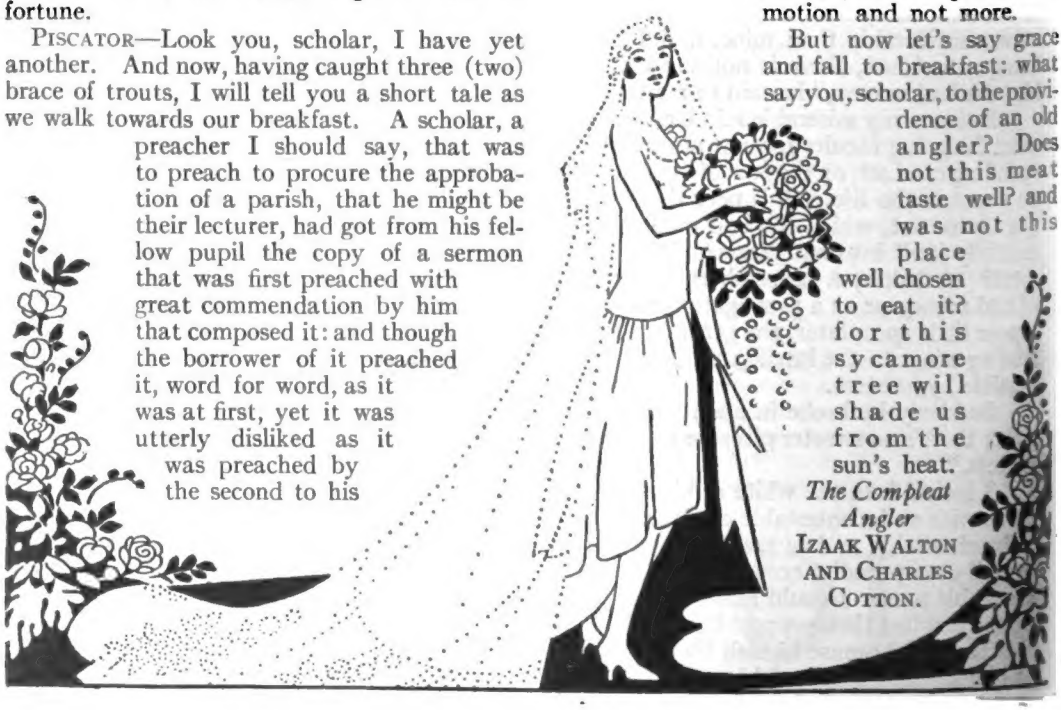
PISCATOR—Nay, the trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VENATOR—Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

PISCATOR—Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three (two) brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish, that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it: and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation: which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of it: and thus was answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddlestick; for you are to know that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted to my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill-pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddlestick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, or how to guide it to a right place: and this must be an art, either by practice or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, When you fish for a trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion and not more.

But now let's say grace and fall to breakfast: what say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

The Compleat Angler
IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

1 June comes in with roses in her hand, but very often with a thick shawl on her shoulders, and a bad cold in her head. HOLMES.

2 Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday. MILTON.

3 Engaged a cook after a long conversation on religious matters, chiefly between her and William.
CATHERINE (MRS. W. E.) GLADSTONE.

4 Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire! BLAKE.

5 In the evening in my cabin a great while getting the song without book, "Help, help Divinity, &c." After supper my Lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks with money in them for symballs, we made barber's music, with which my Lord was well pleased. So to bed.
PEPYS.

6 When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened in airs of June her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-wingèd insects of the sky.
BRYANT.

7 Poetry is a caprice of Nature in her lighter moods; it requires nothing but its own madness and, lacking that, it becomes a soundless cymbal, a belfry without a bell.
ARETINO.

8 Green, green,
The cypress on the mound.
Firm, firm,
The boulder in the stream.
Man's life, lived within this world,
Is like the sojourning of a hurried traveler.
A cup of wine together will make us glad,
And a little friendship is no little matter.
CHINESE (1st Century B. C.) WALEY.

9 I think God is equally concerned with man and all the animals to whom he has given life, but that, perhaps, he has a special leaning toward the dogs.
DUMAS.

10 I leave this notice on the door
For each accustomed visitor:
I am gone into the fields
To take what this sweet hour yields.
Reflection, you may come to-morrow,
Sit by the fireside with Sorrow.
You with the unpaid bill, despair . . .
Expectation, too, be off!
To-day is for itself enough. SHELLEY.

11 The song of the nightingales was a full, unceasing throb. It went like the outcry of one heart from branch to branch. The four long notes, and the short fifth which leads off to that hurried gush of music, gurgling rich with passion, came thick and constant from under the tremulous leaves. MEREDITH.

12 O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet.
TENNYSON.

13 The new Americans, of whom he was to be one, must, whether they were fit or unfit, create a world of their own, a science, a society, a philosophy, a universe, where they had not yet created a road or even learned to dig their own iron. They had no time for thought; they saw, and could see, nothing beyond their day's work; their attitude to the universe outside them was that of the deep-sea fish.
HENRY ADAMS (1868).

14 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom
High as the highest peaks of Furness' fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells. WORDSWORTH.

15 There can be no power if one does not love with passion or hate with passion. Enthusiasm and scorn are indispensable in creating a work of art.
HUYSMANS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

16 Ships, ships, I will descrie you.
Amidst the main;
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandize and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading;
Hallo! my fancie! whither wilt thou go?
ANON. (17th Century).

17 Her unconscious animal grace, so wholly independent of any artificial aid, was not unlike a simple melody. These unsophisticated, long-limbed Hebes of the field have a priority of command which we never question, and I think it oftenest expresses itself in motion. Griselle swished about the little kitchen, making grace audible. "J. P. MOWBRAY."

18 My lover hath come forth;
He careth not for my love;
My heart standeth still within me.
Behold, honeyed cakes in my mouth,
They are turned into salt;
Even must, that sweetest thing,
In my mouth is as the gall of a bird.
The breath of thy nostrils alone
Is that which maketh my heart live.
I found thee! Amen grant thee unto me,
Eternally and for ever!
Egyptian Papyrus (MÜLLER).

19 To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor. SWIFT.

20 My garden is a lovesome thing—God wot!
Rose plot
Fringed pool,
Fern grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.—
Not God in gardens! When the sun is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign!
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.
T. E. BROWN.

21 A man, married to an actress, during a performance of a play in which his wife had the leading part, sat in a box with beaming face, and from time to time got up and bowed to the audience. CHEKHOV.

22 For indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days. GOETHE.

23 He only who has lived with the beautiful can die beautifully.
OKAKURA-KAKUZO.

24 Midsummer is the great annual festival in Finland. Koit and Amarik, sunset and sunrise, once besought the Lord of the Sky to give them permission to be eternally betrothed, and once a year to clasp each other in their glowing arms. Bonfires therefore are lit to symbolize this union of the Day and Night. WAINEMAN.

25 Come to me and mourn not, I am the jasmin.
My stars are whiter than silver
On the blue noon of air.
I come from the breast of God
To the breasts of women,
And am an ornament for black hair.
Thousand Nights (MATHERS).

26 A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.
COLERIDGE.

27 You ask if I believe in the soul. Here is an argument in favour of that hypothesis. How could two inanimate substances give and receive a sensation through a union which would be insipid were it not for the idea attached to it? This is a pedantic phrase to say that when two people who love each other kiss each other they feel something else than the sensation of kissing the softest satin.
MÉRIMÉE.

28 A million years before Atlantis was
Our lark sprang from some hollow in the grass. J. C. SQUIRE.

29 That the husband of Xantippe was a great philosopher is, indeed, remarkable. To be able to think during such scolding! But he could not write. Socrates did not leave a single book!
HEINE.

30 Let none fear any more the darts of desire; for raging Love has emptied his whole quiver on me. Let none dread the coming of his wings; for ever since he hath set his cruel feet on me, trampling on my heart, there he remains unmoved and unshaken and departs not, for on me he hath shed the feathers of his two wings.
PAULUS SILENTARIUS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME VII JUNE, 1928 NUMBER 42

The Desert

By ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH

Arthur Cosslett Smith

FAR down in the Desert of Sahara is the little oasis of El Merb. It is so small that our crude atlases miss it. It has but one well, and the fertile land is not more than forty rods in diameter. It has a mosque, a bazaar, a slave-market, and a café. It is called by the traders of Biskra "The Key of the Desert." It is called by the Mohammedan priests of Biskra "The Treasury of the Desert." It is called by the French commandant at Biskra "A place to be watched." The only communication between El Merb and Biskra is by camels, and Abdullah was once the chief caravan-master.

. . . . . .

Abdullah, having felt the humps of his camels, turned to his driver.

"We start to-morrow, Ali," he said; "the beasts are fit."

Ali bowed and showed his white teeth.

"To-morrow," continued Abdullah, "since it is Friday; and immediately after the middle prayer. I hear in the bazaar that the well at Okba is choked. Can we make forty-two miles in one day, so as to cut Okba out?"

"We can," said Ali, "during the first three days, when the beasts do not drink; after that—no."

"Good," said Abdullah; "I will make a route."

Some one plucked at his sleeve and he turned.

"Sir," said a man with a white beard and eager eyes, "I learn that you start for Biskra to-morrow."

"If Allah wills," said Abdullah.

"In crossing the desert," said the old man, "I am told there are many dangers."

"Friend," said Abdullah, "in sitting at home there are many dangers."

"True," said the old man; and, after an interval, he added, "I think I may trust you."

Abdullah shrugged his shoulders and rolled a cigarette.

"Would it please you," said the old man, "to take a passenger for Biskra?"

"At a price," replied Abdullah, striking a match.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Copyrighted, 1928, by THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION

"What is the price?" asked the old man.

"Do you pay in dates, hides, ivory, or gold-dust?"

"In dust," replied the old man.

Abdullah threw away his cigarette. "I will carry you to Biskra," said he, "for eight ounces, and will furnish you with dates. If you desire other food, you must provide it. You shall have water, if I do."

"It is not for myself that I seek passage," said the old man, "but for my daughter."

"In that event," said Abdullah, "the price will be nine ounces. Women cast responsibility upon me."

"And her maid-servant?" asked the old man.

"Eight ounces," replied Abdullah.

"It is all I have," said the old man, "but I will give it."

"If you have no more," said Abdullah, "Allah forbid that I should strip you. I will carry the two for sixteen ounces."

"Allah will make it up to you," said the old man. "If you will deign to accompany me to the bazaar, I will pay you immediately."

They went to the arcades about the square and entered the shop of Hassan, the money-changer.

The old man pulled at his girdle and produced, after many contortions, a purse of gazelle skin.

"Friend Hassan," he said, "I wish to pay to this, my son, sixteen ounces. Kindly weigh them for me."

Hassan produced his scales. They consisted of two metal disks, suspended by silk threads from the ends of a fern stem. He balanced this stem upon the edge of a knife, fixed above his table. In one of the pans he placed a weight, stamped with Arabic characters. The pan fell to the table. Hassan produced a horn spoon, which he blew upon and then carefully wiped with the hem of his burnoose. He handed the spoon to the old man, who felt of the bowl.

"It is dry," he said; "nothing will stick to it."

Hassan plunged the spoon into the bag and brought it out, filled with gold-dust, which he poured into the empty pan. The scales rose, fell, trembled, and then settled even.

"I nearly always can judge an ounce," said Hassan; "a grain is another matter."

He weighed out sixteen ounces. The last ounce he left in the pan. Then he turned and, with a sweep of his arm, caught a fly from off the wall. He handled it with the greatest care until he held it in the tips of his fingers; then he put it into his mouth and closed his lips. In a moment he took it out. The fly was moist and dejected. He placed it upon the gold-dust in the pan. The fly began to beat its wings and work its legs. In a moment its colour changed from blue-black to yellow. It was coated with gold-dust. Hassan lifted it with a pair of tweezers, and popped it into an inlaid box.

"My commission," he said. "Good-by. Allah be with you."

The old man tied up his bag, which seemed to be as heavy as ever.

"I thought," said Abdullah, glancing at the purse, "that seventeen ounces was all you had."

"What remains," said the old man, and there was a twinkle in his eye, "belongs to Allah's poor, of whom I am one."

"I regret," said Abdullah, with some heat, "that I did not treble my usual price. I merely doubled it for you."

The old man's face clouded, but only for an instant.

"My son," he said, "I am glad that I have intrusted my daughter to you. You will bring her to Biskra in safety. At what hour do you start?"

"Immediately after the noon prayer," answered Abdullah, "and I wait for no one."

"Good," said the old man, "we shall be there; *slama*."

"*Slama*," said Abdullah, and they parted.

Abdullah went back to his camels. He found Ali asleep between the black racer and the dun leader. He kicked him gently, as though he were a dog, and Ali sat up, smiling and pleased to be kicked, when he saw his master.

"We take two women with us," said Abdullah.

"Allah help us," said Ali.

"He has already," said Abdullah; "I have sixteen ounces in my girdle."

"It seems, then," said Ali, grinning, "that not only Allah has helped you, but you have helped yourself."

"Peace," said Abdullah, "you know nothing of commerce."

"I know, however," said Ali, "that the Englishwoman whom we carried two years ago, and who made us stop two days at the wells of Okba, because her dog was ailing, gave me a bad piece of silver that I could not spend in Biskra. 'Twas she of the prominent teeth and the big feet. I used to see her feet when she mounted her camel, and I used to see her teeth when I saw nothing else."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Peace," said Abdullah. "Allah who made us made also the English."

"Perhaps," said Ali, "but one cannot help wondering why He did it."

"If we carry these two women," said Abdullah, "we must leave the cargo of two beasts behind. Leave four bales of hides; I took them conditioned upon no better freight offering; and put the women on the two lame camels. In this way we profit most, since we sacrifice least merchandise. The porters will be here at sunrise to help you load. See that they are careful. You remember what happened last time, when our cargoes kept shifting. All seems well to-night, except you have loaded that red camel yonder too high on the right side. How can a camel rest if, when he kneels, his load does not touch the ground? He must support the weight himself."

"I intended to alter that in the morning," said Ali.

"The morning may never dawn," said Abdullah, "and meanwhile you rob the beast of one night's rest. Attend to it at once. The speed of a caravan is the speed of its slowest camel."

"Who should know that better than I?" exclaimed Ali. "Have I not crossed the desert nine times with you? Oh, master, bear with me, I am growing old."

"What is your age?" asked Abdullah.

"One-and-thirty," replied Ali.

"My friend," said Abdullah, "you are good for another voyage; and know this, when you fail me, I quit the desert, and turn householder, with a wife or two, and children, if Allah wills it. I myself am six-and-twenty. I have earned a rest. *Slama.*"

And he turned on his heel to go, but he turned again.

"Ali," he said, "who lives in the first house beyond the mosque, on the left—the house with the green lattices?"

"I do not know, my master," replied Ali, "but I shall tell you in the morning."

"Good," said Abdullah; "and there is a damsel who sits behind the lattice, and always wears a flower in her hair, a red flower, a flower like this," and he put his hand into the folds of his burnoose and brought out a faded, crumpled, red oleander. "Who is she?"

"To-morrow," said Ali.

"Good," said Abdullah, and he went away.

"*Slama*," said Ali, and then he added, to himself, "There goes a masterful man, and a just one, but love has caught him."

And he hurriedly eased the red camel of her load.

II

THE next morning the departing caravan had many visitors. The merchants from the arcades came to see that their ventures were properly loaded. They passed comments upon the camels as Englishmen and Americans do upon horses in the paddock or the show-ring. Some they criticized, some they praised, but they were of one mind as to their condition.

"Their humps are fat," they all agreed; and, as a camel draws upon his hump for food as he draws upon the sacs surrounding his stomach for water, the condition of the caravan was declared to be *mleh*, which is the Arabic equivalent for "fit."

Abdullah was a busy man. He signed manifests, received money, receipted for it, felt of surcingles, tightened them, swore at the boys who were teasing the camels, kicked Ali whenever he came within reach, and in every way played the *rôle* of the business man of the desert.

Suddenly, from the minaret of the mosque came the cry of the mueddin. The clamour of the market ceased and the Mussulmans fell upon their knees, facing the east and Mecca. The camels were already kneeling, but they were facing the north and Biskra.

While the faithful were praying, the unbelievers from the Soudan fell back and stood silent. A cry to God, no matter what god, silences the patter of the market-place. Abdullah prayed as a child beseeches his father.

"Give me, Allah, a safe and quick journey. Unchoke the wells at Okba. Strengthen the yellow camel. Make high the price of dates and low the price of hides; 'tis thus I have ventured. Bring us in safety to Biskra. And bring me to the damsel who sits behind the green lattice. These things I pray—thy sinful son, Abdullah."

He rose, and the old man stood at his elbow. Abdullah had forgotten his passengers.

"This," said the old man, turning to a woman veiled to her eyes, "is my daughter, and this," he added, "is her maid," and a negress, comely and smiling, made salaam. "I pray thee," he continued, "to deliver this invoice," and he handed Abdullah a paper.

Abdullah was too busy to notice his passengers. "Let them mount at once," he said, slipping the paper under his girdle, and he left them to Ali, who came up showing his white teeth.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

There were the last words, instructions, cautions, adieus, and then Abdullah held up his hand. Ali gave the cry of the camel-driver, and the uncouth beasts, twisting and snarling under their loads, struggled to their feet.

Another cry, and they began their voyage. They traversed the square, passed the mosque, turned down a narrow street, and in five minutes crossed the line that bounded the oasis, and entered upon the desert.

Immediately the dun leader took his place at the left and slightly in advance. The fourth on the right of the dun was the black racer. He carried two water-skins and Abdullah's saddle. Then came, in ranks, fifteen camels, Ali riding in the centre. On the right flank rode the two women, with enormous red and white cotton sunshades stretched behind them. Then, at an interval of six rods, came fifteen camels unattended. They simply followed the squad in front. The dun leader and the black racer had lanyards about their necks. The other camels had no harness save the surcingles that held their loads.

In a panic, a sand-storm, a fusillade from Bedouins, a mirage, and a race for water, if Abdullah and Ali could grasp these lanyards, the caravan was saved, since the other camels followed the dun leader and the black racer as sheep follow the bell-wether.

Abdullah walked at the left, abreast of the dun. At intervals he rode the black racer.

The pace of a caravan is two miles an hour, but Abdullah's, the two cripples included, could make two miles and a quarter. The black racer could make sixty miles a day for five days, without drinking, but at the end of such a journey his hump would be no larger than a pin-cushion, and his temper——?

For centuries it has been the custom of Sahara caravans to travel not more than five miles the first day. Abdullah, the iconoclast, made thirty-three. Ali came to him at two o'clock.

"Shall we camp, master?" he asked.

"When I give the word," replied Abdullah. "You forget that the wells at Okba are choked. We shall camp at El Zarb."

"El Zarb!" exclaimed Ali. "We should camp there to-morrow."

"Must I continually remind you," said Abdullah, "that to-morrow may never dawn? We camp at El Zarb to-night."

At nine o'clock they marched under the palms of El Zarb. Abdullah held up his hands; Ali ran to the head of the dun leader; the caravan halted, groaned, and knelt. The first day's journey was over.

III

THE moment that the halt was accomplished, Abdullah went about, loosing the surcingles of his camels. Then he began to pitch his tent. It was of camel-skins, stretched over eight sticks, and fastened at the edges with spikes of locust wood. It was entirely open at the front, and when he had the flaps pinned, he gathered a little pile of camels' dung, struck a match, and began to make his tea. He had no thought for his passengers. His thoughts were with his heart, and that was back at the house beyond the bazaar—the house with the green lattices. Before the water boiled, Ali came up, eager, breathless.

"Master," he said, "the passengers are cared for, and the mistress wears a flower like—like *that*; the one you showed me"; and he pointed to Abdullah's bosom.

"You are either a faithful servant," said Abdullah, "or you are a great liar. The morrow will tell." And he started toward the passengers' tent. He found it closed. Being a woman's tent, it had front flaps, and they were laced. He walked back and forth before it. He was master of the caravan, more autocratic than the master of a ship. He might have cut the laces, entered, and no one could have questioned. That is the law of the desert. He could more easily have cut his own throat than that slender cord.

He wandered back and forth before the tent. The twilight faded. The shadows turned from saffron to violet, to purple, to cobalt. Out of the secret cavern of the winds came the cool night-breeze of the Sahara.

Still he paced up and down, before the little tent. And as he measured the sands, he measured his life. Born of a camel-driver by a slave; working his way across the desert a score of times before his wages made enough to buy one bale of hides; venturing the earnings of a lifetime on one voyage—making a profit, when a loss would have put him back to the beginning—venturing again, winning again—buying three camels—leasing them—buying three more—starting an express from the Soudan to Biskra one day short of all others;—carrying only dates and gold-dust—insuring

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his gold-dust, something he learned from the French in Biskra;—buying thirty camels at a plunge—at once the master camel-driver of the Sahara—and here he was, pacing up and down before a laced tent which held behind it—*a woman*.

The night of the desert settled down, and still he paced. The stars came up—the stars by which he laid his course; and, finally, pacing, he came for the hundredth time to the tent's front and stopped.

"Mistress?" he whispered. There was no answer. "Mistress?" he called, and then, after an interval, the flies of the tent parted—a white hand, and a whiter wrist, appeared, and a red oleander fell on the sands of the desert.

Abdullah was on his knees. He pressed the flower to his lips, to his heart. Kneeling, he watched the flaps of the tent. They fluttered; the laces raced through the eyelets; the flaps parted, and a girl, unveiled, stepped out into the firelight. They stood, silent, gazing one at the other.

"You have been long in coming," she said, at length.

There is no love-making in the desert. Thanks to its fervent heat, love there comes ready-made.

"Yes," said Abdullah, "I have tarried, but now that I have come, I stay forever"· and he took her in his arms.

"When did you love me first?" she whispered, half-released.

"When first I saw you, behind the green lattice," gasped Abdullah.

"Ah, that green lattice," whispered the girl; "how small its openings were. And still, my heart flew through them when first you passed. How proudly you walked. Walk for me now—here, in the firelight, where I may see you—not so slowly, with your eyes turned toward me, but swiftly, smoothly, proudly, your head held high—that's it—that is the way you passed my lattice, and as you passed my heart cried out, 'There goes my king.' Did you not hear it?"

"No," said Abdullah; "my own heart cried so loudly I heard naught else."

"What did it cry? What cries it now?" she said; and she placed her cheek against his bosom, her ear above his heart. "I hear it," she whispered, "but it beats so fast I cannot understand."

"Then," said Abdullah, "I must tell thee with my lips."

"Oh, beloved," she whispered, "the camels will see us."

"What matters," he said; "they belong to me."

"Then they are my brethren," she said, "since I, also, belong to thee," and with arms entwined they passed out of the firelight into the purple of the desert.

. . . .

When they came back, the hobbled camels were snoring, and the unfed fires were smouldering.

"Allah keep thee," said Abdullah, at the door of her tent.

"And thee, my master," said the girl, and the flaps fell.

Abdullah went slowly toward his own tent. He stopped a moment by one of the lame camels. "Thou broughtest her to me," he said, and he eased the beast's surcingle by a dozen holes.

He reached his tent, paused, faced the western horizon, lifted his arms, breathed in the sweet, cool air of the desert, and entered.

Ali had spread a camel's hide, had covered a water-skin with a burnoose for a pillow, and had left, near it, a coiled wax-taper and a box of matches. Abdullah untwined his turban, loosened his sash, felt something escape him, fell on his knees, groped, felt a paper, rose, went to the tent's door, recognized the invoice which the old man had given him, went out, kicked up the embers of the fire, knelt, saw that the paper was unsealed, was fastened merely with a thread, played with the thread, saw it part beneath his fingers, saw the page unfold, stirred up the embers, and read:

To Mirza, Mother of the Dancers at Biskra, by the hand of Abdullah. I send thee, as I said, the most beautiful woman in the world. She has been carefully reared. She has no thought of commercialism. Two and two are five to her as well as four. She is unspoiled. She never has had a coin in her fingers, and she never has had a wish ungratified. She knows a little French, the French of courtship merely. Her Arabic is that of Medina. You, doubtless, will exploit her in Biskra. You may have her for two years. By that time she may toss her own handkerchief. Then she reverts to me. I shall take her to Cairo, where second-rate Englishmen and first-rate Americans abound.

This is thy receipt for the thirty ounces you sent me. ILDERHIM.

When Abdullah had read this invoice of his love, he sat long before the little fire as one dead. Then he rose, felt in his bosom, and drew out two flowers, one withered, the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

other fresh. He dropped these among the embers, straightened himself; lifted his arms toward heaven, and slowly entered his tent.

The little fires smouldered and died, and the great desert was silent, save for the sighing of the camels and the singing of the shifting sands.

THE MAN WHO KEEPS GOATS

I

THE next morning broke as all mornings break in the desert, first yellow, then white, and always silent. The air bore the scent of sage. The hobbled camels had broken every shrub within their reach, and stunted herbage is, almost always, aromatic.

Abdullah gave no heed to the sun. He who for ten years had been the most energetic man of the desert had overnight become the most nonchalant. Like Achilles, he sulked in his tent.

At five o'clock Ali ventured to bring his master's coffee. He found Abdullah fully dressed and reading a paper, which he hurriedly thrust into his burnoose when he was interrupted.

"Your coffee, master," said Ali. "We have twelve leagues to make to-day."

"Ali," said Abdullah, "the night before we started I asked you who lived in the house with the green lattices—the next house beyond the mosque—and you promised to tell me in the morning."

"Yes, master," said Ali, "but in the morning you did not ask me."

"I ask you now," said Abdullah.

Ali bowed. "Master," he answered, "the house is occupied by Ilderhim, chief of the tribe of Ouled Nail. He hires it for five years, and he occupies it for the three months, Chaban, Ramadan, and Chaoual, of each year. He has also the gardens and four water-rights. He deals in ivory, gold-dust, and dancing-girls. He formerly lived in Biskra, but the French banished him. They have also banished him from Algiers, and he has been warned from Cairo and Medina. He has a divorced wife in each of those cities. They are the mothers of the dancing-girls. The one in Biskra is Mirza. Everyone in Biskra knows Mirza. Doubtless you, master——"

"Yes," said Abdullah, "but the damsel. Who is she?"

"His daughter," replied Ali.

"How know you this?" demanded Abdullah, fiercely.

"Master," said Ali, "last night, when you were looking at the stars with the mistress, I had a word with the maid. She came to me, while I was asleep by the dun leader, and shook me as if I had been an old friend.

"'Save her,' she whispered, as I rubbed my eyes.

"'Willingly,' I replied. 'Who is she?'

"'My mistress,' said the maid. 'They are taking her to Biskra. She has been sold to Mirza. She will dance in the cafés. This sweet flower will be cast into the mire of the market-place. Save her.'

"'How know you this?' I asked.

"'Ah,' she answered, 'this is not the first time I have crossed the desert with one of Ilderhim's daughters. Save her.'

"'Does the damsel know nothing of this—does she not go with her eyes open?' I asked.

"'She thinks,' said the maid, 'that she goes to Biskra to be taught the manners and the learning of the French women—to read, to sing, to know the world. Her heart is even fairer than her face. She knows no evil. Save her.'"

Abdullah groaned and hung his head.

"Forgive me, Allah," he said, "for that I doubted her. Forgive me for that I burned the flowers she gave to me," and he went out.

"Your coffee, master," cried Ali, but Abdullah paid no heed. He went swiftly to the little tent, and there was the damsel, veiled, and already mounted on the lame camel, ready to march.

"Beloved," said Abdullah, "you must dismount," and he lifted her from the back of the kneeling beast.

"Ali," he cried, "place the damsel's saddle on the black racer, and put mine on the dun. We two start on at once for the oasis of Zama. We can make it in thirteen hours. Give us a small water-skin and some dates. I leave everything else with you. Load, and follow us. We will wait for you at Zama. I go to counsel with the Man who Keeps Goats."

In five minutes the black racer and the dun leader were saddled.

"Come, beloved," said Abdullah, and without a word she followed him. She had asked no question, exhibited no curiosity. It was enough for her that Abdullah said, "Come."

They rode in silence for some minutes. Then Abdullah said: "Beloved, I do not know your name."

She dropped her veil, and his heart fell to fluttering.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"The one who loves me calls me 'beloved,'" she said, "and I like that name."

"But your real name?" said Abdullah.

"I was baptized 'Fathma,'" she said, smiling.

"Doubtless," said Abdullah; "since all women are named for the mother of the Prophet; but what is your other name, your house name?"

"Nicha," she answered; "do you like it?"

"Yes," he said, "I like it."

"I like 'beloved' better," said the girl.

"You shall hear it to your heart's content," said Abdullah.

They went on again, in silence, which was broken by the girl.

"Master," she said, "if you do not care to speak to me further, I will put up my veil."

"Do not," exclaimed Abdullah, "unless," he added, "you fear for your complexion."

"I do not fear for my complexion," said the girl, "but for my reputation"; and she smiled again.

"That," said Abdullah, "is henceforth in my keeping. Pay no heed to it."

"I am not yet your wife," said the girl.

"True," said Abdullah, "and we are making this forced march to learn how I may make you such. Who is your father, beloved?"

"Ilderhim," she answered; "but why do you ask? You saw him when we started from El Merb."

"Do you love him?" asked Abdullah.

"I scarcely know," answered the girl, after a pause. "I have not seen him often. He is constantly from home. He buys me pretty clothes and permits me to go to the cemetery each Friday with my maid. I suppose I love him—not as I love you, or as I love the camel that brought me to you, or the sandal on your foot, or the sand it presses—still, I think I must love him—but I never thought about it before."

"And your mother?" asked Abdullah.

"I have no mother," said the girl. "She died before I can remember."

"And why do you go to Biskra?" asked Abdullah.

"My father sends me," said the girl, "to a great lady who lives there. Her name is Mirza. Do you not know her, since you lived in Biskra?"

Abdullah did not answer. Something suddenly went wrong with his saddle, and he busied himself with it.

"I am to be taught the languages and the ways of Europe," continued the girl, "music and dancing, and many things the desert cannot teach. I am to remain two years, and then my father fetches me. Now that I consider the trouble and expense he is put to on my account, surely I should love him, should I not?"

Abdullah's saddle again required attention.

They rode for hours, sometimes speaking, sometimes silent. Twice Abdullah passed dates and water to the girl, and always they pressed on. A camel does not trot, he paces. He moves the feet of his right side forward at once, and follows them with the feet of his left side. This motion heaves the rider woefully. The girl stood it bravely for six hours, then she began to droop. Abdullah watched her as her head sank toward the camel's neck; conversation had long ceased. It had become a trial of endurance. Abdullah kept his eye upon the girl. He saw her head bending, bending toward her camel's neck; he gave the cry of halt, leaped from the dun, while yet at speed, raced to the black, held up his arms and caught his mistress as she fell.

There was naught about them save the two panting camels, the brown sands, the blue sky, and the God of Love. Abdullah lifted her to the earth as tenderly, as modestly, as though she had been his sister. It is a fine thing to be a gentleman, and the God of Love is a great God.

It proved that the girl's faintness came from the camel's motion and the cruel sun. Abdullah made the racer and the dun kneel close together. He spread his burnoose over them and picketed it with his riding-stick. This made shade. Then he brought water from the little skin; touched the girl's lips with it, bathed her brow, sat by her, silent, saw her sleep; knelt in the sand and kissed the little hand that rested on it, and prayed to Him that some call God, and more call Allah.

In an hour the girl whispered, "Abdullah?"

He was at her lips.

"Why are we waiting?" she asked.

"Because I was tired," he answered.

"Are you rested?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then let us go on," she said.

They rode on, hope sustaining Abdullah, and love sustaining Nicha, for she knew nothing but love.

Then, after eight hours, on the edge of the desert appeared a little cloud, no larger than a man's hand.

Abdullah roused himself with effort. He

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

watched the cloud resolve itself into a mass of green, into waving palms—then he knew that Zama was before him, and that the march was ended.

He turned and spoke to the girl. They had not spoken for hours. "Beloved," he said, "a half-hour, and we reach rest."

She did not answer. She was asleep upon her saddle.

"Thank Allah," said Abdullah, and they rode on.

Suddenly the trees of the oasis were blotted out. A yellow cloud of dust rolled in between them and the travellers, and Abdullah said to himself, "It is he whom I seek—it is He who Keeps Goats."

II

THEY met. In the midst of threescore goats whose feet had made the yellow cloud of dust was a man, tall, gaunt, dressed in the garb of the desert, and burned by the sun as black as a Soudanese.

"Ah, my son," he cried, in French, when he was within distance, "you travel light this time. Whom have you with you, another mistress, or, at last, a wife?"

"Hush," said Abdullah, "she is a little damsel who has ridden twelve leagues and is cruel tired."

"God help her," said the man of the goats; "shall I give her some warm milk—there is plenty?"

"No," said Abdullah; "let us go to thy house," and the goats, at the whistle of their master, turned, and followed the camels under the palms of the oasis of Zama.

They halted before a little hut, and Abdullah held up his hand. The camels stopped and kneeled. The girl did not move. Abdullah ran to her, took her in his arms, lifted her, turned, entered the hut, passed to the inner room, laid her upon a low couch beneath the window, put away her veil, kissed her hand, not her lips, and came out.

In the outer room he found his host. Upon the table were some small cheeses, a loaf of bread, a gourd of milk. Abdullah fell upon the food.

"Well, my son," said his host, after Abdullah began to pick and choose, "what brings you to me?"

"This," said Abdullah, and he felt in his bosom, and drew out the invoice of his passenger.

His host took from a book upon the table a pair of steel-bowed spectacles—the only pair in the Sahara. He placed them upon his nose, the curves behind his ears, snuffed the taper with his fingers, took the invoice from Abdullah, and read. He read it once, looked up, and said nothing. He read it a second time, looked up, and said: "Well, what of it?"

"Is it legal?" asked Abdullah.

"Doubtless," said his host, "since it is a hiring, merely, not a sale; and it is to be executed in Biskra, which is under the French rule."

"The French rule is beneficent, doubtless?" asked Abdullah.

His host did not answer for some minutes; then he said: "It is a compromise; and certain souls deem compromises to be justice. The real men of this age, as of all others, do not compromise; they fight out right and wrong to a decision. The French came into Algeria to avenge a wrong. They fought, they conquered, and then they compromised. Having compromised, they must fight and conquer all over again."

"You are a Frenchman, are you not?" asked Abdullah.

"No," replied his host, "I am a Parisian."

"Ah," exclaimed Abdullah, "I thought they were the same thing."

"Far from it," replied his host. "In Brittany, Frenchmen wear black to this day for the king whom Parisians guillotined."

"Pardon," said Abdullah; "I have been taught that Paris is French."

"Not so, my son," rejoined his host; "Paris is universal. If you will go to the Museum of the Louvre, and take a seat before the Venus of Milo, and will remain long enough, everybody in this world, worth knowing, will pass by you; crowned heads, diplomats, financiers, the demi-monde; you may meet them all. They tell me that the same thing happens to the occupant of the corner table of the Café de la Paix—the table next to the Avenue de l'Opéra; if he waits long enough, he will see every one——"

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said Abdullah, "but I care to see no one save the little maid sleeping within."

"Ah," said his host, "it is love, is it? I thought it was commercialism."

"No," said Abdullah; "it is a question of how I can keep the woman I love, and still keep my commercial integrity. She is consigned to me by her father, to be delivered to Mirza, the mother of the dancers, in Biskra. I am the trusted caravan owner between El Merb and Biskra. In the last ten years I have killed many men who tried

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to rob my freight of dates, and hides, and gold-dust. Now I long to rob my own freight of the most precious thing I have ever carried. May I do it, and still be a man; or must I deliver the damsel, recross the desert, return the passage money to her father, come once more to Biskra, and find my love the sport of the cafés?"

The Man who Keeps Goats rose and paced the floor.

"My son," he said, finally, "when the French occupied Algeria, they made this bargain—'Mussulmans shall be judged by their civil law.' It was a compromise and, therefore, a weakness. The civil law of the Mohammedans is, virtually, the Koran. The law of France is, virtually, the Code Napoléon. The parties to the present contract being Mohammedans, it will be construed by their law, and it is not repugnant to it. If, on the contrary, the damsel were a Christian, the French commandant at Biskra would tear the contract to pieces, since it is against morals. Better yet, if *you* were a Christian, and the damsel your wife, you might hold her in Biskra against the world."

Abdullah sat silent, his eyes half closed.

"Monsieur," he said at length, "is it very difficult to become a Christian?"

The Man who Keeps Goats sat silent—in his turn.

"My son," he said, finally, "I myself am a priest of the Church. I have lived in the desert for twenty years, but I have never been unfrocked. I cannot answer you, but I can tell you what a wiser than I declared to a desert traveller who put this same question nineteen hundred years ago."

He took up the book upon the table, turned a few pages, and read—"'And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went: and, behold, a man of Ethiopia, a eunuch of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet. . . . And Philip ran thither to *him*, and heard him read the prophet Esaias, and said, Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I, except some man should guide me? And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. . . . Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus. And as they went on *their* way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, *here is* water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?

"'And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

"'And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him.'"

Scarcely had the reader ceased when Abdullah sprang to his feet. "Father," he cried, "see, *here* is water. What doth hinder *me* to be baptized?"

"My son," said the old man, "how canst thou believe with all thine heart? No Philip has preached Jesus unto thee."

"What need?" exclaimed Abdullah. "Can a man's belief need preaching to in such a case as this? How long must I believe a religion that saves her I love? A month, a year, until it avails nothing, and she is gone? This eunuch was a blacker man than I; like me, he was a man of the desert. He did not ride with Philip long. I have not only heard what Philip said to him, but I have also heard what you have said to me. Both of you have preached unto me Jesus. What right have you to doubt my belief in a God who will save my love to me? Again, I ask you, what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

"Nothing," said the old man, and they went out both to the well, sparkling beneath the palms, both Abdullah and the Man who Keeps Goats; and he baptized him.

When Abdullah rose from his knees, his forehead dripping, he drew his hand across his face and asked, "Am I a Christian?"

"Yes," said the priest, "so far as I can make you one."

"Thank you," said Abdullah; "you have done much, and in the morning you shall do more, for then you shall baptize the damsel and shall marry us according to your—pardon me—our religion."

They entered the hut, and the priest, pointing toward the chamber-door, asked: "Does she believe?"

"She believes what I believe," said Abdullah.

The priest shook his head. "You speak," he said, "not as a Christian, but as a Moslem. You were brought up to look upon woman as a mere adjunct, a necessary evil, necessary because men must be born into the world. A female child, with you, was a reproach; she was scarcely seen by her

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

parents until she was brought out to be sold in marriage. With Christians it is different. A woman has a soul——"

"Hush," said Abdullah, "or you will awaken the camels with that strange doctrine. A woman has a soul, has she? You read me no such proposition from your prophets, a half-hour ago. Woman was not mentioned by Philip or by the Ethiopian in what you read to me. Is there aught in your book that argues that woman has a soul?"

"Doubtless," said the priest, "but I do not recall it."

He caught up his Bible. He opened it unluckily, for the first words that met his eye were these, and he read them: "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" and he paused, embarrassed.

"Whose words were those?" asked Abdullah.

The priest hesitated, crossed himself, and answered: "They were the words of Jesus."

"To whom were they spoken?" asked Abdullah.

The answer lagged. Finally, the priest said, "To His mother."

"Master," said Abdullah, "the more I learn of my new religion, the more I am enamoured of it;" and he went to the chamber-door and knocked.

"Beloved," he said, and waited.

He knocked again, and again he said, "Beloved."

"Who art thou?" came a voice.

"'Tis I, Abdullah," he said.

"Enter," said the voice.

"Not so," said Abdullah; "but come you out."

"Art thou alone?" asked the voice.

"No," replied Abdullah. "The Man who Keeps Goats is here."

"I have no light," said the voice.

Abdullah took the taper from the table, opened the door six inches, felt a warm soft hand meet his own, pressed it, left the taper in it, closed the door, and groped in darkness to his seat.

"Father," he said, after some moments of silence, "*have* women souls?"

"Doubtless," answered the priest.

"God help them," said Abdullah; "have they not trouble enough, without souls to save?"

The two men sat silent in the darkness.

The door creaked, a line of light appeared; the door swung wide out, and on the threshold stood Nicha, the taper in her hand.

The two men sat silent, gazing.

She had put off her outer costume of white linen and stood dressed for the house, the seraglio. Upon her head was a *chachia*, a little velvet cap, embroidered with seed-pearls. Her bust was clothed with a *rlila*, or bolero of brocaded silk, beneath which was a vest of muslin, heavy with gold buttons. About her slim waist was a *fouta*, or scarf of striped silk. Below came the *serroual*, wide trousers of white silk that ended mid-leg. Upon her feet were blue velvet slippers, pointed, turned up at the toes and embroidered with gold. About her ankles were *redeefs*, or bangles of emeralds, pierced, and strung on common string. At her wrists hung a multitude of bangles, and on her bare left arm, near the shoulder, was a gold wire that pinched the flesh, and from it hung a filigree medallion that covered her crest, tattooed beneath the skin. It is always so with the tribe of Ouled Nail.

This was the costume of the woman, but the woman herself, as she stood in the doorway, the taper in her hand, who may describe her? Tall, lithe, laughing—her black hair, braided, tied behind her neck, and still reaching the ground; her eyebrows straight as though pencilled; her ears small and closely set; her nose straight and thin, with fluttering nostrils; her shoulders sloping; her bust firm and pulsating beneath her linen vest; her slender waist; her little feet, in the blue velvet slippers; the charm of breeding and of youth; the added charm of jewels and of soft textures; what wonder that the two men sat silent and gazing?

Abdullah spoke first. "Beloved," he said, "I have broken your night's rest that you may have eternal rest."

The girl laughed. "That is a long way off," she said. "The cemetery, with the cypress-trees, is beautiful, but this hut, with thee, is better. Why did you wake me?"

"Because, since you slept," said Abdullah, "I have changed my religion."

"Good," exclaimed the girl; "then I change mine. I am tired of a religion that makes me plait my hair for eight hours of the day and sends no man to see it."

"What religion do you choose?" asked Abdullah.

"Yours," said the girl, seating herself and dropping her hands, interlaced, and covered with turquoise rings, about her knees; "why should a woman question anything when her husband has passed upon it?"

"Did I not tell thee?" said Abdullah.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Yes," said the priest, "but I waited for her own words."

"You have them now," said Abdullah, and they went out to the spring.

"I name thee Marie," said the priest, "since it is the name borne by the Mother of our Lord."

"Ah," said the girl, "I was baptized Fathma, after the Mother of the Prophet. There seems to be not so much difference thus far."

When the sacrament had been administered and they had returned to the hut, the priest addressed his converts. "My children," he said, "in order to do a great right I have done a little wrong. I have baptized you into a religion that you know nothing of. How should you? You, Abdullah—I beg your pardon, Philip—that was the name I gave you, was it not?"

Abdullah bowed.

"You, Philip," resumed the priest, "have changed your religion to win a woman whom you love; and you, Marie, have changed yours because the man you love bade you. Neither of you knows anything of the faith you have adopted. I have had no chance to instruct you; but one thing I declare to you, the Christian religion tolerates but one husband and one wife."

Nicha rose, pale, hesitating. She stepped slowly into the light. Her beauty added to the light.

"Beloved," she said, "knew you this?"

"No," he said, "but I know it now, and welcome it."

"Oh, my beloved," she cried, "to think that you are all my own, that I do not have to share you," and she flung her arms about him.

"Hush," said the priest, "or, as Philip says, you will wake the camels."

"Father," asked Abdullah, "will you now marry us, since we are Christians?"

"I would," answered the priest, "but it is necessary to have two witnesses."

Abdullah's face fell, but in an instant it brightened again. He went to the door of the hut and stood, listening. In a moment he turned and said, "Allah is good, or, rather, God is good. This new religion works well. Here are our witnesses."

And, even as he spoke, there came out of the darkness the halt-cry of the camel-driver.

"It is Ali," said Abdullah, "and Nicha's maid is with him. They have caught us up."

He ran out and found the camels kneeling, and Ali easing the surcingles.

"Ali," he cried, "you must change your religion."

"Willingly," said Ali; "what shall the new one be? The old one has done little for me."

"Christian," said Abdullah.

"That suits me," said Ali; "under it one may drink wine, and one may curse. It is a useful religion for a trader."

"And the maid?" asked Abdullah.

"We have travelled a day and a part of a night together," said Ali, "and she will believe what I tell her to believe."

"The old religion is good in some respects," said Abdullah. "Call the maid;" and they went to the hut.

"Here are the witnesses," said Abdullah, "ready to be Christians."

"It is not necessary," said the priest, "if they can make their mark; that is all that is required."

So, in the little hut, before an improvised altar, they were married—the camel-driver and the daughter of the Chief of Ouled Nail.

The next morning the caravan took up the march for Biskra.

THE MOTHER OF THE ALMEES

It was the great fast of Ramadan, and the square of Biskra was crowded with white-robed men waiting for the sun to set that they might eat.

The rough pavement was dotted with fires over which simmered pots filled with what only a very jealous God indeed would have called food. About them were huddled the traders from the bazaars, the camel-drivers from the desert, the water-carriers from Dab el Derb. Each man held a cigarette in his left hand and a match in his right. He would smoke before he ate.

In the long arcades the camels, in from the Soudan, knelt, fasting. An Arab led a tame lion into the square and the beast held back on his chain as he passed the flesh-pots, for he, too, was fasting. Crowds of little children stood about the circle of the fires, fasting. A God was being placated by the sufferings of His creatures.

There is little twilight in the latitude of Biskra. There is the hard, white light of the daytime, five minutes of lavender and running shadows, and then the purple blackness of the night.

The mueddin took his place on the minaret of the mosque. His shadow ran to the centre of the square and stopped. He cried his admonition, each white-robed figure bowed to the earth in supplication, a cannon-shot at the citadel split the hot air,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and in an instant the square was dotted with sparks. Each worshipper had struck his match. The fast was over until sunrise.

The silence became a Babel. All fell to eating and to talking. A marabout, graceful as a Greek statue, came out of the mosque and made his way among the fires As he passed, the squatting Mussulmans caught at his robe and kissed it. Mirza, the mother of the Almee girls, her golden necklaces glinting in the firelight, came walking by. As she passed the marabout he drew back and held his white burnoose across his face. She bent her knee and then went on, but as she passed she laughed and whispered, "Which trade pays best, yours or mine?" and she shook her necklaces.

"Daughter," said the marabout, "there is but one God."

"Yes," she replied, "but He has many prophets, and, of them all, you are the most beautiful," and she went on.

An officer of *spahis* rode in, and, stopping his horse before the arched door of the commandant, stood motionless. The square was filled with colour, with life, with foreignness, with the dancing flames, the leaping shadows, the fumes of the cook-pots, the odour of Arabian tobacco, the clamour of all the dialects of North Africa.

A bugle sounded. Out of a side street trotted a cavalcade. The iron shoes of the horses rang on the pavement, and the steel chains of the curbs tinkled. The commandant dismounted and gave his bridle to his orderly.

The commandant walked through the square. He wore a fatigue cap, a sky-blue blouse, with white loopings, white breeches, tight at the knee, and patent-leather boots, with box spurs. He walked through the square slowly, smoking cigarette after cigarette. He was not only the commandant but he was the commissioner of police. With seventy men he ruled ten thousand, and he knew his weakness. The knowledge of his weakness was his strength.

As he walked through the square he met Mirza. He passed her without a sign of recognition, and she, on her part, was looking at the minaret of the mosque.

In their official capacities they were strangers. On certain occasions, when the commandant was in *mufti*, they had, at least, passed the time of day. The commandant walked through the long rows of fires, speaking to a merchant here, nodding to a date-grower there, casting quick glances and saying nothing to the spies who, mingling with the people, sat about the kouss-kouss pots, and reported to the commandant, each morning, the date set for his throat-cutting. This was many years ago, before there was a railroad to Biskra.

The commandant, having made the round of the fires, crossed over to his house under the arcades. He dismissed the sergeant and the guard, and they rode away to the barracks, the hoof-beats dying in the distance. The *spahi* remained, silent, motionless. The commandant was about to enter his door, when a man sprang from behind one of the pillars of the arcade and held out to him a paper. The commandant put his hands behind his back. The *spahi* edged his horse up closely.

"Who are you?" asked the commandant, in French.

The man shook his head, but still held out the paper.

"Who are you?" asked the commandant again, but now in Arabic.

"I am Ali, the slave of Abdullah," answered the man, "and he sends you this letter."

The commandant remained motionless. "Will your horse stand, corporal?" he asked of the *spahi*.

"Perfectly, my colonel."

"Leave him, then," said the commandant, "and bring one of your pistols."

The *spahi* gathered his long blue cloak off the quarters of his horse, took a revolver from its holster, swung his right leg over his horse's head, so that he might not for an instant turn his back, threw the reins over his horse's neck, brought the heels of his red boots together, saluted, and stood silent.

The horse began to play with the pendant reins and to shift his loosened bit.

"Go in," said the commandant, and the *spahi* opened the door. "You next," and Ali followed. The commandant brought up the rear.

They entered at once not a hall but a room. So all Eastern houses are ordered. A lamp was burning, the walls were hung with maps of France and of North Africa, a few shelves held a few books and many tin cases labelled "Forage," "Hospital," "Police." Behind a desk sat a little man, dressed in black, who was dealing cards to himself in a game of solitaire. He rose and bowed when the commandant entered, and then he went on with his game.

"Stand there," said the commandant, pointing to a corner, "and put your hands over your head."

Ali obeyed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Search him," said the commandant.

The *spahi* began at Ali's hair and ended with his sandals.

"He has nothing," he reported.

"Now give me the letter," said the commandant.

Ali twisted himself, fumbled at his waist, and drew out a knife. He placed it on the desk, smiling.

"Do not blame the corporal for overlooking this," he said; "I am so thin from the journey that he took it for one of my ribs."

"I will trust you," said the commandant, and he took the letter.

The little man in black kept dealing solitaire.

The commandant read the letter to himself and laughed, and then he read it aloud:

To Monsieur the COUNT D'APREMONT, *Commandant at Biskra.*

Monsieur: Since last I saw you strange things have happened. I have turned Christian, and I have married. I wonder at which of these statements you will laugh most.

May I bring my wife to your house? She will be the only Christian woman in Biskra. Say "yes" or "no" to the bearer. I am halted a mile outside of the town, awaiting your answer.

Mirza, the mother of the Almees, has a certain claim upon my wife; how valid I do not know. I need counsel, but first of all I need shelter. May I come? ABDULLAH.

"Of course he may come," said the commandant; "what is to prevent?"

"The law, perhaps," said the little man in black, shuffling the cards.

The commandant turned quickly. "Why the law, Monsieur the Chancellor?" he asked.

"Because," answered the little man, still shuffling the cards, "he says that Mirza has a certain claim upon his wife, how valid he does not know; and he needs counsel and he needs shelter. When a man writes like this, he also needs a lawyer;" and he commenced a new deal.

The commandant stood a moment, thinking. Then he raised his head with a jerk, and said to Ali: "Tell your master that I say 'yes.'"

Ali made salaam and glided from the room.

"He has left his knife," said the lawyer.

The commandant turned to the *spahi*. "Corporal," he said, "go to the citadel and bring back twelve men. Place six of them at the entrance of the square, and six of them before my house. When Abdullah's caravan has entered the square, have the further six close in behind. You may take your time. It will be an hour before you are needed."

The *spahi* saluted, and went out.

The commandant turned to the little man in black.

"Why in the world," he asked, "did you object to my harbouring Abdullah? He is my friend and yours. He is the best man that crosses the desert. He has eaten our salt many times. If all here were like him, you and I might go home to France, with our medals and our pensions."

"True," said the lawyer, gathering his cards, "and very likely there is no risk in harbouring him and his wife." He shuffled the cards mechanically, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall.

"My friend," he said, at length, "whom do you consider the most powerful person in Biskra, the person to be first reckoned with?"

The commandant laughed. "As I am in command," he said, "I should be court-martialled if I denied my own superiority."

"And yet," said the lawyer, "you are only a poor second."

The commandant, who was sitting astride of his chair, his hands upon its back, demi-vaulted as if he were in the saddle of a polo pony.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

The lawyer kept shuffling the cards, but he paid no attention to them.

"Go to the window," he said, "and tell me what you see."

The commandant rose, and went to the window, his spurs jingling. He drew the curtain and looked out.

"What do you see?" asked the counsellor.

"I see the square," answered the commandant, "with five hundred kettle-lights, and three thousand Mussulmans gorging themselves, making up lost time."

"Look over at the left corner," said the lawyer.

"I see the mosque," said the commandant, "with its lamps burning."

"There you have it," cried the lawyer. "This religion that you and I are sent to conquer keeps its lamps burning constantly, while the religion that comes to conquer, lights its candles only for the mass. Mankind loves light and warmth. What do you see now?"

"I see Mirza," replied the commandant; "she is walking up the centre line of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

fires. Now she stops. She meets a man, draws him hurriedly aside, and is speaking close to his ear."

"Has he a green turban?" asked the lawyer. "Has he been to Mecca?"

"Yes," answered the commandant.

"There you see the most powerful person in Biskra," said the counsellor.

"Who?" asked the commandant. "The man in the green turban?"

"No," said the lawyer, "the woman he is speaking to."

"Mirza?" exclaimed the commandant.

"Yes," said the lawyer. "The centre of affairs, since the world was sent spinning, has always been a woman. Who placed the primal curse of labour on the race? Was it the man, Adam, or the woman, Eve?"

"As I remember," said the commandant, "the serpent was the prime mover in that affair."

"Yes," said the lawyer; "but being 'more subtile than any beast in the field,' he knew that if he caught the woman the man would follow of his own accord. Julius Cæsar and Antony were dwarfed by Cleopatra. Helen of Troy set the world ablaze. Joan of Arc saved France. Catharine I saved Peter the Great. Catharine II made Russia. Marie Antoinette ruled Louis XVI and lost a crown and her head. Fat Anne of England and Sarah Jennings united England and Scotland. Eugénie and the milliners lost Alsace and Lorraine. Victoria made her country the mistress of the world. I have named many women who have played great parts in this drama which we call life. How many of them were good women? By 'good' I do not mean virtuous, but simply 'good.'"

"Out of your list," said the commandant, "I should name Joan of Arc and Victoria."

"A woman," repeated the lawyer, "is the centre of every affair. When you go back to France, what are you looking forward to?"

"My wife's kiss," said the commandant. "And you, since you are a bachelor?"

"The scolding of my housekeeper," said the lawyer, and he shrugged his shoulders.

The commandant laughed. "But what of Mirza?" he asked. "Why is she so powerful?"

"For the same reason that your wife and my housekeeper are powerful," said the lawyer; "she is a woman."

"A woman here," said the commandant, "is a slave."

"A *good* woman, I grant you," said the lawyer, "but a *bad* woman, if she chance to be beautiful, is an empress. Do you know how many men it takes to officer a mosque of the first class, such a one as we have here? Twelve," and he dropped the cards and began to count his fingers. "Two *mueddins*, the chaps that call to prayer; two *tolbas*, who read the litanies; two *hezzabin*, who read the Koran; a *mufti*, who interprets the law; a *khetib*, who recites the prayer for the chief of the government each Friday, and who is very unpopular; an *iman*, who reads the five daily prayers; a *chaouch*, who is a secretary to the last of the list, the *oukil*, who collects the funds and pays them out. The *oukil* is the man who governs the mosque. He is the man in the green turban whom you saw talking with Mirza. They are partners. He attends to the world, she to the flesh, and both to the devil. It is a strong partnership. It is what, in America, they call a 'trust.' The *oukil* sends his clients to Mirza, and she sends her to the *oukil*. Look out of the window again. There are three thousand religionists who have passed through the hands of the *oukil* and Mirza, and she, making the most money, has the last word. Do you ask, now, why she is the most powerful person in Biskra?"

"It seems," said the commandant, "that it is because she is a woman, and is bad."

"And beautiful," added the lawyer.

"Do you think her beautiful?" asked the commandant.

The lawyer thought a moment. "Did you ever see a hunting-leopard?" he asked.

"No," said the commandant.

"I used to see them," said the lawyer, "when I was in Sumatra, looking after the affairs of some Frenchmen who were buying pearls from the oyster-beds of Arippo. They were horribly beautiful. Mirza reminds me of them, especially when she seizes her prey. Most beasts of prey are satisfied when they have killed all that they can devour; but the hunting-leopard kills because she loves to kill. So does Mirza. She destroys because she loves to destroy. A hunting-leopard and Mirza are the only two absolutely cruel creatures I have ever seen. Of course," he added, "I eliminate the English, who deem the day misspent unless they have killed something, and who give infinite pains and tenderness to the raising of pheasants, that they may slaughter a record number of them at a *battue*. Aside from a hunting-leopard and a hunting-Englishman, I know of no being so cruel as Mirza, no being that takes such

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

delight in mere extermination. They used to call our nobility, in the time of Louis XIV and Louis XV, cruel, but they did not kill, they merely taxed. In the height of the ancient *régime*, it was not good form to kill a peasant, because then the country had one less taxpayer. The height of the art was to take all the peasant had and then to induce him to set to work again. When he had earned another surplus, his lord came and took it. France had an accomplished nobility. England had a brutal one. The latter used to take all the eggs out of the nest and then kill the hen. The French noble took all the eggs but one or two and spared the hen. He could rob a nest a dozen times and his English contemporary could rob it but once."

"My friend," said the commandant, laughing, "you reassure me. When you begin comparing England with France, I know that you have nothing of importance at hand, and that your mind is kicking up its heels in vacation. You have a charming mind, my friend, but it has been prostituted to the law. If you had been bred a soldier——"

He stopped, because the murmur of the square suddenly stopped. The cessation of a familiar clamour is more startling than a sudden cry. The two men ran to the window. The fires under the pots were still burning and the square was light as day. At the opposite side, where the caravan road debouched, three thousand white-robed Mussulmans stood, silent. Above them the commandant and the lawyer could see the heads of the six *spahis*, they and their horses silent. Beyond, were the heads of many camels. The commandant threw up the sash. Across the silent square came a woman's voice, speaking Arabic in the dialect of Ouled Nail.

"That is Mirza," said the lawyer.

Then there came a man's voice, evidently in reply.

"That is Abdullah," said the lawyer.

"How can you distinguish at this distance?" asked the commandant.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "While you are drilling your soldiers," he said, "I am drilling myself. If a man yonder sneezes, I can name his tribe. A sneeze, being involuntary, cannot be artificial, and therefore it is the true index of race and character. Take the Oriental Express any night from Paris to Vienna. If you will sit up late enough and walk up and down the aisle, you may tell from the sneezes and the coughs the nationality of the occupant of each berth. A German sneezes with all his might, and if there is a compatriot within hearing he says '*Gesundheit.*' An Italian sneezes as if it were a crime, with his hand over his face."

"Hush," said the commandant.

Out from the white-robed crowd came two forms, Mirza and the *oukil*. Mirza held a paper in her hand. They went to the nearest fire and Mirza gave the paper to the man with the green turban. He read it, thought a moment, read it again, and then the two went back to the silent crowd by the mosque. There was conversation, there were vehement exclamations which, if they had been in English, would have been oaths—there was a sudden movement of the horses and the camels; the outskirts of the crowd surged and broke, and then, above their heads, flashed the sabers of the *spahis*.

The commandant went to the door. "Corporal," he said, "take your men to the mosque, join your comrades, and bring to me Abdullah, his wife, Mirza and the *oukil*."

The corporal saluted, gave an order, and the little troop trotted across the square. The commandant closed the shutters of the window.

"I do not care to see the row," he said, and he lit a cigarette. But if he did not see the row, he heard it, for presently came the yelp and snarl of an Oriental mob.

"It is growing warm," said the commandant. "Hospitality cannot be lightly practised here."

"Nor anywhere," said the lawyer, who had resumed his cards; "because it is a virtue, and the virtues are out of vogue. The only really successful life, as the world looks upon success now, is an absolutely selfish life. It is the day of specialists, of men with one idea, one object, and the successful man is the one who permits nothing to come between him and his object. Wife, children, honour, friendship, ease, all must give place to the grand pursuit; be it the gathering of wealth, the discovery of a disease germ, the culture of orchids, or the breeding of a honey-bee that works night and day. Human life is too short to permit a man to do more than one thing well, and money is becoming so common that its possessors require the best of everything."

"Old friend," said the commandant, "you are a many-sided man, and yet you are one of the best lawyers in France."

"You have said it," exclaimed the lawyer; "*one* of the best, not *the* best. The one

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

thing I have earnestly striven for I have not attained."

"What is that?" asked the commandant. "Do you wish to be Minister of Justice?"

"No," said the lawyer; "but I should like to be known as the best player of Napoleon solitaire."

A sabre-hilt rapped on the door.

"Enter," cried the commandant.

The door opened, and there entered first the sharp cries of the mob, and then the corporal, Abdullah, a woman clothed all in white, the *oukil*, and, last of all, Mirza. The moment she was within the room she dominated it. The other occupants were blotted out by comparison. She entered, debonair, smiling, and, as she crossed the threshold, she flung up her hand in a military salute.

"Hail, my masters," she cried in Arabic. "Would you believe it? but just now I was nearly robbed, before your windows, of merchandise that cost me thirty ounces."

"Be good enough to speak French," said the commandant; "it is the etiquette of the office."

"And to you?" exclaimed Mirza, in the speech of Paris, "to you, who speak such charming Arabic? It was only last week, the evening you did me the honour of supping with me, that Miriam—perhaps you will pay her the compliment of remembering her—the little girl who played and danced for you, and who, when you were going, hooked on your sword for you, and gave you a light from her cigarette?—well, Miriam said, when you were gone, 'It is a pity the gracious commandant speaks any language save Arabic, he speaks that so convincingly.' What could you have whispered to her, Monsieur le Commandant, as you left my poor house?"

The commandant moved nervously in his chair and glanced out of the corner of his eye at the lawyer, who had resumed his cards. Reassured by the apparent abstraction of his friend, the commandant gathered himself and essayed a pleasantry.

"I told her," he said, "that if she lived to be twice her age, she might be half as beautiful as you."

Mirza made an exaggerated courtesy and threw a mocking kiss from her finger-tips. "I thought," she said, "that a woman's age was something that no well-bred Frenchman would speak of." Then she drew herself up and her face, from mocking, became hard and cruel.

"I know," she said, slowly, "that I am old. I am eight-and-twenty. I was a wife at twelve, and a mother at thirteen. Such matters are ordered differently here, Monsieur. A girl is a woman before she has had any childhood. I married Ilderhim. Of course, I had never seen him until we stood before the cadi. I had the misfortune to bear him a daughter, and he cursed me. When I was fourteen, a Russian Grand Duke came to Biskra and my husband sold me to him. I refused to submit myself. Then Ilderhim beat me and turned me out of his house. You understand, Monsieur le Commandant, that under our blessed religion a man may have as many wives as he chooses and may divorce them when he chooses. Well, there I was, without a husband, without a home, without my child, and I passed the night in the arcades, among the camels. The next morning I went to the hotel and asked for the Grand Duke. 'Monsieur,' I said to him, 'I am Mirza. I would not *sell* myself to you, but if you will take me as a gift, behold, here am I.' He took me to Paris, to Vienna, to St. Petersburg. For a year he did not tire of me. That was a long time for a savage to amuse a Grand Duke, was it not? Then one day he gave me money, bade me keep the jewels he had given me, and sent me back to Biskra. Since then I have been, first a dancing-girl, and then, the mother of them all. I have never given the authorities any trouble. I have observed the laws of France. What will the laws of France do for me?" and she handed to the commandant the invoice which Abdullah had brought with his freight.

The commandant read the paper and his face grew troubled.

"Chancellor," he said, "is this binding?"

The lawyer read the paper twice. "Yes," he said, "it is a mere hiring; it is not a sale. I don't see how we can interfere."

"Mirza," said the commandant, "it seems that you have a good contract, under Moslem law."

"Excellent," cried the *oukil*, rubbing his hands.

"Silence," thundered the commandant. "Speak French, and that only when you are spoken to. Abdullah, have you anything which you wish to say to me?"

Abdullah bent and whispered in the ear of the girl, who sat trembling; then he stepped forward.

"Monsieur le Commandant," he said, "will you have the kindness to read this?" and he held out a paper. It was yellow with age and of quarto size and twice folded. The commandant took it, unfolded

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

it, and read aloud, "*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.*"

"Why, this is the last page of a Bible," he said.

"I do not know," said Abdullah. "He tore it from a book upon his table. It was the only paper that he had. Upon the other side is writing."

The commandant reversed the paper and again read:

This is to Certify that on the nineteenth day of February, 187–, in the Oasis of Zama, in the Great Sahara, having first baptized them, I did unite in marriage Philip (formerly Abdullah) and Marie (formerly Nicha), in accordance with the rites of our holy Church.

JOSEPH,
Who Keeps Goats.

Witness,
ALI, *the son of Ali* his X mark
ZINA, *parentage unknown* her X mark

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the lawyer, "this changes the complexion of affairs," and he threw the cards upon the floor. "I could swear to Joseph's handwriting, I have his IOU's, but as I am now sitting as a magistrate, I cannot swear to anything. Where are the witnesses, Abdullah?"

"With camels, across the square," said Abdullah; "if you will permit the corporal to go for them——"

"Pardon," said the *oukil;* "if I am permitted to speak I can save you the trouble. We admit all that the goatherd certifies."

"Then," said the chancellor, "you admit yourselves out of court, since, if one Christian marries another, the law of France obtains, and this contract which Mirza produces is abhorrent to the law of France, being immoral."

"Pardon," said the *oukil.* "In every word you speak I recognize my master, but is it not possible that my master may nod? As one of a conquered people, I have studied the code of my conqueror. It is true that a religious ceremony has been performed here, but how about the civil marriage which, as I read the French code, is absolutely necessary?"

The lawyer sat silent. Then he put out his hand. "My friend," he said, "I have done you a great wrong. I have looked upon you as a mere religionist. It seems that you are a student. You remind me of my duty. I, as the chief legal officer of this colony, should marry these people at once. Thank you many times for reminding me."

"Pardon," said the *oukil;* "but if I have read the laws of France aright, there cannot be a civil marriage without the consent of the parents."

"My friend," said the lawyer, "will you place me doubly in your debt by shaking hands with me a second time? If you were to exchange your green turban for the silk hat of the boulevards, your photograph would soon be in the shops. You know my law much better than I know yours, and I shake hands with you intellectually, not socially. Who is your father, Abdullah?" he asked.

"I do not know his name," answered Abdullah; "he was a camel-driver of the Sahara."

"And your mother?" asked the lawyer.

"How can one, born as I, know his mother?" replied Abdullah.

"And you," said the lawyer, turning to Nicha, "who is your father?"

"Ilderhim of El Merb," she answered.

"And your mother?" asked the lawyer.

"She died before I can remember."

"Her father, Ilderhim," said the *oukil,* "signs the invoice which you have read. He does not consent."

"He is nobody," said the lawyer. "He was banished from Algeria years ago. It is as though he had never existed."

"I had overlooked that," said the *oukil;* and then he added, "As the mistake this time is mine, perhaps you will again shake hands."

"No," said the lawyer; "I pay penance only when I am in the wrong."

The *oukil* bowed low, but when he drew himself up to his full height there was murder in his eye.

"Well," said the commandant, "what is the solution?"

"I advise you," said the lawyer, "that this contract comes under the law of France and is void, because it is immoral and opposed to public policy. It comes under the law of France because the young woman is a Christian and has married a Christian. The religious marriage is complete. The civil marriage is only delayed that the young woman may present proofs of her mother's death. Her father is already civilly dead."

"Mirza," said the commandant, "do you hear?"

"Yes," she said, "I hear, and, being a woman, I am accustomed to such decisions. I pay thirty ounces to Ilderhim for two years' hire of a girl. The girl turns Christian and I lose the thirty ounces."

"Not so," said Abdullah; "they are

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

here," and he placed a bag upon the commandant's table.

"Take it," said Mirza; and she tossed it to the *oukil*.

"To make his contract good," she continued, "Ilderhim, my former husband, pays sixteen or seventeen ounces' freight on the girl and her maid. The girl turns Christian. Who loses the freight?"

"I," said Abdullah, and he placed another bag upon the table.

"Take it," said Mirza, and the *oukil* grasped it.

"Let us see this girl who has kept us all up so late," said Mirza, and she strode over to Nicha. Abdullah put out his hand to keep her off.

"You have won," she said; "why be disagreeable? Let us see what you have gained and I have lost," and she stripped the veil and the outer garment from the girl, who sat passive. When the veil and the burnoose fell, the beauty of the girl filled the room as would a perfume.

The commandant and the lawyer sat speechless, gazing. The *oukil* wrung his hands and exclaimed: "What have we lost!" Abdullah stood, proud and happy. The corporal at the door shifted his feet and rattled his side-arms, and Mirza laughed. Then she stepped back a pace; the laughter died upon her lips, and her hands flew to her bosom.

"Little one," she said, "the life you would have lived with me would not have been so hard when one remembers what the life of woman is, at best. It is to amuse, to serve, to obey. You are too young to understand. You are, perhaps, fourteen?"

"Yes," said Nicha.

"When I was fourteen," said Mirza, "I too was beautiful; at least my husband and my mirror told me so. There is something in your face that reminds me of the face I used to see in my glass, but when one grows old, and I am eight-and-twenty, one is sure to see resemblances that do not exist. How prettily they have dressed you! Did Ilderhim, your father, give you these silks and these emeralds?"

"Yes," said Nicha.

"If you are hoping to be a good wife," said Mirza, "you must not think too much of silks and jewels. When I was in Paris, with the Grand Duke, I noticed that the women who had sold themselves had taken their pay in pearls and diamonds. The honest women went more soberly. I see you are of the old tribe—the tribe of Ouled Nail. Let me see your name."

She raised the filigree medallion that hung upon Nicha's upper arm. She looked at the tattooed crest, started, drew her hand across her eyes, looked again, and fell to trembling. She stood a moment, swaying, and then she staggered to the commandant's table. She rested one hand upon it and with the other she began playing with Ali's knife. Her face was gray, but her lips were pitifully smiling.

"Monsieur the Chancellor," she said, each word a sob, "you need no longer delay the civil marriage.—I consent to it.—This is my daughter.—It seems," she added, in a whisper, "that Allah has not altogether forgotten me.—He has saved my child from me." And with an exceeding bitter cry she went out.

Love and Luck

By CARLOS RUBIO

Translated by May Folwell Hoisington

LOVE and Luck are birds
That soar from sight.
Arrows are in vain
To stop their flight.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Oriented

By ALBERT HICKMAN

THIS is a poor story, for it has no plot, and all stories written in America are supposed to have a plot. Nothing else matters. This story has a girl and a man and a chief event. Of these, the chief event happened only in the ordinary course of things, and if the girl had not had one straight, white streak in her internal construction, probably it would not have affected her in the proper way, and there would have been no excuse for writing this at all. It may still be a question whether the girl was worthy of the event and so worth our valuable consideration. But whether she was worth it at the time or not, —and it seems improbable,—she doubtless became so in the end. Under the drilling of love and life many of this sort do when you never would have suspected it. The chief event itself was an artistic performance, and every artistic performance, however mean may be its little type, deserves worth in its appreciators; but, as has been said, if she had no worth, without doubt she acquired it, and, also without doubt, in the acquiring process the chief event helped her. So far this seems a bit abstruse.

Her name was Helen McNab. Her father was a Montreal broker. In 1869 he had walked in from a creek seventeen miles up the Ottawa River to take a position as an office-boy—this story was written in 1907, which makes a profound difference——

I remember imperfectly a description given me by Winslow Whitman, late of Boston and India.

"Never been in the McNabs' drawing-room!" he said, with a face full of pity. "Your life is yet to be lived. They got stuffed birds in it, and a stuffed bear, an' a stuffed Injun, an' a full-sized Eskimo kayak. Then they got all sorts of chairs—chairs that belonged to Louis Quatorze, an' Louis Quinze, an' Louis Seize, an' I guess most of the other Louis. Some of their legs turn in, an' some of 'em turn out, an' the tops of 'em are all different; some like squash-pies, with a rim round 'em, an' some like meat-pies, with a lump on 'em; but you can't sit on any of 'em. In one corner it's Patagonia, in another it's the Petit Trianon, an' in another it's Hudson's Bay. Oh, your life is yet to be lived."

Miss McNab was the only daughter and she was pretty; but if you stripped her of the aura that surrounds every pretty girl, she was not attractive. In the ordinary course of things she went away to a boarding-school to develop her individuality, and when she came back she had it fully developed. She wore a suit covered with large black-and-white checks and a very flat sailor hat, and she walked in all respects like an ostrich. Later she had a bored expression, and there was something about her that led you to suspect she had never done enough to deserve it. She had a nasal voice, which she used for producing an unfounded libel on an English accent and an unsorted collection of English sporting phrases. She had one slash scar on her left cheek from having collided with a tree one night on the Mountain on skis, and of this she was reservedly proud—she had followed fifteen others down the slope, and had come out blind-stunned at the bottom. She was always well-groomed and manicured—her nails were cut to a rounded point,—she was usually marceled, and she was gifted with the taste (which is the proper term for money when applied in this connection) to dress effectively, which she did. Any time she had left over from the operations involved in these peculiarities she used in maintaining her position, and this position was a complicated thing.

In North America there is a small but delicately perfumed army of young ladies who have made it their business to start an aristocracy. For certain obscure reasons, including the lack of aristocrats to fill it with, they have failed; but, instead, they have what is called a plutocracy, which is the same thing from the inside, though from the outside it is quite different. Montreal, like many other cities to the East and West and South, has an ornate nascent plutocracy, and Miss McNab's position at the time of this tale was on the extreme outer edge. The position of these plutocracies is uncertain, as they are maintained entirely by keeping just such young ladies from locking behind the Veil (where,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

by the way, there is nothing whatever—though that is a secret), and so the plutocracy is usually busy, and the young ladies are busy as well.

Miss McNab was so busy that she had never had time to see a man. She believed she had danced with them. She unquestionably had decorated boxes at His Majesty's with them when they could afford it, and stalls when they could not. She had received violets from them, and large American Beauty roses. (The former she had worn, and they had wilted: the latter a maid had put in water, and they had wilted—at eighteen dollars a dozen.) She had dined at the Hunt Club with them, and at the Forest and Stream, for there is something about that brusque sporting manner over the warmth of transparent chiffon that is irresistibly attractive to the uninitiated. But she had no idea in the world what a man was really like inside. She had her own imperious method of dealing with them, and that was to be all-sufficient for all time. It was her perfect, patent, impervious system, filled with raw oil and finished with three coats of best spar varnish. It was applied to all men alike that moved within her orbit, with variations to fit their prestige. Beyond her orbit there was a vague and unimportant region filled with college professors, navvies, photographers, and mechanical engineers, such as drive the *Lusitania*, and such like. Any one of these she would refer to as a man, but with a different tone, and that was the end of him. This was her whole philosophy: quite inconceivable, but approximately so. And yet, still more inconceivable, under all this there was doubtless the stuff to make a woman that could sing songs to her own children, and the Magnificat to herself, and repeat the Apostles' Creed. This is a wonderful world.

Now, the man had recently come to Montreal from England. His father had been a great consulting engineer in Victoria Street, and, like all good consulting engineers, had died at his appointed time. He had been great even above riches, which is very great indeed, so he had been able to leave his son only a little under £6,000, a strong engineering tendency, and two or three of the recognized varieties of common sense. Among these was not the one relating to the value of worldly possessions, and in five calendar months Mr. George Porteous Vaughan Morgan—for that was the son's name—had expended £5,384-12-9; and of such beautiful quality was one sort of common sense he did have—the one that teaches how to deal gracefully with men and women—that with this comparatively small sum of money he made a notable disturbance in the great city of London, and his existence was admitted from the Circus to the foot of the throne. In fact, so great was this disturbance that its echoes have not altogether died away to this day. Afterward, having learned his lesson cheerfully and silently, and without a touch of melodrama, he came out to Canada with £600, and, following his engineering trend, joined himself to a company in Montreal whose business was to sell English automobiles to the Canadian public under the blessed advantages of the Canadian Preferential Tariff. Then of a sudden it seemed that all his reserve common sense came into action at once, and immediately he began to prosper: for he was one of those rare specimens, an utterly adaptable Englishman. He even arose before eight o'clock in the morning.

Early in his Canadian career he collided with Miss Helen McNab at the St. Andrew's Ball. It so happened that no fewer than two of Miss McNab's bondmen had failed. One had been found by a two-years' widow of twenty-six, and the other had found a very charming young lady who belonged to one of the oldest French Canadian families and who had just returned from eighteen months in Paris; so there was no prospect of either of them coming back at all. So, partly by accident, which is our crude way of describing the methods of Providence, and partly through his own cheerful initiative, Mr. Vaughan Morgan received three dances. This, for Miss McNab of Montreal, was quite unheard of, and an excellent start.

Being an adaptable Englishman, Mr. Vaughan Morgan did not conceive that a two-step was made out of a mighty, automatic walk, or that a waltz consisted in turning in one direction over a limited area of floor at thirty-six revolutions per minute. On the contrary, he studied his surroundings, took thought, carefully put Miss McNab on her mettle by asking if she was very tired, and finished smiling and warm, with the lady in a more disheveled condition than she had ever been in public in her life. In the midst of her disapproval, she noticed a new, uncatalogued, pleasant, tingling sensation that apparently came out of an uncertain pink haze. But in the face of a life-time of habit, this effect was ephemeral, and in the intervals between the dances she reverted to her normal condition, and lan-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

guidly told Mr. Vaughan Morgan reserved tales of the doings of the frightfully smart set to which she belonged.

Now, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, having laid out with great intelligence £5,384-12-9 in finding out what he could about London, was amazed at so much innocence so wickedly put, and, at the end of the third of those dances and interviews, went out into another room and served himself with bad claret lemonade a number of times, chuckling insanely all the while. Still, having come from a land where there are a million and a half surplus women, he was taken with the novelty of the imperious treatment,—with apparently so little to warrant it,—so two days later, being Sunday, he called. He found Miss McNab in her especial element, surrounded by a salon, and haughty beyond his most amazed conception; for he also came from the only democratic country in the world, and had seen no other.

Miss McNab's mother held a lorgnette under a transformation, and said that the St. Andrew's Ball was becoming frightfully mixed,—which is true of all balls,—and Miss McNab's brother, though apparently in his own house, conversed with a friend on the opposite end of the same divan, and regarded Mr. Vaughan Morgan as a stranger. This was all he got out of that visit, and when he arose, Mr. McNab, junior, and the friend smiled, and he departed in some wonder, but with unabated interest. But Miss McNab imagined she saw a smile in the back of his eyes, and said a good-by that lacked poise—her first since she was six years old.

Working under the illogical rules that govern these things, Mr. Vaughan Morgan's interest continued to grow, and within three months, in spite of occasional contact, he had formed a most wonderful idea of Miss McNab. Now, the description of this young lady already submitted was dispassionate, and, as far as it went, unquestionably correct from a mechanical point of view, which makes Mr. Vaughan Morgan's later idea all the more wonderful: but, put into English words, what he came to see was this:

Her height was the perfect height. (In this case it happened to be 5 feet, 6¾ inches, less 2¼ inches for sole leather and brass nails.) She was erect, beautifully balanced, and full-figured. She had glorious, indescribable golden-brown hair, with a shimmer that traveled like the shimmer of raw silk; walnut-brown eyes that shone and sparkled and had a way of looking up suddenly under lids that flickered for a second and shut down, leaving the effect of distant, silent summer lightning. (So far these were his precise words.) Her skin was clear and fair, but with an uncertain flush beneath that carried warmth from her finger-tips to her forehead, and at the least provocation blazed in her cheeks till you had to draw a slow breath to stand still. This was the overwhelming impression—tides and surges of glowing colour; those eyes; and then such hands! They were not particularly small, but altogether wonderful; well-balanced, soft, deft, and strong, the essence of all capability, adaptable, responding to every foreshadowed need, and accomplishing with all adequacy and finish, and with a touch that was perfectly sure, so that anything they had done could never conceivably come undone at all. When she played they flowed,—and she neglected Chaminade for Chopin,—and when she stopped they glided on their own irresponsible way, and were a source of danger to all mankind. But wonderful above everything else was her mouth: sensitive and mobile until it was heart-breaking to watch it. Every little thought that slipped through her mind, every little trend of a half-formed idea in fun or in earnest, in devilment or in pure play, was heralded there, and the corners slid up or down or quivered for one small second under the flutter of those eyelids until the alluring colour came, stormed up, and you could only stand and groan. And then her voice was clear as crystal (*bis*) and she had a way of turning her words that was frightfully attractive. . . .

So Mr. Vaughan Morgan's conception went, in part; and, besides, into this creation he breathed the breath of life, making her into the flattering likeness of a real woman, with all the attributes,—prospective, useful motherhood, and the rest,—probably not one of which she then actively possessed.

And Miss McNab remained imperious and unscathed to the point of irritation.

Now for the sacrifice. In every artistic performance there must be a sacrifice. If you paint a picture that attains to the line at the R. A., it is the canvas, the pigments, and a little boiled linseed oil. If you write a success of the season, it is several blocks of rag paper, half a pint of ink, and a suffering iridosmine pen-point. If you play the Second Rhapsody, it is an expensive grade of felt wearing on steel wires. In this case it was an English car called the Brunel, sold in Canada by the company to which Mr.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Vaughan Morgan had joined himself. Her makers called her "The Engineer's Car," to distinguish her from the mass of cars that seemed to be dedicated to the public—or the devil. A glimpse into her transmission, or at the mighty teeth of her driving pinion (which is as important a part of a car as a hairpin is of a woman), or at the mightier hub and artillery spokes of her hind wheels, told you why, and why she was peculiarly fitted to be the sacrifice. And, besides, under her bonnet was an engine-room like the engine-room of an ice-breaker, with a centrifugal pump that might have come from Tangyes, with any spare space filled with a giant magneto; and all notably protected from the wet and gritty world outside. Her builders had laboriously come to the conclusion that an automobile was a dignified private carriage, and had gone forever from red bodies to the darkest of nile-green; so, aside from a certain massiveness, she was altogether deceptive, and no man would believe that she could rage furiously, for they called her but twenty horse-power. But of horses there are many sorts.

Here begins the introduction to the chief event. One April day, when the ice out of Lake St. Louis was moving down in rafts over the Lachine Rapids, and a Donaldson liner and the *Bellona*, with fruit, were waiting at Quebec for the breaking of the ice-bridge at Cap Rouge, Mr. Vaughan Morgan took out the twenty Brunel to demonstrate to a man who was preparing a summer home beyond Como.

And here it is necessary to digress for a geographical explanation.

Montreal city is on the island of Montreal, and Montreal island is in the mouth of the Ottawa, where that woodland river empties itself into the great St. Lawrence; for the Ottawa has a delta like the Nile and the Amazon. If you wish to get off the island of Montreal, you can go in two ways: by something that floats on the water or by a bridge. At this particular time in April there is nothing afloat except ice and driftwood, so you must go by a bridge, and of the bridges there are two kinds, railway and highway. The railway bridges are owned chiefly by corporations, and so lead everywhere it is desirable to go; and the highway bridges are owned chiefly by the Government, and so would lead nowhere except by what is called the express will of the people, and the people of North America, unlike the people of England, never express their will, but are governed directly, in as far as it may be necessary, by an overruling Providence, who does not build bridges.

It is twenty-three miles by road from the city of Montreal to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which is at the extreme end of the island of Montreal. Beyond is the flood of the Ottawa, with Isle Perrot, over two miles wide, breasting the current in midstream, and with Vaudreuil three miles away on the opposite shore. And Como, where Mr. Vaughan Morgan wished to be, is six miles beyond Vaudreuil.

The main lines of those two great corporations, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, run out to Ste. Anne, and, by high bridges resting on ponderous, ice-cutting piers, cross over to Isle Perrot. Across that elm-clad island, side by side, they strike a broad, straight, stately roadway, until, by other bridges with ponderous piers, they cross over from Isle Perrot to Vaudreuil, and go on their way into the West.

On the other hand, the highway, which is the property of the Government, comes out speciously by Lachine and through lake-side villages to Ste. Anne; and then, instead of proclaiming its inadequacy by turning down into the river and ceasing, swings nobly round the end of the island and returns to Montreal—as is proper—through the woods.

That is to say if you have attained to Ste. Anne by road, and wish to reach Vaudreuil - which - is - beyond - the - Ottawa, three miles away, you may go by little bridges over little rivers and so round by the city of Ottawa, two hundred and fifty miles; or you may go back twenty-three miles to Montreal, cross the River St. Lawrence by the Victoria Bridge, travel many leagues up-stream, cross the River St. Lawrence again at Valleyfield, P. Q., and travel eastward again many leagues to Vaudreuil, which is shorter. Or, to put it in all its nakedness, from Montreal, the greatest city in Canada, you cannot directly by road reach the mainland of western Quebec and Ontario, the most populous section of Canada, at all. This of course is an outrage, and if the island of Montreal were inhabited by the English as such it would be expressed as an outrage day and night without ceasing, until the governments involved, helpless against importunity, like all governments, and for the sake of blessed peace, which is the ultimate aim and object of all governments, would signal their weariness, and immediately there would arise the sound of hammering on metal and the voice of the pneumatic riveter on girders at Ste. Anne.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

All these great and seemingly irrelevant matters bear directly on Mr. Vaughan Morgan, for they show why, to reach Como, which is beyond Vaudreuil, he had to load the twenty Brunel on a flat-car, from which she was precariously navigated down three-inch planks at Como Station.

And here, to justify Mr. Vaughan Morgan's intelligence, it may be said that he had no conception what an Ottawa Valley road might be in the spring, but having alighted in four inches of snow water, he went forward in faith and demonstrated. He demonstrated through wasted, sooty snow-banks that melted without ceasing under a summer-blue sky. He demonstrated on a water-swept tundra where runnels poured over an ice-edge into a lake that in summer was a hay meadow. He demonstrated over a half-frozen ploughed field, preferring it to a four-horse-power stream which the owner assured him at other seasons was the drive, and he finished by taking his victim for what he called a spin on the main road. The spin consisted in leaping from mud-holes to muddy snow-banks and swooping from snow-banks into mud-holes, and resembled nothing so much as navigating the Bay of Fundy in a high sea in an open boat.

"It is a bit sloppy-you-know—isn't it!" he said, with one eye overlaid with mud, and he went on talking reassuringly between gulps as the patent springs jolted their livers. In the end he careered away joyfully toward the station by himself, with one bent mud-guard and an order for one $3,500 car in his inmost pocket.

For that night the twenty Brunel was to have stayed in a shed, and he was to have gone into town on the 6:13. But the demonstration had been long, and the 6:13 was on time, and passed down, unflagged, toward Vaudreuil when he was still a quarter of a mile across the plain.

"Marooned!" Mr. Vaughan Morgan commented, and ploughed ahead to interview the agent. The agent was already being interviewed. There were two young ladies and one young gentleman, and they appeared to have reached the station platform only the moment before. In any case, they paid no attention to the arrival of anything so trivial as a motor. One young lady was addressing the agent personally.

"You stupid fool, didn't you know we were coming, whether you could see us or not? Did you think we wished to stay out here all night—alone?" with a side-swept glance at the young gentleman. It was the voice of Miss Helen McNab, in heat. The agent was French Canadian, brief in temper, and not fully trained in deference. His reply was full of words. On the first count he tried to make plain that he was not a mind-reader. On the second, he pointed out that he had no method of judging.

"I don' know, me!" he said, waving his arms in the air. "Bot eef you don' came en time for y'r train —I s'pose *so*." And he departed into the station, leaving Miss McNab white with wrath. (The McNabs had a house at Como, and the gods-that-desire-excitement had arranged that Miss McNab should choose this day in April to visit it for the purpose of suggesting improvements. She had brought with her, as a suite, Miss Yvonne Dacoste, because she was one step nearer the Veil, and very haughty, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, who had a thin and fair mustache, and was what she called a "nice boy.") Then, the mud storm having subsided, she saw the twenty Brunel and Mr. Vaughan Morgan. For one inexplicable second she was abashed: after which she had an inspiration. She consulted with the other two. "Watch me work this Englishman!" was the substance of it, though it was more beautifully put.

"How do you do!" she opened, and advanced toward the edge of the platform. Mr. Vaughan Morgan shuddered, and bowed through his crust.

"Beastly walking, isn't it?" he said.

"Frightful," said Miss McNab, and properly introduced Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover. "We've lost our last train, and I *must* be in town at a quarter to eight. Won't *you* go and ask that man if there's no other train—anywhere?— He's been horribly rude." There was somewhat implied, but to that phase Mr. Vaughan Morgan seemed deaf and blind.

"Must?" he said, with the painful literalness of an Englishman, and took on a serious expression. She did not explain that it was bridge at Lady Sanderson's,—her first,—and, after all, that was very important. Her impervious system drove her ahead, full into the bosom of the unguessed future.

"Yes, must!" This tone was her final. Mr. Vaughan Morgan said, "Oh!" with a face full of consideration, and in a moment dropped over the unopened door into the mud and was in the station-house. In half a minute he returned, visibly anxious. There was a Grand Trunk train from Vaudreuil at 7:10.

"Arrives?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Bonaventure at five minutes to eight."

"That is much too late," she said regally, smoothing the wrinkles out of long, tan gloves, while Mr. Glover pulled his mustache.

"—Or we might get a special at Vaudreuil. I can take you down in the car—if you don't mind the roads and the mud." Miss McNab held rigidly to her part. She did not mind anything. Mr. Vaughan Morgan absently eyed Mr. Glover's expanse of vicuña and satin and Miss Dacoste's hard-crowned, over-feathered hat (we remember the spring of 1907), and his smile almost broke out. But his face remained the face of one who realizes that something must be done immediately.

"I'm quite sure we shall manage it in some way, if we go at once," he said, cheerily, leaning toward the sacrifice. Would Miss McNab like to ride in front?

She would.

He advanced on the crank, preoccupied, as a man thinking out things far ahead, while Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover daintily climbed into the tonneau, with the manner of people who have certain misgivings, and seated themselves on luxurious cushions spattered with half-dry mud. Mr. Vaughan Morgan heaved, and a deep-seated tremor ran through the twenty Brunel. He moved to one side, and half the nile-green roof over the forward mysteries rose up and balanced itself in the air. For a dozen seconds Miss McNab watched his hand wandering amid complications—scarlet cylinders, glaring brass piping, and a whizzing aluminium fan, which she gazed at incuriously, not being a mechanic, after which the bonnet closed with a clang. The lady did notice that it was unlike the tinny snap of certain bonnets she had seen, but this was her only impression of unusual strength. This impression immediately gave place to another more interesting. She painted a beautiful picture of Mr. Vaughan Morgan hiring a special at Vaudreuil, and taking her in in state; and she would see that he did it.

This last impression was not accurate. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also a plan, which did not coincide in the least. How he thought it might forward his interests, or why he thought of it at all, I am sure I could never guess. Probably it was one of those first-flush impulses that have created that Outer-Empire title, Mad Englis man. Miss McNab's "must" had made it possible. He knew part of Miss McNab, and he knew how to foster that "must" until it became a fetish. If she ever gave in, his excuse would be gone. But, then, with a little urging, she would never give in till the trumpet blew and the earth dissolved away from beneath her feet.

In the meantime he slid into the driver's seat, pressed his foot on a pedal, and moved two levers that clicked. A hum rose up from somewhere, and Miss McNab felt herself being pushed back deep into the cushions. Then the hum ceased, and there was no sound but the hiss of snow water driven out in two clean sheets under the bows. The twenty Brunel, in a hundred-foot lake, was silently under way.

"Top speed," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan irrelevantly, with the appreciation of an enthusiast.

"It doesn't seem very fast," Miss McNab commented, with a voice like an echo from a glacier.

"I should have said, 'Direct drive.'"

Miss McNab said, "Ah!" not knowing in the least what he meant.

"Don't believe you have to be home by a quarter to eight at all," he continued, in great absence of mind. "What is it for?"

"*That* is my own particular business; but it is really important."

"Really!" said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, and this time a little child could see that he was impressed. He was a beautiful actor, and that expression of great anxiety came back. Miss McNab was satisfied. The first result took place at once. They had climbed from the lake into pure mud that played in two smooth fountains alongside, and they had arrived at the turn to the main road. On every car there is a little innocent-looking pedal that is called the accelerator. It has an unseen connection with the throttle, and is more potent than all the pedals of a cathedral organ. Turning into the main road, Mr. Vaughan Morgan rested his foot on this pedal ever so lightly. The twenty Brunel accelerated, and Mr. Gerald Brian Glover, in the tonneau, sat in Miss Yvonne Dacoste's lap. Miss McNab grasped Mr. Vaughan Morgan's left arm with a grip like the grip of a drowning man, and then let go as if it were red-hot iron. Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unnoting, ostentatiously fought with the steering-wheel, and, when the trouble had subsided, busied himself in apologizing lavishly to the tonneau. Mr. Glover was forcing the crown of his hat into shape, and Miss Dacoste looked ruffled.

"So sorry," he said; "but we skidded a little. This mud is awfully treacherous, you know." Mr. Glover had been laying

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

himself out not to say the unclean things that were in his mind, so his reply was at random and barely polite. Miss Dacoste vented a few crisp sentences of high-strung words and ferociously repinned her hat, and Miss McNab sat as rigid as Cleopatra's Needle. With her crew in this order, because, in his apology, Mr. Vaughan Morgan had disregarded the road ahead, the twenty Brunel rose up on the edge of an unwarned hollow with sides like a pit, pitched forward, heaving the suffering tonneau skyward, coasted on heated brakes over water-washed gravel into troubled water, rode for a second, dory-like, in foam, trod down a half-floating pole bridge, where her axles came up and smote her frame with blows like the blows of a sledge, and ploughed out and upward on naked rock, with Mr. Vaughan Morgan transformed in the flash of an eye, laughing the joyful laugh of the English, that, in the midst of a great event, counts not the cost of anything, though life itself may depart in the next breath. It was all part of the Vaudreuil road, though in bad condition.

"*There's one more river*," he sang softly, wiping the water from his eyes, and leaning forward to his work. "*An' that's the river of Jordan!*" This quotation had a deep and hidden significance, but he went on at once. "I say, didn't she take that beautifully?"

"She really did," said Miss McNab. It sounded more normal than anything he had ever heard her say, and he managed to look once without being seen. She was holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, and the colour was blazing in her cheeks. From the tonneau arose a heated silence. They had seen water drifting back there in great clouds, and they forbore to look.

Then the twenty Brunel settled down to perform marvels.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan was a good driver, —they also are born,—and that day he drove with all his judgment, or as much judgment as he could use and get the Brunel's best speed under these terrible conditions. There was only one thing that might happen: the Brunel might burst—collapse—disintegrate—and settle back softly into a scrap-heap—or an impalpable powder—but if she did, in his opinion it was worth her cost. If she did not, he would end one day with satisfaction.

Sometimes her starboard tires traveled on an uneven ridge of sandy snow, and her port tires ploughed in the worn sleigh-track and removed the water therefrom into the next field; and sometimes it occurred to her to change sides, and then, immediately afterward, to change back, and she alternated with great rapidity, so that she rolled like a torpedo-boat in a beam sea and terribly disarranged the passengers in her tonneau. Again, on a side hill, where the down-hill side of the road had melted first, her lower wheels ran in mud and her upper on ice, and she circled the hill with a list so heavy that you could hear the tonneau gasp, clinging desperately to the windward rail. Sometimes, on the level, she struck into the remnants of the winter's pitches, with every ridge still frozen and as even as waves of the sea, and she rocked and bucked like an unhandled broncho until the floor of the tonneau, under its carpet, rose up and dropped back at every pitch with a clack like a slap-stick, and the passengers and their cushions were lifted five clear inches above the seat, and came down all braced for the next jump. There is nothing in the world more disconcerting to real dignity than just this sort of thing without any time allowed for rearranging yourself between jumps. It recalls a baby with a pain being danced on an inconsiderate knee. The effect is cumulative, and Miss Dacoste's New York hat, which was not fitted for motoring, pulled apart her brilliantine-clotted hair and hung itself over her left ear. Mr. Glover bounced like a muddy ball, and Miss McNab, still holding the edge of the seat and the rim of her hat, braced both feet against the sloping footboard and laboured with her expression.

Mr. Vaughan Morgan appeared to see none of these things, but stared at the ominous pathway ahead. At times it was glare ice, at other times it was gruel-thick mud, and in one hollow it was a duck-pond, with ducks and everything complete. There is a theory that neither the Cochin duck nor the domestic Mallard can fly. They flew that day—all but one. Whether he could fly, if he really cared to, will now never be known.

The twenty Brunel dazzled her occupants and became a dream. Between endless snake-fences, dancing astern through tears, she climbed slopes that opened up on the left the flood-brown Ottawa in the afternoon sun, ever widening down into the Lake of Two Mountains; and on the farther side of these slopes she descended recklessly, dizzily chattering her lamps, and joyously pounding her tool-box up and down in its locker, until it sounded as if her vitals would certainly fly out on the road. She advanced on small farmhouses close by the roadside,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and froze large French Canadian families into uncouth groups of statuary, until the horse collected himself and tried to back up the front of the barn, and then all was activity in her settling wake. In pure faith she rounded abruptly into unseen stretches of road, and once was cursed wonderfully by a sewing-machine-agent with a matched team of bays, which were stopped only by having to fight a five-barred gate. Sometimes she traveled straight, and sometimes she sidled like a shying horse under the saddle, but always in a rain of flying water or mud or worn-out snow. At all times she rocked and slewed frightfully, and in certain brief moments she proceeded on two wheels. She dodged up-country chickens and she raced up-country dogs, one of which miscalculated and flew for a space like the Cochin ducks—but with the aid of the mudguard. Twice her driver mistrusted the whole appearance of things ahead, and led her aside over squashy spring turf, through which she sucked her way until at last she rolled, mud-bathed, into Vaudreuil, where she was the wonder of the inhabitants, and up to the station. Her passengers had passed from fear and disgust into amazement, and finally into apathy. The populace could see that it was something desperate, and exhibited no levity, though Mr. Glover's features were lost to the eye. Miss Dacoste was transfigured, and Miss McNab sat with tight lips. Mr. Vaughan Morgan had the situation by the throat.

"Sit still for one moment," he begged, and fled in the direction of the station-agent, to whom he talked aggressively for a few seconds. No one knows what he said. He came back running, but was stopped and drawn aside by a bystander from Isle Cadieux.

"De lady's seeck?" he inquired, indicating Miss Dacoste, who had partly swathed herself in a gritty rug.

"Yes," whispered Mr. Vaughan Morgan, confidentially; "very," and mounted the step.

"Just as I thought," he said politely—"no special possible." And before he was fully settled in his seat, the twenty Brunel had gathered way. He swung her round the corner of the station, humoured her softly over eighty-pound rails, and turned her down the main line, inbound, of the Grand Trunk Railway! A yell arose from far behind. He paid no attention. Three times he slowed to climb over switch-points, then opened up, and the twenty Brunel fled down the line, thuttering over sleepers toward the great bridges and the mighty Ottawa itself. Steering lightly with one hand, he found his watch and looked.

"Now we sha'n't be long," he said, addressing Miss McNab's iron-bound countenance. All his anxiety had passed, and he was visibly appreciating the last of the red-gold sunshine and the soft, spring evening air. What Miss McNab might have replied is not known, for Mr. Glover burst through his mud-caked silence.

"What are you going to do? Where are you going?"

"Home," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, looking at Miss McNab.

Miss McNab flushed. Into the heart of Miss Dacoste came a great fear, which she strove to conceal in a ladylike manner.

"Surely-the-man-is-not-going-to-take-us-across-the-railway-bridges!" she exploded.

"Miss McNab must be home at a quarter to eight," said Mr. Vaughan Morgan, softly. A good driver does not turn his head. Miss McNab sat as undrawn as the London *Times*, and ahead there rose up a subdued and suggestive roar. It was the terrible sound of a six-hundred-mile river in flood. Miss Dacoste, in the trembling tonneau, covered her face with her hands, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan drove—like an engineer.

On the edge of the thunder stood a gang of incapacitated section men, and a red shanty containing a gasoline engine, and a three-bucket pump that filched a little of the Ottawa's water for the passing locomotives. Long afterward Miss McNab admitted that she would have been willing to live in that shanty for a very long time if she had been allowed to stay ashore. But she gave no sign, and in the next breath the twenty Brunel was running in mid-air over open ties.

Ahead the way stretched clear enough, but that was a little thing. To the left, a few yards up-stream, hung the great main-line bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, breaking the oncoming flood, with every sharpened pier carrying a bow wave like a battleship, and singing its own song in the overwhelming roar. Between came down the waters, golden-brown and overlaid with foam, to break again in thunder on the piers that held up the twenty Brunel. Between the ties they could see the torrent pouring through far beneath, bearing an occasional log from some lost brough on the Gatineau. On each side was the raw edge—bare tie-ends; no guard-rail; nothing. Miss McNab thought of the car's steering-gear, which might be mutable, like all things

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

human. She stared down at the water, which was unwise. For one little instant she went dizzy and sick. The Ottawa stood still. The Grand Trunk Bridge and the twenty Brunel, moving cornerwise, started up-stream, furiously chasing the tails of the stone piers of the Canadian Pacific bridge, that swirled on ahead like the sterns of battleships abreast, until she closed her eyes. (Mr. Vaughan Morgan, unseeing, saw this also.) When she opened them again, it was to keep them up, as one who would successfully waltz on skates. Ahead ranged the bare wind-swept elms on Isle Perrot. To the right were more bare elms and swamp ashes, doubtless attached to summer islands but now bending like twigs in the midst of the brown flood. Later she remembered to the left, three hundred yards above, one small island, with a bare, white house, sheltered by nine pines and flanked by water-whipped scrub, and remembered praying she were there; until of a sudden she found herself on Isle Perrot, with the twenty Brunel heading down that four-tracked avenue through the woods, and Mr. Vaughan Morgan talking freely about the beauties of the country in spring, while the Canadian Pacific embankment rose ever higher on the left.

Mr. Glover, feeling the exigencies of the situation, sat up to say that the trip across the bridge was "magnificent," with which everybody undertook to agree, until the Ottawa's other branch hove in sight through the trees, with bridges still higher and boiling white rapids below, and a great silence settled down once more. On this passage, high in the air, over the precise center of the rapids, they met an astonished way freight, and her thunder blended with the roar from below, and the wind of her passing brought tears to their eyes till they bowed down their heads for relief. So with bowed heads they whirled into the still more astonished station of Ste. Anne, and without so much as glancing aside, Mr. Vaughan Morgan jerked the twenty Brunel out into the carriage drive, and so into the king's highway, along which she lurched at high speed once more, spattering mud anew.

The details of that flight eastward down the island of Montreal, in the golden light after sunset, through lakeside villages and past disregarded and incensed toll-gates, are all most ordinary details. There was no such navigation as on the Vaudreuil-Como road. The only marvelous thing was Miss McNab's conversation; and for her it was marvelous beyond all marvels. It was jerky and telegraphic and without great poise, and sometimes it was bitten in two because of an excess of enthusiasm on the part of the twenty Brunel over some bump. But through the agency of Mr. Vaughan Morgan and the twenty Brunel, in some way I do not understand, the golden light that overcast the melting snow, and the great spring floods, from road runnels to boiling rivers, had reached into her soul, and she talked; and Mr. Vaughan Morgan was electrified. She paid no attention to the people in the tonneau. In any case they could not hear. It was all very ordinary, because it had all been said so many times before,—though anything that was ordinary was most extraordinary coming from Miss McNab,—so none of it is worth repeating. It was all about ideals, and what a man lives for, and what a woman is hunting for all the time. And the girl's colour was so gorgeous, and it was all so wonderful that at Lachine Mr. Vaughan Morgan took the lower road for no other reason than to buck that suffering car, through those disgraceful streets of lower St. Henri, and to dodge among the Amherst trams and the traffic of Notre Dame. The twenty Brunel lifted them as lightly as a gust of summer wind up into Sherbrooke Street with time to spare, and she left Miss Dacoste and Mr. Glover at their doors, through which they disappeared, running. Their clothes were ruined and, for the time being, they were not friends with anybody; but the trip had been awfully good for their appetites.

Now here is where the blessed illogical part of the whole business comes in. As was said at first, this is a poor story, for it has no plot. The gentleman simply took the lady for a ride in a motor-car. But in front of her own house Miss McNab said, "You dear, dear boy!" for Mr. Vaughan Morgan had also been talking. "And, however you accomplish it, don't ever let father find out we crossed those bridges. Go down to every newspaper now and stop it, however you like, but stop it; and then change and come back and talk to me. I'm not going to Lady Sanderson's tonight."

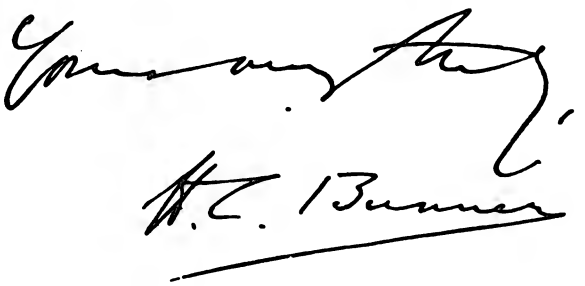
Forty minutes later, Mr. Vaughan Morgan, pale with hunger, handed the twenty Brunel in at the garage.

"I say, Beckley," he said, "you might wash her down a bit, will you?" In thirty-five minutes more, freshly clothed and newly fed, he was climbing upper Peel Street on foot.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A Sisterly Scheme

By H. C. BUNNER



AWAY up in the very heart of Maine there is a mighty lake among the mountains. It is reached after a journey of many hours from the place where you "go in." That is the phrase of the country, and when you have once "gone in," you know why it is not correct to say that you have gone *through* the woods, or, simply, *to* your destination. You find that you have plunged into a new world—a world that has nothing in common with the world that you live in; a world of wild, solemn, desolate grandeur, a world of space and silence; a world that oppresses your soul—and charms you irresistibly. And after you have once "come out" of that world, there will be times, to the day of your death, when you will be homesick for it, and will long with a childlike longing to go back to it.

Up in this wild region you will find a fashionable Summer hotel, with electric bells and seven-course dinners, and "guests" who dress three times a day. It is perched on a little flat point, shut off from the rest of the mainland by a huge rocky cliff. It is an impertinence in that majestic wilderness, and Leather-Stocking would doubtless have had a hankering to burn such an affront to Nature; but it is a good hotel, and people go to it and breathe the generous air of the great woods.

On the beach near this hotel, where the canoes were drawn up in line, there stood one summer morning a curly-haired, fair young man—not so very young, either—whose cheeks were uncomfortably red as he looked first at his own canoe, high and dry, loaded with rods and landing-net and luncheon-basket, and then at another canoe, fast disappearing down the lake, wherein sat a young man and a young woman.

"Dropped again, Mr. Morpeth?"

The young man looked up and saw a saucy face laughing at him. A girl was sitting on the string-piece of the dock. It was the face of a girl between childhood and womanhood. By the face and the figure, it was a woman grown. By the dress, you would have judged it a girl.

And you would have been confirmed in the latter opinion by the fact that the young person was doing something unpardonable for a young lady, but not inexcusable in the case of a youthful tomboy. She had taken off her canvas shoe, and was shaking some small stones out of it. There was a tiny hole in her black stocking, and a glimpse of her pink toe was visible. The girl was sunburnt, but the toe was prettily pink.

"Your sister," replied the young man with dignity, "was to have gone fishing with me; but she remembered at the last moment that she had a prior engagement with Mr. Brown."

"She hadn't," said the girl. "I heard them make it up last evening, after you went upstairs."

The young man clean forgot himself.

"She's the most heartless coquette in the world!" he cried, and clinched his hands.

"She is all that," said the young person on the string-piece of the dock, "and more, too. And yet, I suppose, you want her all the same?"

"I'm afraid I do," said the young man, miserably.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Well," said the girl, putting her shoe on again, and beginning to tie it up, "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Morpeth. You've been hanging around Pauline for a year, and you are the only one of the men she keeps on a string who hasn't snubbed me. Now, if you want me to, I'll give you a lift."

"A—a—*what?*"

"A lift. You're wasting your time. Pauline has no use for devotion. It's a drug in the market with her—has been for five seasons. There's only one way to get her worked up. Two fellows tried it, and they nearly got there; but they weren't game enough to stay to the bitter end. I think you're game, and I'll tell you. You've got to make her jealous."

"Make her jealous of me?"

"No!" said his friend, with infinite scorn; "make her jealous of the other girl. *Oh!* but you men are stupid!"

The young man pondered a moment.

"Well, Flossy," he began, and then he became conscious of a sudden change in the atmosphere, and perceived that the young lady was regarding him with a look that might have chilled his soul.

"Miss Flossy—Miss Belton—" he hastily corrected himself. Winter promptly changed to summer in Miss Flossy Belton's expressive face.

"Your scheme," he went on, "is a good one. Only—it involves the discovery of another girl."

"Yes," assented Miss Flossy, cheerfully.

"Well," said the young man, "doesn't it strike you that if I were to develop a sudden admiration for any one of these other young ladies whose charms I have hitherto neglected, it would come tardy off—lack artistic verisimilitude, so to speak?"

"Rather," was Miss Flossy's prompt and frank response; "especially as there isn't one of them fit to flirt with."

"Well, then, where am I to discover the girl?"

Miss Flossy untied and retied her shoe. Then she said, calmly:

"What's the matter with—" a hardly perceptible hesitation—"*me?*"

"With *you?*" Mr. Morpeth was startled out of his manners.

"Yes."

Mr. Morpeth simply stared.

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Flossy, "I'm not good-looking enough?"

"You are good-looking enough," replied Mr. Morpeth, recovering himself, "for *anything*—" and he threw a convincing emphasis into the last word as he took what was probably his first real inspection of his adored one's junior—"but—aren't you a trifle—young?"

"How old do you suppose I am?"

"I know. Your sister told me. You are sixteen."

"Sixteen!" repeated Miss Flossy, with an infinite and uncontrollable scorn, "yes, and I'm the kind of sixteen that stays sixteen till your elder sister's married. I was eighteen years old on the third of last December—unless they began to double on me before I was old enough to know the difference—it would be just like Mama to play it on me in some such way," she concluded, reflectively.

"Eighteen years old!" said the young man. "The deuce!" Do not think that he was an ill-bred young man. He was merely astonished, and he had much more astonishment ahead of him. He mused for a moment.

"Well," he said, "what's your plan of campaign? I am to—to discover you?"

"Yes," said Miss Flossy, calmly, "and to flirt with me like fun."

"And may I ask what attitude you are to take when you are—discovered?"

"Certainly," replied the imperturbable Flossy. "I am going to dangle you."

"To—to dangle me?"

"As a conquest, don't you know. Let you hang around and laugh at you."

"Oh, indeed!"

"There, don't be wounded in your masculine pride. You might as well face the situation. You don't think that Pauline's in love with you, do you?"

"No!" groaned the young man.

"But you've got lots of money. Mr. Brown has got lots more. You're eager. Brown is coy. That's the reason that Brown is in the boat and you are on the cold, cold shore, talking to Little Sister. Now if Little Sister jumps at you, why, she's simply taking Big Sister's leavings; it's all in the family, anyway, and there's no jealousy, and Pauline can devote her whole mind to Brown. There, *don't* look so limp. You men are simply childish. Now. after you've asked me to marry you——"

"Oh, I'm to ask you to marry me?"

"Certainly. You needn't look frightened, now. I won't accept you. But then you are to go around like a wet cat, and mope, and hang on worse than ever. Then Big Sister will see that she can't afford to take that sort of thing from Little Sister, and then—there's your chance."

"Oh, there's my chance, is it?" said Mr.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Morpeth. He seemed to have fallen into the habit of repetition.

"There's your *only* chance," said Miss Flossy, with decision.

Mr. Morpeth meditated. He looked at the lake, where there was no longer sign or sound of the canoe, and he looked at Miss Flossy, who sat calm, self-confident and careless, on the string-piece of the dock.

"I don't know how feasible—" he began.

"It's feasible," said Miss Flossy, with decision. "Of course, Pauline will write to Mama, and of course Mama will write and scold me. But she's got to stay in New York, and nurse Papa's gout; and the Miss Redingtons are all the chaperons we've got up here, and they don't amount to anything —so I don't care."

"But why," inquired the young man; and his tone suggested a complete abandonment to Miss Flossy's idea; "why should you take so much trouble for *me?*"

"Mr. Morpeth," said Miss Flossy, solemnly, "I'm two years behind the [time-table, and I've got to make a strike for liberty, or die. And besides," she added, "if you are *nice*, it needn't be such an *awful* trouble."

Mr. Morpeth laughed.

"I'll try to make it as little of a bore as possible," he said, extending his hand. The girl did not take it.

"Don't make any mistake," she cautioned him, searching his face with her eyes; "this isn't to be any little-girl affair. Little Sister doesn't want any kind, elegant, supercilious encouragement from Big Sister's young man. It's got to be a *real* flirtation—devotion no end, and ten times as much as ever Pauline could get out of you—and you've got to keep your end 'way—'way—'way up!"

The young man smiled.

"I'll keep my end up," he said; "but are you certain that you can keep yours up?"

"Well, I think so," replied Miss Flossy. "Pauline will raise an awful row; but if she goes too far, I'll tell my age, *and hers, too.*"

Mr. Morpeth looked in Miss Flossy's calm face. Then he extended his hand once more.

"It's a bargain, so far as I'm concerned," he said.

This time a soft and small hand met his with a firm, friendly, honest pressure.

"And I'll refuse you," said Miss Flossy.

. . . . . .

Within two weeks, Mr. Morpeth found himself entangled in a flirtation such as he had never dreamed of. Miss Flossy's scheme had succeeded only too brilliantly. The whole hotel was talking about the outrageous behaviour of "that little Belton girl" and Mr. Morpeth, who certainly ought to know better.

Mr. Morpeth had carried out his instructions. Before the week was out, he found himself giving the most lifelike imitation of an infatuated lover that ever delighted the old gossips of a Summer resort. And yet he had only done what Flossy told him to do.

He got his first lesson just about the time that Flossy, in the privacy of their apartments, informed her elder sister that if she, Flossy, found Mr. Morpeth's society agreeable, it was nobody's concern but her own, and that she was prepared to make some interesting additions to the census statistics if any one thought differently.

The lesson opened his eyes.

"Do you know," she said, "that it wouldn't be a bit of a bad idea to telegraph to New York for some real nice candy and humbly present it for my acceptance? I *might* take it—if the bonbonnière was pretty enough."

He telegraphed to New York and received, in the course of four or five days, certain marvels of sweets in a miracle of an upholstered box. The next day he found her on the veranda, flinging the bonbons on the lawn for the children to scramble for.

"Awfully nice of you to send me these things," she said languidly, but loud enough for the men around her to hear—she had men around her already: she had been discovered—"but I never eat sweets, you know. Here, you little mite in the blue sash, don't you want this pretty box to put your doll's clothes in?"

And Maillard's finest bonbonnière went to a yellow-haired brat of three.

But this was the slightest and lightest of her caprices. She made him send for his dog-cart and his horses, all the way from New York, only that he might drive her over the ridiculous little mile-and-a-half of road that bounded the tiny peninsula. And she christened him "Muffets," a nickname presumably suggested by "Morpeth"; and she called him "Muffets" in the hearing of all the hotel people.

And did such conduct pass unchallenged? No. Pauline scolded, raged, raved. She wrote to Mama. Mama wrote back and reproved Flossy. But Mama could not leave Papa. His gout was worse. The Miss Redingtons must act. The Miss Redingtons merely wept, and nothing more. Pauline

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

scolded; the flirtation went on; and the people at the big hotel enjoyed it immensely.

And there was more to come. Four weeks had passed. Mr. Morpeth was hardly on speaking terms with the elder Miss Belton; and with the younger Miss Belton he was on terms which the hotel gossips characterized as "simply scandalous." Brown glared at him when they met, and he glared at Brown. Brown was having a hard time. Miss Belton the elder was not pleasant of temper in those trying days.

"And now," said Miss Flossy to Mr. Morpeth, "it's time you proposed to me, Muffets."

They were sitting on the hotel veranda, in the evening darkness. No one was near them, except an old lady in a Shaker chair.

"There's Mrs. Melby. She's pretending to be asleep, but she isn't. She's just waiting for us. Now walk me up and down and ask me to marry you so that she can hear it. It'll be all over the hotel inside of half an hour. Pauline will just *rage*."

With this pleasant prospect before him, Mr. Morpeth marched Miss Flossy Belton up and down the long veranda. He had passed Mrs. Melby three times before he was able to say, in a choking, husky, uncertain voice:

"Flossy,—I—I—I *love* you!"

Flossy's voice was not choking nor uncertain. It rang out clear and silvery in a peal of laughter.

"Why, of course you do, Muffets, and I wish you didn't. That's what makes you so stupid half the time."

"But—" said Mr. Morpeth, vaguely; "but I——"

"But you're a silly boy," returned Miss Flossy; and she added in a swift aside: "*You haven't asked me to marry you!*"

"W-W-W-Will you be my wife?" stammered Mr. Morpeth.

"No!" said Miss Flossy, emphatically, "I will not. You are too utterly ridiculous. The idea of it! No, Muffets, you are charming in your present capacity; but you aren't to be considered seriously."

They strolled on into the gloom at the end of the great veranda.

"That's the first time," he said, with a feeling of having only the ghost of a breath left in his lungs, "that I ever asked a woman to marry me."

"I should think so," said Miss Flossy, "from the way you did it. And you were beautifully rejected, weren't you? Now—look at Mrs. Melby, will you? She's scudding off to spread the news."

And before Mr. Morpeth went to bed, he was aware of the fact that every man and woman in the hotel knew that he had "proposed" to Flossy Belton, and had been "beautifully rejected."

. . . . . .

Two sulky men, one sulky woman, and one girl radiant with triumphant happiness started out in two canoes, reached certain fishing-grounds known only to the elect, and began to cast for trout. They had indifferent luck. Miss Belton and Mr. Brown caught a dozen trout; Miss Flossy Belton and Mr. Morpeth caught eighteen or nineteen, and the day was wearing to a close. Miss Flossy made the last cast of the day, just as her escort had taken the paddle. A big trout rose—just touched the fly—and disappeared.

"It's this wretched rod!" cried Miss Flossy; and she rapped it on the gunwale of the canoe so sharply that the beautiful split-bamboo broke sharp off in the middle of the second joint. Then she tumbled it overboard, reel and all.

"I was tired of that rod, anyway, Muffets," she said; "row me home, now; I've got to dress for dinner."

Miss Flossy's elder sister, in the other boat, saw and heard this exhibition of tyranny; and she was so much moved that she stamped her small foot, and endangered the bottom of the canoe. She resolved that Mama should come back, whether Papa had the gout or not.

Mr. Morpeth, wearing a grave expression, was paddling Miss Flossy toward the hotel. He had said nothing whatever, and it was a noticeable silence that Miss Flossy finally broke.

"You've done pretty much everything that I wanted you to do, Muffets," she said; "but you haven't saved my life yet, and I'm going to give you a chance."

It is not difficult to overturn a canoe. One twist of Flossy's supple body did it, and before he knew just what had happened, Morpeth was swimming toward the shore, holding up Flossy Belton with one arm, and fighting for life in the icy water of a Maine lake.

The people were running down, bearing blankets and brandy, as he touched bottom in his last desperate struggle to keep the two of them above water. One yard further, and there would have been no strength left in him.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

He struggled up on shore with her, and when he got his breath enough, he burst out:

"Why did you do it? It was wicked! It was cruel!"

"There!" she said, as she reclined composedly in his arms, "that will do, Muffets. I don't want to be scolded."

A delegation came along, bringing blankets and brandy, and took her from him.

. . . . . .

At five o'clock of that afternoon, Mr. Morpeth presented himself at the door of the parlour attached to the apartments of the Belton sisters. Miss Belton, senior, was just coming out of the room. She received his inquiry after her sister's health with a white face and a quivering lip.

"I should think, Mr. Morpeth," she began, "that you had gone far enough in playing with the feelings of a m-m-mere child, and that—oh! I have no words to express my *contempt* for you!"

And in a most unladylike rage Miss Pauline Belton swept down the hotel corridor.

She had left the door open behind her. Morpeth heard a voice, weak, but cheery, addressing him from the far end of the parlour.

"You've got her!" it said. "She's crazy mad. She'll make up to you to-night—see if she don't."

Mr. Morpeth looked up and down the long corridor. It was empty. He pushed the door open, and entered. Flossy was lying on the sofa, pale, but bright-eyed.

"You can get her," she whispered, as he knelt down beside her.

"Flossy," he said, "don't you know that that is all ended? Don't you know that I love you and you only? Don't you know that I haven't thought about any one else since—since—oh, Flossy, don't you—is it possible that you don't understand?"

Flossy stretched out two weak arms, and put them around Mr. Morpeth's neck.

"Why have I had you in training all summer?" said she. "Did you think it was for Pauline?"

The Desert Rider

A Turkoman Epitaph translated by Achmed Abdullah

(This is a "meit tauriki," *similar to an epitaph, of the Karchuka Turkomans, a clan of the Yomud Turkomans who roam the Central Asian steppes near the Caspian. The Turkoman graves consist of underground chambers where the body is placed without covering, together with the earthen jug used in washing it. A small lamp is placed at the foot of the grave, as well as some article belonging to the deceased,—usually a cradle in case of a child, —but all these articles, given the Turkoman's harsh life, are simple and crude. The place where the head rests is marked by a stone called* "m'chachad," *which, curiously, is not a Turkoman but an Arab word. There is no verdure about the graves, no flowers, nothing to make them attractive. They are typical, in their stark, gray loneliness, of the steppes and the tribes of the steppes.)*

LONELY and unadorned is the last bed of the desert rider,
When death seizes his throat as the eclipse seizes the moon,
When Fate gathers the thousand arrows beneath her arm-pits.

There are here no gold-hilted Bokharan scimitars,
No crimson, jingling trappings of Turkish Beks,
No brocaded cloaks nor great belts of Volga leather.
For naked I came from the bosom of God.
Naked I return.

You, O pilgrim, when you ride past my grave, stop.
Pass not without a thought for me.
Remember that only yesterday I was even as you.
Remember that tomorrow you will be even as I.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

So They Say

The Right Rev. Michael B. Furse:
Bishop of St. Albans, England, says that at present his bath is the only place where he can secure privacy

"I view with great trepidation the coming of the day when by television my morning ablutions at St. Albans will be reflected on a screen in New York for the entertainment of the American public."

Thomas A. Edison:
inventor

"The restlessness of a pioneer people has been restored by the motor-car. Restlessness and discontent are the first necessities of progress."

Professor Hugh Hartshorne:
psychologist, of Teachers' College, Columbia University

"In extensive experiments with all kinds of school children I have found a persistent tendency for honesty and intelligence to go together."

A Young Bandit:
enters a New York hat store, and says, while his companion covers the four clerks with a gun

"We hate to be rude, but we believe it to our best interests for each of you to remove his trousers."

Village Baker:
of Dietramszell, Bavaria, where colourful national costumes are still worn and President Hindenburg spends his summers, campaigns against modern fashions

"Let foreigners keep away. We don't want to be contaminated; we want to remain as we are and as we have been for centuries."

Storm Jameson:
English woman novelist

"Intelligent woman is progressing steadily away from the old ideals of motherhood."

Arthur Crimble:
Resident British Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands colony in the South Pacific

"Clothes covering bodies which once were naked and unconscious have contributed to the moral decadence of the native by stimulating nasty curiosities which never before existed."

Dr. Frederick R. Rogers:
State Supervisor of Physical Education in New York

"Coaches who turn out winning teams constantly are enemies of society."

Prince Joachim:
the first Hohenzollern to visit America since the war

"A gentleman does not get fat."

A. Walkowitz:
one of the directors of the Independent Art Exhibit

"We begin where the Ten Commandments stop."

A Chicago Man:
applying to the Prohibition Bureau for a job as prohibition agent

"I have two or three men I would like to kill, and I would like to do it under a Government license."

Miss Collette Koenig:
twenty, girl student, held in check forgery

"I was just seized with a wild desire to go shopping and write checks, so I went to the bank and got a check book."

"Jimmy" Walker:
mayor of New York, when Washington newspapers accuse him of keeping the President waiting

"I expect to be measured by my accomplishments and not by a time-table. I do more work than any man in this city."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

GABBY GABY:
the knishes (potato pies) king of New York, when on witness stand at the hearing of the Mogen Dovid Delicatessen Corporation

"For money you are supposed to sell everybody."

BISHOP OF ELY:
author of:
"Mary has a little skirt,
So neat, so bright, so airy;
It never shows a speck of dirt,
But it surely does show Mary."

"There are many women who cannot afford to be so candid about their ankles and so on."

CHARLES GATES DAWES:
Vice-President of the U. S., as quoted by "T. R. B." in the "New Republic".

"The Convention could go a lot farther and do worse than nominate me, and that is exactly what the damned Convention is going to do."

AN OFFICIAL:
of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company

"If wireless continues to develop at its present rate, it is not too much to say that 100 years hence people will be able to pick up messages we are transmitting to-day. . . . Voices will still be wandering in the ether waiting to be picked up by a sufficiently sensitive instrument."

DR. MILES SHERRILL:
professor of theoretical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says that when a piece of radium is passed in front of the Geiger counter instrument a quick succession of raps is caused

"These raps are not from a spirit world, but nevertheless from another world, namely, the world locked up within the atom; and these electrons and alpha particles are the only messengers we have from this world."

AL JOLSON:
black-face comedian, when manager J. J. Shubert in a pinch engages him at $10,000-a-week salary

"I'd do anything in the world just to help you out, for a certain sum."

FANNIE HURST:
in the "Nation"

"Grandmother, with blood from the hog-killing under her fingernails, was not nearly the good dinner-table company that modern wife with her marcelled bob and polished fingernails was, the evening the pink boiled ham was served after the Stravinsky concert."

MAHATMA GANDHI:
Holy man of India, and leader of the modern Hindu movement

"There is more to life than increasing its speed."

J. THOMAS HEFLIN:
Senator from Alabama, and anti-Catholic crusader, explains a mystery

"I believe that the threats of reprisal which have been made by my friends in my behalf have served to protect my life so far. The day that I am murdered one hundred priests in the South will be marked for death. . . . Al Smith will be dead within twenty-four hours of my death. The Catholics know this; that is why they hesitate to murder me."

MALCOLM BIRD:
active head of the American Society for Psychical Research

"The actual colour of a ghost is reddish brown, about the same shade as liver, and not white, as has been supposed for generations."

ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL:
restaurateur

"Half a husband is better than none."

ALFRED ALOYSIUS SMITH:
alias "Trader Horn," adventurer and author, explains the reason for his nom-de-plume

"We thought the book would sell better. Smith is such a common name."

JASCHA HEIFETZ:
violinist, just returned from a two years' world tour, which led him into many strange places

"Amid the queerest and most fantastic surroundings you can be sure that your strangely garbed hearers will like Beethoven and that they will applaud if they like your production."

WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON:
of the Department of Psychology at Columbia University

"A blonde has to be loved pretty constantly if you want to keep her happy and steer her away from adventure."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dr. Karl Reiland:
rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York

"The Thirty-nine Articles are no longer worth retaining as complete statements of faith. Their use should be entirely optional, and I would have them removed. They should go out, and the creeds with them."

Baron Giorgio Mario Suriani:
of Italy, fails to sell his title for $100,000

"Before the war, having a title was like having an investment. One could always sell it for a goodly sum, or, better still, if one was still young one could marry a wealthy girl, perhaps an American, and be provided for for the rest of one's natural life."

Tibetan Husbands:
followers of Amouki, a masculinist, who asks the Tibetan government to end polyandry, march on Lhassa, carrying a banner

"One husband should suffice for any woman."

Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton:
head of the Psychology Department of Temple University, says we could not get along if murders, disasters, instances of banditry, and descriptions of crimes were not brought to us

"Suspense—the alternation between hope and depression—is after all something that our natures demand, and here is where the newspaper comes into our routine lives as a saving grace, snatching us from this dreaded lingering death by boredom."

M. Ferdinand Joseph Graf:
Viennese hairdresser, finds that men are vainer than women

"I have spent often as much time on a single mustache as to dress completely a lady's hair. Unless the ends are just so—pouf!"

Congressman Fiorello H. La Guardia:
of Harlem, answers a magazine article charging that Representatives from New York in Congress are not "real Americans"

"I have no family tree. The only member of my family who has is my dog Yank. He is the son of Doughboy, who was the son of Siegfried, who was the son of Tannhäuser, who was the son of Wotan. A distinguished family tree, to be sure—but, after all, he's only a——."

Louis Bertrand:
of l'Academie Française, in "Le Figaro"

"In truth, it is for ourselves that we are civilizing Africa and not for the Africans,—to whom it is all the same."

Will Rogers:
professional funny man

"There is politicians acting honest now that never acted that way in their lives."

Charles Reynolds Brown:
Dean of the Yale Divinity School

"We have too many people who live without working, and we have altogether too many people who work without living."

Reinald Werrenrath:
concert singer

"American-born opera and concert singers, especially women, give me a pain."

Sir William Joynson-Hicks:
British Home Secretary

"Mob mercy is as bad as mob murder."

Sir Francis Younghusband:
British soldier, explorer and author

"It is extremely unlikely that we on our little speck of a planet should be the highest beings that exist in the world of an incredibly vast universe."

Schoolgirl:
of the secondary school for girls, Bath, England

"Aaron was a good man who helped Moses with his conjuring tricks."

A Statistician:
in a daily newspaper

"There are 1,200 different kinds of face powder and 650 varieties of rouge on sale in the United States."

Milton C. Winternitz:
Dean of the Medical School of Yale University

"Today, many medical men are inclined to see their patients merely as a lung, or a heart, or some organ to be inspected and treated."

Dr. Robert A. Millikan:
scientist, finds creation still in progress

"We may have some confidence in the conclusion that the heretofore mysterious cosmic rays which shoot unceasingly in all directions are announcements sent out through the ether of the birth of elements."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL:
professor of research astronomy at Princeton University

"If living beings exist on other worlds they probably have reached a stage of development billions of years in advance of ours."

"BABE" RUTH:
ball player of the Yanks, when asked what he reads

"It isn't good for the eyes."

MAY ENGLISH:
on trial on a charge of grand larceny, explains she is a Christian Scientist

"God made me a thief."

ROBERT WHITMAN:
known as "Baron Beaverbrook," serving fifteen years in Sing Sing for his too-successful siege of the hearts and purses of impressionable women

"After forty-five, women listen to everything you tell them and believe it."

OTTO BRAUN:
Prussian Premier, praises Joseph Pembaur, pianist, after his piano recital

"You surely must be a Bavarian—none other could have pounded a Prussian piano so effectively."

YPK DEVERIS:
a Hollander, in South Chicago Police Station, to claim sixteen chickens stolen by boys, when the sergeant asks him how he can identify them

"If they're my chickens, they'll talk to me."
(*And as he entered the cell where the broilers were roosting they cackled with delight.*)

KNUT HAMSUN:
Norwegian poet

"My brothers, sisters and I had each a dress, my children have many. I work vainly against luxury—but I arrive at no solution."

SIR ARBUTHNOT LANE:
Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, London

"Alcohol is an infinitely better food than meat."

JAMES BOYD:
novelist

"There is no excuse for writing novels except to give pleasure, and no excuse for reading them except to gain it."

DR. WILLIAM GUNDERT:
director of the Japanese-German Cultural Institute

"Buddhism is vast and deep like the ocean, and to explore even parts of it takes more than a life-time."

MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM:
daughter of "Ed" Howe, and author of a prize-winning first novel

"I am convinced that no one writes a real masterpiece until after he is forty."

COUNT CARLO SFORZA:
former Italian Foreign Minister, lecturing in the U. S. after his return from the Orient

"You Americans may as well realize that the Chinese dislike you just as much as other foreigners."

BERTRAND RUSSELL:
English philosopher

"Very few people can be happy unless they can hate some other person or nation or creed."

A SMALL BOY:
to teacher

"Sometimes I do somersaults and sometimes wintersaults. A wintersault is a somersault backwards."

ANNA PAVLOWA:
dancer of genius, on return from South Africa

"The Hottentots dance like a swarm of bees."

ROBERT GURLEY:
throwing stove at his sweetheart, Alice Hughes, injuring her and burning down her house when she refused to go riding in his car because the day was too cold

"Well, maybe this will keep you warm."

M. JEAN PATOU:
when asked what he thinks of women's ugly legs, says, with a wink

"None of my customers has officially ugly legs."

LUCIEN LELONG
fashion expert

"I have never yet met a pair of legs that I could not make look graceful."

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX:

"I am trying to lengthen skirts, but the women themselves, and especially the grandmothers, seem to be making them still shorter."

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE:
sailing for Europe, denies she is going abroad to marry a British peer, and indignantly affirms she has been married only four times

"This is a pleasure trip and I am not going to get married to anyone."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Avenging Film

By MASSIMO BONTEMPELLI

Translated by Cesarina Hudson

WHY in Heaven's name was I made so sensitive? If only I had been born without this flaw in me, I should be a millionaire by now. As a matter of fact I did become enormously rich for a few days, but I had to give it all up because of feeling things too intensely. I became rich after the triumphal success of my film rendering of "Death, the Avenger." It was by a mere chance that I started climbing the slopes of the Olympus of movie-land, and I soon had to descend, impelled by a stronger force!

I was then living in a village in Calabria.

One day I was standing in the café of the village, having a discussion with the waiter. Hardly had the man left me when a stranger who had been sitting at a small table near by, got up and accosted me with a strong American accent.

"I am the director of the Dumbplay Celestial Company," he said. "When I heard your voice as you spoke to the waiter, I just guessed you were the kind to make an A-1 movie actor."

He went on to say that he thought me exactly the type of male beauty to act the part of the hero in the film production of "Death, the Avenger." He had purposely come to Calabria from the States to produce the film amid the scenery in which the novel was laid.

I hesitated a little, but he pressed me, and ended by offering me an enormous sum if I would undertake to act the part for him.

A few days after this we began operations. I seemed to enter at once into the volcano-like temperament of Corrado, who was not only a Sicilian painter, but also a furious lover and a desperate killer of his brothers-in-law. Too much I entered into the spirit of the man. I literally wore myself away. Corrado in the novel passes through a series of harrowing experiences—love, hatred, jealousy, murder, imprisonment, escape, grave matrimonial complications, parental sorrows, the realization that death only can atone, and, last of all, suicide. While acting them I felt within myself the raging of each of these soul-tempests, as if it were real. After each effort—that is, after every scene—I felt the need of a greater effort and of a long interval of rest to clear my mind of its previous condition and to prepare it for the new one.

In this way we lost a great deal of time, but my interpretation of the part was so marvelous that the director put up with everything quite pleasantly.

. . . . .

The thing went on fairly well as long as we were portraying Corrado painting in front of his easel amid the wild and savage beauties of nature, or the first moments of his love-idyll with the fair Rosalia. But her family would not have me. And for a time I really felt myself smouldering with anger against the good-natured actor who impersonated Rosalia's brother; however, as soon as the scene was ended, I managed to calm down.

In the following scene I had to kidnap the girl, carrying her off in my arms under the Poliphemus-like eye of the camera. Well, the other actors had to run after me, because so filled was I with lover-like ardour that I kept on running long after I had got well out of the camera's range. I ran and ran, and I was already climbing over a hedge, with the "star" screaming in my arms—who knows where I should have got to?—when they caught me, and roughly recalled me to the innocent realities of life.

But my worst trouble started with the scene of the murder of my brother-in-law.

That day I hated him with a deep and terrible hatred. I had to kill him by hitting him over the head with a huge knotted stick:—by good luck the screen only featured the beginning of the deed—for I had become as fierce as a wild beast. I had to be forcibly conducted away from the scene of action and taken to a nursing-home.

For many weeks I seethed with hatred. Yet I was not insane. I knew perfectly well

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that my good friend the actor was not the brother of Mara d'Ayala (this was the film-star's name), and that he would not have cared in the least had I married her twice a day. I felt in myself, in my nerves and in my blood, all the bitterness that Corrado felt for his brother-in-law, but in my brain I knew very well that I was myself and not Corrado; and this superimposition of two substances, this condition of hating without its object, or rather this movement of hate without hatred, seemed to tear the innermost fibers of me.

At last I returned to work and acted the scene which follows, where the police get me, pinion me, and, dragging me cruelly through the scrub, throw me into prison.

The thirteen years of Corrado's prison life—a whole morning's work—weakened me considerably. But after a period of intensive feeding and complete rest I felt strong enough to act the celebrated flight from prison. With infinite caution I slid down the classical knotted strips of sheet, along the slippery edge of an old turret. . .

At length I touched earth and knew myself free again, and alone on the vast plain. As I stretched my arms out wide with joy before the camera, I literally felt, blowing out of the lens onto my face, the pure, fine air of heaven. . . .

With my lungs full of it, and my eyes on the sky, I began my march across the boundless desert.

"Stop!" cried the director after I had taken a few steps. "Now, show that you are very tired."

I obeyed. At once I felt an overpowering weariness in all my limbs. I staggered and then collapsed.

"Splendid. Now get up. Can you register the first symptoms of starvation?"

I began gesticulating and contorting myself like a famished man. Suddenly a violent hunger clutched at my vitals. I felt as though my body were completely empty, and, like a pricked balloon, I folded over onto myself and fell. Someone ran up and tried to raise me, but by that time I could no longer stand on my feet. Faintly I murmured, "Food, food. . . ."

They rushed to the canteen and brought me out plates of red roast-beef, enormous hunks of cheese, bread and wine. Everything—for Corrado had been three days without food—everything I seized and devoured. I continued eating voraciously and at a fearful speed for I don't know how long. And at last I could feel myself returning to life and vigour.

"Now we will have the end of that scene again. Quickly, before the light goes."

I got up from my plates, well-satisfied and replete, and rushed back to the camera, hurriedly gulping down the last mouthful. The director said:

"We will have a close-up of those hunger-grimaces. They were really life-like. Will you do them again, please?"

The camera was brought forward. At only a yard's distance from the lens, between two white screens which were held beneath my face to intensify the reflections, I went through those grimaces again.

I had only been doing it for about a minute when I already began to feel the effects.

"Very good, very good," said the American. "That will do."

But I had already fallen to the ground again from sheer starvation for the second time, under the influence of those hunger-induced contortions; I had worked myself up into a state of real starvation. My unfortunate stomach was writhing about inside me, empty and miserable—I implored them to bring me food. They looked rather perplexed, but after a few minutes saw that there was nothing for it but to comply. I fell on the food, and for quite a time went on devouring, at the pace of a fierce fire in a Chinese town.

There is no need for me to repeat to you all the vicissitudes of that drama, right up to my spasmodic death by strychnine. I must hurry on to tell you of happenings, much more wonderful, which came later, when the film was already finished and beginning to be shown around the world.

. . . . .

Wonderful and almost incredible happenings. Certainly if any one else had come and told me about them, I should not have believed him—but I am obliged to believe myself.

When at last my wearying work was ended, I was not, strangely enough, much fatigued. Instead I felt quite empty, as if there were nothing but complete vacuum inside me.

The film actors had dispersed, each one returning whence he came. The American, too, had left with all his paraphernalia and with I don't know how many kilometers of film, but not without handing me over a large sum of money, and promising me a great deal more when the first copies should be sold. He was most enthusiastic over the film.

Some time passed, and I had ceased to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

think about it. That extraordinary feeling of emptiness still persisted in me. I seemed to have no desires or feelings at all, hardly sensations of any kind. (Only now and then, at irregular intervals, I suffered from strange and violent nervous attacks which I could not explain. They would pass very quickly, though.)

One day in the beginning of September, I got a very kind letter from the American, telling me he was in Rome. He added, "The film has turned out to be even more beautiful than we expected, and is at last ready for the public. We are having a trial showing of it on the 15th of this month, and I am sure it will be a great success. I do hope you will come and see yourself in it."

This letter left me cold. After a few days I answered that it was quite impossible for me to go to Rome on the 15th. But on the 14th I went to the station and got into the train for Rome.

. . . . . .

The American received me most cordially, but I found it very difficult, however much I tried, to overcome the strange indifference that possessed me. I asked him very firmly not to introduce me to anyone. Directly we got into the theatre I went and sat down all by myself in a dark corner. There were about twenty people in the room, all told. They had been invited by the American, and were sitting in the central stalls.

The lights went out, and the story of Corrado was thrown on to the screen.

I had foreseen nothing.

At first I was not at all interested. But when, after the first few scenes, Corrado himself appeared on the screen, I suddenly felt my inner self leap up and out of the drab apathy in which I had been living ever since I had stopped acting. I was like a man who awakes from a swoon, or like a lump of senseless clay which, at the divine command of a god, leaps suddenly from nothingness into life. All this happened in one second, the second in which I perceived the image of Corrado, that is, myself, calmly seated before his easel in the middle of a field. In the succeeding instant I realized, as though in a flash, that the sudden consciousness of existence was not in me, but in him, in Corrado, as he gazed with rapturous admiration at Rosalia. And while his emotions found expression in the face on the screen, it was I that experienced them all in myself, so much so, that I surprised myself a few minutes later holding out my arms in the darkness of the theatre with the ardour of our impassioned love.

Then my image disappeared and I felt myself sink into apathy once more.

But soon a violent anger took possession of me as the Corrado on the screen disputed fiercely with Rosalia's obstinate family. From that instant onwards it was one long sequel of spasms and torment, interrupted only by brief intervals of emptiness; all that Corrado had suffered during twenty years of his life, and I in several months of acting, was condensed now into the terribly brief space of two hours.

When at the end Corrado rolls on the floor and writhes under the influence of the strychnine he has taken, I found myself lying under the stalls contorted with pain, almost dying.

Suddenly the lights were switched on. And I became again inert and empty. The spectators were crowding round the director. Before they could find me, I managed to crawl out of my dark corner through a little side door, and so escaped to my hotel.

That same evening the American hunted me out and told me how enthusiastic everyone had been about the film.

"We have already sold one copy for Milan, one for Rome, and one in France. In Rome the film will appear at the 'Splendor,' beginning next Monday, and, in Milan, some time next month."

He handed me a cheque. The next day he came back again with two new contracts which he asked me to sign, and he left still more dollars, a great many of them.

. . . . . .

I left Rome for my own town, but without much hope of recovery. I was absolutely empty. And now, at last, I knew what was the matter with me. I had no great hopes of being able to cure myself by keeping away from my film, for I had understood perfectly well by now that my sensibilities and my very life had passed entirely into those two kilometers of film. There they had remained, though still inextricably linked to their fountain-head, which was my heart. I realized without any possibility of doubt that wherever that film should appear and in whatever part of the world, during its unfolding, I would feel in myself all its phases and emotions.

And so it turned out.

A few days later, at four in the afternoon, while I was sitting in my study, I was not at all surprised to feel around my head the keen and vivid air of the countryside

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(the countryside that I was sketching far away in Rome on the screen of the "Splendor"), and immediately afterwards my amorous transports for Rosalia, the family quarrels, my furious rage, my imprisonment and escape. How I wept for joy, alone, before my desk, as I held my dear wife in my arms once more! And then all the dreadful sequel of anguish and jealousy and human tragedy! How I sobbed against my empty wall when my own daughter recoiled in horror from me! And a few moments later I was rolling on the floor in my death-agony. Two hours of this, and then it all began over again: four times between four o'clock and midnight, at regular intervals, just as the show was being given in the "Splendor," five hundred kilometers away. And the day after and every day after, from four to midnight, four houses, continuous performance.

I took a train and went back to Rome (I was very careful to travel at night and in the morning, out of cinema hours, so as not to be subjected to my most ridiculous nervous attack in an open and public spot). The famous specialist to whom I went was much interested in me, and insisted on being present at the daily phenomenon; he was thus in a position to recognize how exactly my movements and emotions synchronized with each performance at the theatre. On the sixth of October, complications ensued.

At four o'clock on that day I seemed to note a stronger intensity in my sensations: after a few minutes they seemed to get strangely confused; at a certain point they were all crazily mixed together. The famous specialist said, "Now, here is the beginning of a beneficial crisis." I, instead, understood all of a sudden, and cried, "It is to-day, it is to-day that the film is being shown in Milan!"

It began again. The two performances were being held simultaneously. But in Milan they had shorter intermissions and unreeled the thing faster. While with Rome, my arms were raised to deliver the murderous blow on my brother-in-law, my knees with Milan were bent and knocking together, frenzied to be free, as I slid down the knotted sheets from my prison window. A little later my body was writhing in agony on the floor while my face smiled with joy as I contemplated my new-born baby girl.

Soon after midnight it was over. The famous specialist asked me to accompany him out into the street for a breath of air.

In Piazza Colonna we met the exulting American. He was delighted to see me.

"Ten more copies sold, some in America, some in Sweden. In a few weeks time they will be showing that film simultaneously in twenty cinema-houses, in Italy and abroad."

I could not repress a shriek of terror.

. . . . . .

I have cured myself of my inconvenient malady by resorting to the only possible remedy. I have bought up all the copies of "Death, the Avenger," including the negative.

The American nearly made himself ill over this business.

Since I had not the necessary sum by me—all the dollars I had received from the American were not enough—I have sold my supersensitive heart to a medical school, for use after my death, naturally. The famous specialist is certain that the post-mortem examination will be most interesting. In fact, it was he who persuaded the medical school to pay me the large sum I received.

I am not ashamed to confess this; on the contrary, I am anxious for everyone concerned to know that my supersensitive heart is no longer on the market.

Marriage à la Mode

By LEIGH HUNT

TOM, you should take a wife—*Now love forbid!*
I found you one last night.—*The devil you did!*
Softly; perhaps she'll please you.—*Oh, of course!*
Fifteen.—*Alarming!*—Witty.—*Nay, that's worse!*
Discreet.—*All show!*—Handsome.—*To lure the fellows!*
High-born.—*Ay, haughty!*—Tender-hearted.—*Jealous!*
Talents o'erflowing.—*Ay, enough to sluice me!*
And then, Tom, such a fortune!—*Introduce me!*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Do Novelists Use Real People?

By EARLE F. WALBRIDGE

[The author has long collected authentic data about the real men and women who have served as models for famous characters in fiction, and his pamphlet on the subject, issued some years ago by the New York Public Library, is one of the few treatments of the subject.

A number of such items figuring in the day's news lately may serve as footnotes to the account which follows:

First of all, Alice—of the Adventures in Wonderland. This was Alice Pleasance Liddell, for whom Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, shy bachelor and professor of mathematics, wrote this perennially entrancing tale, inscribing it as "A Christmas Gift to a Dear Child, in Memory of a Summer Day." And in April this original ms., with forty pen-and-ink drawings by "Lewis Carroll" himself, was sold at auction in London—for more than $75,000.

Then, it was announced by the sister of a Thomas Sawyer who died in February at Tucson, Arizona, that he was the original of Mark Twain's best-loved "hero," Mr. Clemens having met him on a river boat, and been impressed by his tales. But those who were closest to Mark Twain insist that the Tom Sawyer who was Huck Finn's crony was a composite built up by the writer, and that the only real character in that book is Becky Thatcher, who was drawn directly from a girl who became Mrs. Frazer, of Hannibal, Missouri.

It has been an open secret that "Cappy Ricks," the most successful character ever drawn by Peter B. Kyne, was modeled pretty closely on Captain Robert Dollar, active head of the Dollar Steamship line at eighty-four, and famous in the American shipping world.

Next, Dr. C. C. Burlingame of the Neurological Institute, has disclosed that Robert Herrick's widely popular story of twenty years back, "The Master of the Inn," reflected much of the personality of Dr. John George Gehring, under whose care Mr. Herrick spent some time at Bethel, Maine—and in whose honour the Institute dedicated a complete hospital ward in its new uptown home in New York City.

And finally, an antiquarian browser around Philadelphia related in the newspapers the other day the details of the strange connection of "Ivanhoe" with a forgotten lady of the Quaker City (mentioned below). He starts with a stone in the Mikve Israel Cemetery on Spruce Street, inscribed: "Rebecca Gratz, Born March 4, 1781; Died August 27, 1869"—and narrates that Rebecca was a famous beauty when young; her father a wealthy merchant, her brother, Simon, founder of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; that, loving a man not of her faith, she gave him up and devoted herself to a life of good works; that Washington Irving heard her intimate story from Matilda Hoffman, whom he loved, and related it to Walter Scott when he called on him at Abbotsford with an introduction from Campbell; and that Scott, then working on "Ivanhoe," sent Irving a year later a copy of "Ivanhoe" fresh from the press, with a letter: "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured here compare well with the pattern given?" THE EDITOR.]

THREE hundred years of practice of the art of fiction has served only to intensify the liveliness of the controversy over the propriety of a novelist's drawing his characters, in whole or in part, from actual persons, and to whet the curiosity of the gentle reader whose imagination is piqued by the prospect of finding his friends and enemies held up for glorification or ridicule. Madeleine de Scudéry, who wrote some of the first of the true *romans à clef*, or key-novels, at the court of the Grand Monarque, between 1654 and 1661, can stretch hands across the centuries to Miss Edna Ferber, whose portrait of the domineering mother of a favourite American actress, represented as a mimic and dancer, in her recent book of novelettes (*Mother Knows Best*) led that offended

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lady to seek legal advice. It was the same Miss Ferber who was confronted in 1926 with the novel obligation of turning one of the characters in her novel, *Show Boat*, who appeared under his own name, the Honorable Tom Taggart of Indiana, into the Sam Maddock of later editions. The Whistler-du Maurier prosecution of the nineties does not furnish an exact parallel, since du Maurier did not go so far as to mention Whistler by name; but the character of Joe Sibley in *Trilby* in its serial version, was evidently intended for Whistler; and the latter, never averse to such a challenge, took legal steps to insure changes in the published book.

It is probably to avoid the repetition of any such unpleasantness that the majority of English novelists now prefix a disclaimer as to sources, which is becoming "almost as common as the copyright notice." John Cournos, for instance, is at pains to state: "The characters and events in *O'Flaherty the Great* are entirely fictitious. The persons are not drawn from any persons living or dead. And the incidents recorded herein are not drawn wholly or in part from any actual events." To which a reviewer replies, "There is something almost ludicrously inept in such a statement. If it is true, what is the book for? Who wants to read about a lot of persons and events bearing no relation to reality?" However, the practice is a safeguard to the author, and does not spoil the fun of the inquisitive reader or the daring reviewer.

Sinclair Lewis's *Elmer Gantry* appeared last year duly equipped with this shield and buckler, but the supposed originals were not slow to come forward and deny their identity with the enterprising minister. "Well!" said Dr. I. M. Hargett, pastor of the Grand Avenue Temple in Kansas City, to a reporter. "They say I'm Elmer Gantry. But the book is over-drawn. He doesn't know what I am trying to do in using the language of the man in the street." From other and ungallant pulpits was debated the question of whether the evangelist Sharon Falconer was drawn from Aimée Semple MacPherson; and the Rev. L. M. Birkhead, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, was selected as the original of Frank Shallard. Simple disbelief is usually the lot of a specific denial by an author that he has not drawn a given character from a given individual. When H. G. Wells says in his dedication to *Bealby* that the pompous Lord Moggeridge is not drawn from Lord Haldane, many careless readers are going to forget the denial and remember the suggested original.

Wells has issued more than one pronouncement on the subject. In his preface to the late Sir Harry Johnston's *The Gay-Dombeys*, in 1919, he defends the book against the objection that many of the leading characters resemble real personages of Victorian political life. "'No personalities' is one of the most emphasized rules of British 'good taste,'" he says. "But if we are to have something resembling the periods and phases of English political life, since it embodies neither ideas nor principles but only plays upon cants and phrases, since its forms are preposterous and its realities mute, we must go close to the actual personalities in the play. The only test of a mentally incoherent time—and England has been mentally incoherent for two hundred years—is in the people and public acts it tolerates and endorses. The political novelist is forced, therefore, to make his chief actors like the chief actors of the phase he depicts, because there is nothing else in the phase to represent it. He may have no desire to depict particular people; much less may he have that queer disposition to 'show up' particular people, the gratification of which seems to vulgar minds to be his natural and enviable privilege; but the chief shapes of his picture must be like the chief shapes of the scene he renders, and similarly related, or it will be an altogether different scene." It was through some such stern necessity, no doubt, that Mr. Wells named his conservative statesman in *Men Like Gods*, Cecil Burleigh, meaning, of course, no reference to Arthur Balfour; and only the obstinate will read of his Rupert Catskill, Secretary of State for War, in the same novel, as a rap at Winston Churchill. Nor can Father Amerton be drawn from Father Vaughan. It follows that G. A. Connes is wrong in stating in his *Dictionary* of the characters and scenes in the novels of Mr. Wells, that general opinion holds Oscar and Altiora Bailey in *The New Machiavelli*, to be drawn from Sidney and Beatrice Webb, for the Baileys are "typical of the dogmatic, overmanaging type of administrative Socialists, to whom men are but units on paper, with no sense of individual differences, and blind faith in the so-called 'expert official.'"

In his preface to the first volume of *The World of William Clissold*, Mr. Wells becomes sharply emphatic. "With one transparent exception,—the vignette of a

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

great scientific man at home, in Book I, which is partially a portrait,—every character that appears in the book under a fictitious name is an entirely fictitious character," he says. "Cannot those who criticize books and write about books cease to pander to that favourite amusement of vulgar, half-educated, curious, but ill-informed people, the hunt for the imaginary 'originals' of every fictitious character?"

After that outburst, who would dare to hunt originals in Mr. Wells's fiction? Well, Mr. Connes is one. He says that Lawrence Carmine in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, is drawn from Cranmer-Byng, the Orientalist; and that in the same novel the American, Direck, had for his original Ralph Blumenfeld, the American-born editor of the *Daily Express*, with overtones of Arthur Brisbane; and that Lady Homartyn, owner of Claverings, and Mr. Britling's neighbour, was drawn from Lady Warwick, known as the Red Countess, a neighbour of Mr. Wells at Dunmow. And Miss Violet Hunt has confided to the world, with many other matters, that she is the original of Beatrice, in *Tono-Bungay*. Mr. Britling himself, said a reviewer, "is a transparent portrait of Mr. Wells—an amazingly frank portrait. He has never before produced so engaging a likeness of himself. We are not speaking about his private life, of which we know nothing, but of his ideas, his imaginative sympathies, his character as a man of letters."

So much of himself does every novelist put into his fiction, however, that even a straightforwardly autobiographical novel like Jack London's *Martin Eden* hardly qualifies as a *roman à clef*, unless the author brings in other people under fictitious names. But unless he has led the life of a hermit he can hardly avoid doing this. It may sometimes follow that other innocent people who are involved in his fortunes will find themselves booked for an uncomfortable time. Gilbert Frankau's *The Love Story of Aliette Brunton*, published on the day he married his third wife, was a supposedly autobiographical novel, according to the *New Yorker*. "Lester Cohen's *Sweepings* rattles Chicago bones," ran the headlines of an article by Harry Salpeter. "Successful first novel by former newspaper man causes bigger stir than his marriage into wealthy Pardridge family." "The Pardways of *Sweepings* may have been inspired in some measure by the stories of the Pardridges of Chicago, but the dependence of the novel upon life ends about there," said Mr. Salpeter. In two brief paragraphs in the first chapter of James Branch Cabell's *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck*, Mr. Cabell "throws open the closet in which lie the bones of his own legend, with a gesture that seems to say, 'Here's what you have been whispering about—was it worth so much whispering?'" wrote May Lamberton Becker.

When the victim of a literary lampoon is able to retaliate in kind, interest is heightened for the spectator. The Hecht-Bodenheim literary warfare not long ago added to the gaiety of those in the secret. Ben Hecht's *Count Bruga*, according to G. D. Eaton, was "a most uproarious farce in which [Maxwell] Bodenheim is recognizedly the poor Count, and a bogus Count at that. Now comes Bodenheim's *Ninth Avenue*, in which Hecht, under a pseudonym, cuts some vaudevillian capers." According to Alexander Woollcott, it has been broadly hinted that Edmund Wilson, Jr., when he introduced a disturbing young novelist into his play, *The Crime in the Whistler Room*, was only getting even for a suspected caricature of himself in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and Damned*. It is not often that revenge is so complete as that achieved by Sarah Bernhardt, who not only horsewhipped with her own hands Marie Colombier, the author of the scandalous *Sarah Barnum*, but engaged her friend Jean Richepin to write *Marie Pigonnier*, in which there were no cooings of the dove-cote. This is in refreshing contrast to her great rival, Eleanora Duse, who retreated into retirement when Gabriele d'Annunzio revealed the intimate details of their life together in *The Flame of Life*.

It sometimes happens that some talented member of the victim's family may take up the cudgels. When George Sand told the story of her *liaison* with Frederic Chopin in *Lucrezia Floriani*, the composer had no recourse save an annoyed shrug of the shoulders, although he recognized himself in the character of Prince Carol; but her account of her relations with the poet Alfred de Musset, in a novel entitled *Elle et Lui*, met a countercheck quarrelsome in the antiphonally named *Lui et Elle*, written by the dead poet's brother Paul.

In her *Eleanor*, Mrs. Humphry Ward gave a dose of his own medicine to W. H. Mallock, author of *The New Republic*, an elaborate *roman à clef*. Edward Manisty, supposed to be a portrait of Mallock, is by far the most disagreeable character in the novel. Incidentally, Mrs. Ward herself

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

appears as a character in Arnold Bennett's play *The Honeymoon*—for there are *drames à clef* also.

Mallock and Thomas Love Peacock, who introduced what may be called the house-party novel (which Aldous Huxley, Charles Brackett, and William Faulkner have since cultivated with profit), were able to administer the *coup-de-grace* to several people at once by this method. The characters in *The New Republic* have been identified as follows: Storks, Thomas Huxley; Stockton, John Tyndall; Herbert, John Ruskin; Donald Gordon, Thomas Carlyle; Jenkinson, Benjamin Jowett; Mr. Luke, Matthew Arnold; Saunders, Professor Clifford; Rose, Walter Pater (who also appears in Sir Walter Besant's *Monks of Thelma* as Paul Rondelet); Leslie, Mr. Hardinge; Seyden, Dr. Pusey; Lady Grace, Lady Dilke; and Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Singleton, afterwards Lady Currie (*Violet Fane*). In Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey*, Scythrop Glowry is drawn from Percy Bysshe Shelley (the Shiloh of Miss Elinor Wylie's *The Orphan Angel*), and Mr. Cypress from Lord Byron. The novels written around Byron are as numerous as the sands of the sea. The most interesting of them are Maurice Hewlett's *Bendish*, in which the character of Byron is transferred to the reign of William the Fourth, and Shelley appears as Gervase Poore; Lady Caroline Lamb's *Glenarvon*, which appeared in 1816; Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley's *Lodore*, and *The Last Man*; and Hallie Erminie Rives's *The Castaway*. A more amiable version of the house-party novel is Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*, in which he puts through their paces his friends Rossetti, William Morris, J. A. Symonds, James Orlando Watts, Alfred Eugene Watts, and others. There is a pretty story that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow won his second wife, Fanny Appleton, by making her the heroine of his novel, *Hyperion*, in which she appeared as Mary Ashburton.

Actors, writers, musicians, and other practitioners of the fine arts have appeared frequently in the preceding paragraph. They, of course, furnish the finest of ready-made material to the novelist. Authors offer an especially fair target, whether the intention is to write a respectful biography in the form of fiction (like Morley Roberts's *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*, which is the life of George Gissing, the novelist, and Rose Wilder Lane's *He Was a Man*, in which the hero, Gordon Blake, is Jack London), or to write a trifle like Winston Churchill's *The Celebrity*, which was regarded when it appeared as a satirical hit at the personality of Richard Harding Davis, short-story writer and war correspondent. Feodor Dostoievsky worked off a fancied grievance in his caricature of Turgeniev in *The Possessed*, as the character Karmazinov; and William Black, in revenge for an imaginary slight, introduced Professor Brander Matthews into one of his novels as Professor Maunder Bathos. The elaborate malice of *The Green Carnation*, the satire on Oscar Wilde and his circle by Robert Hichens, has seldom been equalled, except in Samuel Butler's portraits of his parents in *The Way of All Flesh*. A new edition of the Hichens novel, published in 1923, identifies the complete cast of characters as follows: Reggie, Lord Alfred Douglas; Mr. Amarinth, Oscar Wilde; Elderly Gentleman, Marquess of Queensberry, the father of Lord Alfred; the second Marchioness of Redfield, Marquess of Queensberry's second wife; Madame Valtesi, Mrs. Gabrielli; "a certain actor," Sir Charles Wyndham; Teddy, Willie Wilde. Wilde's fantastic novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, is parodied as *The Soul of Bertie Brown*.

The victims sometimes are willing. It was supposed, when Robert W. Chambers published *Iole*, that a lampoon on Elbert Hubbard—Fra Elbertus, leader of the Roycrofters—was intended. The emotion aroused, however, says Arthur Maurice, was neither anger nor annoyance, but sheer, unadulterated delight, to which Hubbard gave free expression in a letter to Mr. Chambers. But, unfortunately, the latter had a quite different original in mind when he wrote *Iole*. The model was French. "Over in Paris, Aristide Bruant, long-haired, bull-throated, gesticulating, was declaiming his verses from the tops of café tables. In him were embodied all the physical characteristics needed for the character."

Tributes of friendship are, fortunately for our faith in human nature, just as frequent. Charles Kingsley drew his intimate friend Thomas Carlyle in the Saunders Mackaye of *Alton Locke*. George Meredith constructed an affectionate portrait of Leslie Stephen in the Vernon Whitford of *The Egoist*, and of Robert Louis Stevenson in the Gower Woodseer of *The Amazing Marriage*. In the first version of George Moore's musical novel, *Evelyn Innes*, the character of Ulick Dean is a portrait of William Butler Yeats; in the second version,

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the portrait is a composite of Yeats and George Russell, who publishes his poems under the pseudonym of "A. E." Floyd Dell, as he says in his recent life of his friend, Upton Sinclair, introduced Sinclair under the name of Sanford Peyton into his novel *An Old Man's Folly*. In this novel, which deals with American pacifists in war time, Peyton is represented as a pro-war Socialist. Edna Ferber has included a thumb-nail sketch of her fellow-Chicagoan, Franklin Pierce Adams (the F. P. A. who conducts "The Conning Tower" in the New York *World*), in her novel, *The Girls*. Rutherford Hayes Adler is a name not so much unlike Mr. Adams's own! Miss Neysa McMein, the artist and illustrator, is said to be the original of Dallas O'Mara in Miss Ferber's *So Big*.

Schoolboy and undergraduate friendships are often perpetuated in fiction, and portraits of favourite teachers and masters undertaken. *Stalky and Co.* are perhaps the most famous schoolboy group. Stalky himself is Lion C. Dunsterville, a British soldier whose life has been more exciting than anything Kipling might have imagined for him; McTurk is drawn from the Hon. G. C. Beresford, and Beetle is Kipling himself. *The Head* was drawn from their headmaster, Cormell Price. Oscar Browning, for eighteen years University Lecturer in History at Cambridge University, and a famous character there, has appeared in innumerable Cambridge novels, notably in E. F. Benson's *David Blaize of King's*, as Arthur Gray, and, in an ill-natured light, as Oliver Brownlow in Shane Leslie's suppressed novel, *The Cantab*. Fleetwood, the English instructor, in Charles M. Flandrau's *Diary of a Freshman*, was drawn from Professor Charles Townsend Copeland, Boylston Professor of English at Harvard University, and known to many successive classes of Harvard men as "Copey." Alexander Woollcott has written appreciatively of Professor Copeland in his *Enchanted Aisles*, and Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant in her *Fire Under the Andes*. Owen Wister did his friend, Col. George R. Shanton, formerly chief of the insular police at Panama and Porto Rico, the good service of making him the original of *The Virginian;* and nothing could be more agreeable than the portrait of H. L. Mencken which Carl Van Vechten introduced into *Nigger Heaven*, under the thin disguise of Russett Durwood, editor of the *American Mars*. The portrait of Little Billee, in *Trilby*, is sufficient evidence of the affection in which the original, Frederick Walker, was held by du Maurier, who used his remarkable facility in two mediums to show Walker playing cup-and-ball with Little Billee, with as much ease as the movies now show Douglas Fairbanks fencing with himself. Readers of *Trilby* will remember the other two friends, Taffy Wynne and The Laird. They had for their respective prototypes Joseph Rowley, a magistrate, and T. R. Lamont, a portrait painter. Felix Moscheles, son of the famous pianist, and author of *In Bohemia with du Maurier*, has been suggested as the original of Svengali.

Other musicians in fiction include Richard Wagner, the original of the man of genius in William Francis Barry's *The Two Standards*. Jane Ethel Smyth, the English composer, is supposed to have suggested Edith Staines, the eccentric composer in E. F. Benson's *Dodo*. Felix Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind both appear in that old favourite of our grandmothers, Elizabeth Sara Sheppard's *Charles Auchester*. Willa Cather took many suggestions for Thea Kronborg, in *The Song of the Lark*, from the career of Olive Fremstad, the great Wagnerian singer; and Gertrude Atherton drew her Margarete Styr, in *Tower of Ivory*, from Mme. Mottl-Fassbender. Anton Rubinstein, pianist and composer, was supposed to be the original of Boris Lensky in Ossip Schubin's *Asbein*, a novel translated from the Russian by Elsie Lathrop, and published in New York in 1890.

Bernard Shaw insists that Owen Jack in his early novel, *Love Among the Artists*, is partly founded on Beethoven. Shaw himself is represented in Ernita Lascelles's *The Sacrificial Goat*, as he was at about the time when he was writing this novel. Another colony of artists, not unlike that of *Trilby*, appears in Stevenson's *The Wrecker*, and here can be recognized some of the experiences of his lifelong friend, the artist Will H. Low, in those of Loudon Dodd; a brief sketch of John S. Sargent, in Corporal John; and a genial, far-away caricature of S. S. McClure, one of his publishers, in the Jim Pinkerton who was always brimming over with so many magnificent projects. The career of Strickland, the hero of *The Moon and Sixpence*, by W. Somerset Maugham, was in most of its details that of the French painter, Paul Gauguin, painter of the South Seas. A literary passage-at-arms in which the divine Sarah figured has already been mentioned. She is also supposed to have

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

suggested the figure of Felicia Ruys in Alphonse Daudet's *The Nabob*, although Judith Gautier, brilliant daughter of the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, is also nominated for that honour.

Ellen Terry herself relates the story that William Black had her in mind when he wrote *Madcap Violet*, while Mrs. Humphry Ward is at pains to deny that anything more than the brilliant success of Mary Anderson in 1883 suggested the main outlines of *Miss Bretherton* to her. George M. Cohan has been said to be the original of Mark Walling in Thomas Beer's *The Fair Rewards*, although he has somewhat profanely denied it. The Aminta of George Meredith's *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* was Anastasia Robins, the famous singer, married in 1722 to her Ormont in the person of the great Earl of Petersborough, who won wide fame as a soldier of Valencia, but was recalled by his country in 1707 on account of his high-handed temper. Painters again appear in Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Fenwick's Career*, an adaptation of the story of the lives of George Romney and Benjamin Haydon, the English painters. Kenyon, in Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, is a portrait of Paul Akers, the sculptor.

And the art of the silver screen has not been neglected. Miss Lillian Gish, the subject of monographs issued from university presses, and of panegyrics from the ecstatic pens of George Jean Nathan and Joseph Hergesheimer, also plays her part in the *Cytherea* of the last-named novelist.

Precedent for introducing real persons into fiction was established long before the first novel deserving the name was written. The heroical romances of La Calprenède and the Scudérys, George and Madeleine, were written to afford the members of the court of Louis XIV the pleasure of identifying themselves with these heroic characters with high-sounding names, performing deeds of incredible valour and chivalry against a background of courts and kingdoms. In Madeleine de Scudéry's *Clélie*, for instance, which dragged its ten-volume length from the years 1654 to 1661, it was possible to recognize Ninon de Lenclos in Clarisse, and Madame de Maintenon in Lyriane.

The father of the English novel does not seem to have concerned himself greatly with living originals, but Samuel Richardson's great rival, Henry Fielding, used his friends and his family with equal impartiality. *Amelia* was his own first wife, even in the passage which disparaged her beauty, and Parson Adams, in *Joseph Andrews*, was drawn from the Rev. William Young, who revised Ainsworth's *Latin Dictionary* in 1752. Fielding paid a debt of gratitude to Ralph Allen, the rich and philanthropic postmaster of Bath, and the friend also of Pope and Warburton, in the virtuous Allworthy of *Tom Jones*. The Rev. Laurence Sterne never gave his parishioners a greater shock than when *Tristram Shandy* appeared, for he figured there without disguise as Parson Yorick, and his friend John Hall Stevenson, who enjoyed the worst reputation in England, as Eugenius. A peculiarly audacious portrait was that of Dr. Kunastrokius, whose odd habits were derived from those of the celebrated Dr. Richard Mead, the physician attendant upon Queen Anne on her deathbed. Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* owed much to the story of Alexander Selcraig or Selkirk, a Scotchman who spent a period of four years (or four months) marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez off the coast of Chile. *Gulliver's Travels* was possibly suggested to Jonathan Swift by the life and writings of that Savinien, Cyrano de Bergerac, who was later to inspire Edmond Rostand.

The incomparable Jane derived a trait or two from her sister Clarissa Austen and her sailor brothers, but her own imagination was generally sufficient. One of the most ardent of Janeites, in Kipling's phrase, was the late A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic for many years of the London *Times;* and his remarks, in his *Pastiche and Prejudice*, on the Austen originals is not only a graceful tribute to Jane Austen but an amusing instance of the horrid fascination of the hunt for fictional prototypes, even to those who most strongly disapprove of the practice. "Doesn't it argue a rather matter-of-fact frame of mind . . . this persistent tendency to 'identify' the imaginary with the actual, the geographical, the historical?" But he ventures in spite of himself: "Is it not possible to identify many of them, the women at any rate—for, of course, her women bear the stamp of authentic reality much more plainly than her men—is it not possible to identify them with sides, tendencies, moods of Jane Austen herself? The woman who drew Anne's timid, doubting, wondering love [in *Persuasion*] must have been in love herself and in that way."

That smouldering trio of weird sisters, the Brontës, were something else again. Everything was fish that came to their exiguous net. Anne Brontë even studied

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

her dipsomaniac brother Branwell, and put him into her *Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. The sad, starved childhood of *Jane Eyre* was that endured by Charlotte and her sisters, living and dead. Ellen Nussey, her lifelong friend, she made into Caroline Helstone, the companion of the *Shirley*, who was drawn from her sister Emily. The men whom Charlotte made the object of her passionate, if silent, attachment had reason to tremble. She copied her publisher, George Murray Smith, as closely as she dared in the character of Dr. John Graham Bretton in *Villette*, and lived for a time in mortal fear that he might be offended. Paul Emanuel, the irascible preceptor in *Villette* (which stands for the city of Brussels), was drawn from M. Héger, of the Pensionnat Héger, in that city, when Charlotte and Emily studied in 1842. Madame Héger, as Clement Shorter observes, has been gibbeted for all time in the characters of Mlle. Zoraïde Reuter and Madame Beck.

Sir Walter Scott, that other ardent admirer of Miss Austen's, sometimes modified his "big bow-wow strain" with charming and arresting women drawn from living models. Andrew Lang believed that Julia in *Guy Mannering* was a portrait from the life of Miss Charpentier, who became Scott's wife, and there is no doubt that Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*, owes her vitality to another factor than the contrast to her meek blonde foil, Rowena. She was drawn from Rebecca Gratz, a friend of Washington Irving's fiancée, Matilda Hoffman. Hawthorne reversed the process with a London Jewess whom he "naturalized into American independence," in Moncure Conway's phrase, and made the Miriam of *Transformation*, which we know better as *The Marble Faun*. Scott's historical personages generally appear under their own names, but the Hugh Redgauntlet of *Redgauntlet* had for his prototype Sir Robert Grierson, Laird of Lag, who as persecutor of the Covenanters was held in high detestation all over Nithsdale, his own country.

The fact that a murderer was the original of Varney in Bulwer-Lytton's *Lucretia* may furnish an excuse for a digression here on the subject of crime and criminals as a fruitful source of fiction, once the improbabilities of actual happenings and personages have been pruned away. Oscar Wilde has, as usual, tucked this into an epigram. "To be suggestive for fiction is to be of more importance than a fact." Wilde, in fact, was considering Varney at the moment. Charles Lamb's friend, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, poet, painter, antiquarian, and "subtle and secret poisoner," is the original of Varney. "Art has not forgotten him. He is the hero of Dickens's *Hunted Down*, the Varney of Bulwer's *Lucretia*, and it is gratifying to note that fiction has paid some homage to one who was so powerful with 'pen, pencil, and poison,'" says Wilde.

Bulwer-Lytton's somewhat unbalanced wife once gravely assured Wilkie Collins that Count Fosco, the villain of the latter's "Woman in White," must have been drawn from her husband,—which would have been poetic justice of a sort. Collins undoubtedly got several of the episodes in *The Moonstone*, as for instance the washing of bloodstains from Franklin Blake's nightgown, from the case of Constance Kent, who murdered her infant half-brother in 1860; and the original of Sergeant Cuff in the novel was Detective Inspector Whicher, sent from Scotland Yard to take charge of the case. The Bravo mystery, which presented the spectacle of a young and affluent Victorian gentleman poisoned by his wife, or her woman companion, or some one else—no one knows—was reflected recently in two novels, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's *What Really Happened* and Mrs. Victor Rickard's *Not Sufficient Evidence*, titles sufficiently indicative of the fact that no conclusive verdict could be reached. And hardly had the Hall-Mills case reached an end of a sort than it was seized upon by a young novelist and dubiously enshrined in a novel entitled *The Murders in Lovers' Lane*. Still, he had an exemplar in Edgar Allan Poe's *Mystery of Marie Rogêt*, in which the victim's name was Gallicized from that of the unfortunate Mary Rogers.

Joseph Conrad took for the basis of *The Secret Agent* the attempt to blow up the Greenwich Observatory in England, and drew the Home Secretary of that novel from Sir William Harcourt. Hortense, the French maid in Dickens's *Bleak House*, was supposed to have been suggested by Mrs. Manning, the murderess who "made" black satin by electing to be hanged in it.

The arch-detector of crime owes something to both fiction and fact. Sherlock Holmes's fictional predecessor was Poe's Dupin; but his creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, has acknowledged his indebtedness to Dr. Joseph Bell, an instructor of Sir Arthur's in medical school. Dr. Watson obviously has many of the more agreeable characteristics of his creator, but Sir Arthur

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

has put himself most fully into *The Stark Munro Letters*. Professor Rutherford, another of Doyle's professors, suggested the physical outlines of the belligerent Challenger of *The Lost World* and *The Poison Belt*. The Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes already mentioned has also made skilful and unobjectionable use of the dreadful Jack-the-Ripper murders in Whitechapel in *The Lodger*, the central figure of which, as Edmund Pearson points out in his *Murder at Smutty Nose*, is a composite portrait, the costume, the Bible-reading, and other peculiarities suggesting Dr. Neill Cream, a poisoner who made away with several unfortunate women of the streets.

Freya Talberg, the German woman spy in Blasco Ibáñez's *Mare Nostrum*, is evidently drawn from Margaret Gertrud Zeller, better known as Matahari ("Eye of the Morning"), who was executed in Paris in October, 1916. The dramatic circumstances of her execution were identical in real life and in the book. Matahari also appears in Henry James Forman's *Fire of Youth*. Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, perhaps deserves mention here, although she never perpetrated any worse crime than bigamy. She is responsible for one of the few full-length portraits in fictitious literature, that of Beatrix in Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians*. When Samuel Foote, the British Aristophanes, lampooned her as Kitty Crocodile in *A Trip to Calais* she was able to suppress this *drame à clef*, but she died before she could circumvent Thackeray. Deacon Brodie, the Edinburgh murderer, who always obsessed Stevenson's imagination, was the original of Dr. Jekyll (and Mr. Hyde); and Lord Braxfield, the Hanging Judge, was immortalized in *Weir of Hermiston*. Balzac's arch-criminal, Vautrin, is a composite portrait of Vidocq, the great detective, and Pierre Coignard, Collet, and Watrin, three noted convicts. Then, to cite one final, crushing, and monumental instance, *An American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser, is throughout much of its length an almost literal transcription of the trial of Chester Gillette, who murdered Grace Brown at Big Moose Lake in the Adirondacks in 1906.

Dickens and Thackeray, both drawing from the life, more than once found themselves in the position of being obliged to explain away facts which did not lend themselves easily to explanation. Thackeray's accurate portrait of Andrew Archedeckne of the Garrick Club (in the rakish Harry Foker of *Pendennis*) was the cause of his being blackballed at the Travelers', in the opinion of Louis Melville. Ballots were cast here by members and not by an Admissions Committee, and the reason they gave was that they feared they might appear in some later novel. Leigh Hunt, finding himself represented as an airy dilettante of dishonest proclivities in *Bleak House*, under the name of Harold Skimpole, nourished for the rest of his life a readily understandable grievance which Dickens's exasperated but disingenuous denials could not dispel. The boisterous Boythorn in the same novel was as patently a portrait of Walter Savage Landor, although a Landor with all the intellect left out, as George Gissing once observed. Landor, however, was more amused than otherwise by the character, and in fact admitted its aptness. It is quite likely that Dickens worked off another grudge in *Bleak House*. He had always detested the strong-minded female, Harriet Martineau, once putting himself on record as supposing "that there never was such a wrong-headed woman born—such a vain one—or such a humbug," and the uncharitable professed to recognize her lineaments in Mrs. Jellyby, who was represented as taking an interest in the welfare of the natives of Borrioboola-Gha that prevented her taking any interest in her own family. And finally, the elegant deportment of Mr. Turveydrop was thought to have been copied from that of William the Fourth. In one instance, Dickens derived satisfaction in admitting that he had deliberately sought for an original. He needed an insolent and harsh police-magistrate for the Mr. Fang of *Oliver Twist*, and his early experiences as a court reporter had led him across the path of Mr. Laing of Hatton-Garden, who possessed these qualities in superabundance. Stryver, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, he studied from the lawyer-actor Edwin James, whose dubious activities kept him crossing the Atlantic at frequent intervals. Darnay, in the same novel, was in the opinion of Arthur Machen drawn from Henry Francis de La Motte, Baron Deckham.

At least one of his numerous hypocrites was drawn from life. The prototype of Samuel Pecksniff in *Martin Chuzzlewit* was S. C. Hall, long the editor of the *Art Journal*. There were many more people than Dickens who considered Hall a terrific humbug, says Sir William Robertson Nicoll. *David Copperfield* is, of course, Dickens's supreme effort in autobiographical fiction, and John Forster has recorded

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the extent to which this was true, particularly as regards Dickens's neglected childhood. The hopeful Wilkins Micawber was drawn from his incorrigibly optimistic father, although the Dickens family has always insisted that it was only this trait which the model furnished to the character. It is probably true that the garrulous and inconsequential Mrs. Nickleby of *Nicholas Nickleby* was drawn from his mother; and one of his early flames, Maria Beadnell, was used not only in the child-bride Dora of *David Copperfield*, but was made to appear later in a fat and coy reincarnation as Flora Finching in *Little Dorrit*.

The political novel, of which *Little Dorrit* is a representative at least in its satirical passages on the Circumlocution Office and Tite Barnacle (drawn from Sir James Fitzjames Stephen), made its first full-blown appearance in Victorian fiction; and its vitality has not waned, as was evidenced no later than 1926 by the appearance of Samuel Hopkins Adams's *Revelry* and the excitement that attended it. *Revelry* seems to be a daring picture of the late Warren G. Harding's presidential administration and of the "Ohio Gang" who hung on the skirts of that administration. Forty years before, Henry Adams startled Washington society with an anonymous novel sardonically named *Democracy*. In this his Senator Radcliffe seemed to combine the least admirable traits of James G. Blaine, with several other well-known public men of the time. Paul Leicester Ford's *Honourable Peter Stirling* was universally recognized as a portrait of Grover Cleveland; and Winston Churchill's *Coniston* is a town ruled over by a political boss, Jethro Bass, said to have been drawn from Ruel Durkee, who once enjoyed that eminence in Mr. Churchill's own State of New Hampshire. Mary G. Dillon's *The Patience of John Morland* is a political novel of Washington in 1830, in which the charming heroine, Kitty McCabe, is drawn from Margaret O'Neill, who married John Henry Eaton of Tennessee, Secretary of War in Johnson's Cabinet and afterwards Minister to Spain; she managed to embroil the President, always her chivalrous defender, with the ladies of his Cabinet. (This was set forth a few seasons ago in a play, *That Awful Mrs. Eaton*, by John Chipman Farrar, until recently editor of the *Bookman*, and Stephen Vincent Benét. Mr. Farrar in turn appears as Johnny Chipman in two of Mr. Benét's novels, [*The Beginning of Wisdom* and *Young People's Pride*,] and in Cyril Hume's *Wife of the Centaur* as Johnny Chapman. In the latter novel Mr. Benét is represented under the not-too-baffling cognomen of Ben Vincent). Chief Justice Taft, in his pre-presidential days, appears in Frederick Palmer's *The Big Fellow*. In James Marshall's *Ordeal by Glory*, only recently published, the leading character, John Hoyer, seems to be drawn from John Peter Altgeld, who incurred severe criticism by pardoning participants in the Haymarket riots in Chicago, when he was Governor of Illinois. David Graham Phillips was supposed to have put the late Sen. Albert J. Beveridge in *The Cost*. Anatole France introduced the Dreyfus case into *The Revolt of the Angels*, Pyrot representing Dreyfus.

Arnold Bennett's *Lord Raingo* was thought to deal with the personalities of Lord Beaverbrook and his father, a Scottish Presbyterian minister. Former Premier David Lloyd George has a novel to himself in Laurence Housman's *Trimblerigg* of two years ago. His predecessor in the ministry, the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and his illustrious countess, better known as Margot Asquith, are probably the Mr. and Mrs. Blapton of Wells's *Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*. The people interested in the matter, who spend their time in denying that Margot Asquith was the Dodo of E. F. Benson's novel of that name, or *The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue* of Sir William Watson's famous poem, will find corroboration from no less a source than Benson himself in his recent autobiographical book, *Mother*. In this he seems to lay special stress on the fact that Lady Charles Beresford resembled Dodo exactly in her vivacity and her extraordinary conversational powers. In a previous book, *Our Family Affairs*, the author gives an amusing account of the sensation created in the fashionable world of the nineties when he, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, perpetrated a production so thoroughly unepiscopal. The Countess of Oxford, when she was simply Margot Tennant, was seized upon by the industrious Mrs. Humphry Ward and put into *Robert Elsmere*, where she figures as Rose, and her sister Laura Tennant as Catherine. Mark Pattison (to complete the record of *Robert Elsmere*) is the original of the Squire—he is also the original of the desiccated pedant Casaubon in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. Mr. Grey is drawn from Professor Green, and the Provost from Benjamin Jowett, the translator of Plato. George Eliot, in her solitary venture into the field of the political novel, *Felix*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Holt, depicted her radical hero from Gerald Massey, the Socialist poet.

As would be expected from his unique position as politician and novelist, it was Benjamin Disraeli who was the weaver *par excellence* of political fiction, and few of his eminent contemporaries escaped from being pressed into service. He described certain features of his own career in *Endymion*, in which he also introduced Richard Cobden under the name of Job Thornberry, Lord Palmerston as Lord Roehampton, in every detail except those of his private life, and the Emperor Napoleon III as Florestan. His great political opponent, William Ewart Gladstone, he put into *Coningsby* as Oswald Milbank, and again into an unfinished novel which was published in the London *Times* many years after Disraeli's death. Baron Sidonia, in *Coningsby*, was drawn from Alfred Rothschild, of the firm of bankers; and the Marquis of Monmouth had for his original the third Marquis of Hertford, who was also Thackeray's Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. (In the first issue of *Vanity Fair*, which, as was usual in those days, appeared in parts, a woodcut portrait of Steyne bore such a remarkable resemblance to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the third Marquis that the issue was immediately suppressed.) Disraeli's *Vivian Grey* is full of political portraits. Charlatan Gas, an "empty but noisy" politician, is supposed to be drawn from Canning. Fitzborn is apparently a portrait of Sir Robert Peel, perhaps best known now as the grandfather of the husband of Miss Beatrice Lillie! Stanislaus Hoax, a practical jester, is drawn from Theodore Hook, the humorist. Mrs. Felix Lorraine is Lady Caroline Lamb, the lady who identified herself so intimately with the fortunes of Lord Byron, an affair which furnished Mrs. Humphry Ward the material for *The Marriage of William Ashe*.

Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways* was founded on the history of Caroline Norton, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's beautiful granddaughter, who was falsely accused of having betrayed to the *Times* a secret confided to her by Sidney Herbert, one of her most ardent admirers,—through desire to have a finger in the political pie. A political agitator's love-affair has received permanency in Meredith's *The Tragic Comedians*, a straightforward account of the love of Ferdinand Lassalle for Helene von Dönniges. In *Lothair* Disraeli invaded the Church, founding his Cardinal Grandison on Cardinal Manning, with just a *soupçon* of his predecessor in the See of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman; he also took Monsignor Catesby direct from Monsignor Capel.

Of course, the Earl of Beaconsfield was not exempt from reprisals. In the first of the Parliamentary Series, Anthony Trollope made him the Daubeny of *Phineas Finn*. Anthony Hope has revealed most interestingly how he took the opening situation of his novel, *Quisanté*, from episodes in Disraeli's life, in which he received the support and backing of the brothers Lord George and Lord Henry Bentinck. In the book, the brothers are represented by Lord Richard and Lord James Benyon, while Disraeli himself is Quisanté. Sir Anthony has also disclosed that the Jenny Driver of his *The Great Miss Driver* had for her prototype no less a personage than Queen Elizabeth. Jenny Driver is Queen Elizabeth "limited and reduced." "It set the lady in our own times. I reduced her realm from a kingdom to a great business which she had inherited. But I tried to keep the essentials of her—her masterfulness, her self-reliance, her subtle cunning."

Trollope, continuing the series with *Phineas Redux*, drew a satirical portrait of John Bright in the person of Mr. Turnbull. And, as he confesses in his autobiography, he drew the Sir Gregory Hardlines of *The Three Clerks* from Sir Charles Trevelyan, whose favourable opinion of competitive examinations in the postal service made him persona non grata to Trollope, whose opinions were quite otherwise. Sir Charles was thereafter known to his family as "Sir Gregory."

In the field of American fiction, Cooper, Hawthorne, Miss Alcott and the younger Henry James frequently went to real life for their models, Miss Alcott most of all. Theodore Parker, the abolitionist, who was kind to her during her first struggling days in Boston, she gratefully embodied in the Mr. Power of *Work*. In *Little Women*, the elder Marches are, of course, her parents, Amos Bronson Alcott (who seems to be undergoing a renaissance these days) and Abba May Alcott. Meg, Beth and Amy are her sisters, Anna Alcott Pratt (Meg's husband, John Brooke, was drawn from John Pratt), Elizabeth Alcott, and May Alcott Nieriker. Laurie is drawn from Ladislas Wisinewski, a young Polish boy whom she met on her first trip to Europe in 1865. The apparently crusty Mr. Lawrence was her grandfather, Colonel Joseph May. Fenimore Cooper drew Harvey Birch, his *Spy*, from an actual spy who served John

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Jay against the British. Natty Bumppo, the hero of the Leatherstocking series, is a composite from many Cooperstown suggestions, but undoubtedly suggested by Daniel Boone. Hawthorne drew two portraits of his lovely daughter Una, first as the Baby Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter*, and later as Hilda in *The Marble Faun*. His Utopian experiences at Brook Farm were utilized in *The Blithedale Romance*, a novel that has served in a way which was probably no part of Hawthorne's intention to keep alive the name of Margaret Fuller, the New England bluestocking and friend of Emerson who figures as the exotic Zenobia. "She was homely, and Zenobia beautiful, and (she was) without the warm voluptuous aura of Zenobia, but what other woman of such commanding power was there at Brook Farm?" inquires Moncure Conway. Another friend of Emerson's, Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, is firmly identified with the Miss Birdseye of Henry James's *The Bostonians*, in spite of his assertion that he took from the life no more than a stray idiosyncrasy like the lady's habit of mislaying her spectacles. These and later Boston groups often found themselves depicted in fiction, especially in Arlo Bates's *The Puritans*, in which Phillips Brooks appeared as the Rev. Rutherford Strathmore; also in Robert Grant's *The Chippendales*, in which Hugh Blaisdell was picked out as representing the copper magnate, yachtsman, and author, Thomas W. Lawson. Margaret Deland, having written an American Robert Elsmere, struck a happier vein in her Old Chester stories, in which her beloved Dr. Lavendar so frequently figures. Dr. Lavendar was supposed to have been drawn from the Rev. William Henry Campbell, D.D., once President of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. Mark Twain turned his happy-go-lucky cousin James Lampton to good use, for once in his life, when he made him the Colonel Mulberry Sellers of *The Gilded Age*, rendered more famous by John T. Raymond on the stage ("There's millions in it!").

Alphonse Daudet once asserted that every character of his had a living original, but he laughed to scorn the report that Léon Gambetta was Numa Roumestan in his novel of that name. It is not strange that one of the greatest and most fecund of French novelists, Honoré de Balzac, utilized as personages in his stories a large number of identifiable persons from real life, how large a number will be seen from the following notes furnished by Mr. William H. Royce, who has written extensively on Balzac. Balzac himself appears as Albert Savarus in the novel of that title; his boyhood is reflected in *Louis Lambert*, and his young manhood is depicted in Raphael de Valentin in *The Magic Skin*. Eugène de Rastignac, the hero of the *Comédie Humaine*, who appears in twenty-one novels, but principally in *Père Goriot*, was modelled on the French statesman, Adolphe Thiers. Canalis, the poet in *Modeste Mignon*, is a sketch of the poet Lamartine. In *Beatrix*, Félicité des Touches, who took the pseudonym of Camille Maupin, is George Sand; the Marquise de Rochefide is the Comtesse d'Agoult; Conti is Franz Liszt; Claude Vignon is Gustav Planche. Mme. Récamier was probably the prototype of Fedora in *The Magic Skin*, and the Duchesse de Castries was certainly the Duchesse de Langeais, in the novelette of that name. In the second part of *Lost Illusions*, entitled *A Great Man of the Provinces in Paris*, Lucien de Rubempré was sketched from Albéric Second, a young Parisian writer; his friend Lousteau is Jules Janin, the celebrated critic; Daniel d'Arthez is a compound of Berryer, the orator, and Félix Pyat, the philosopher; and Michel Chrestien is Armand Carrel, the journalist. Joseph Bridau, in *La Rabouilleuse*, is the noted painter, Eugène Delacroix. Baron de Nucingen, of *Splendours and Miseries of Courtesans*, and several other novels, is said to be a caricature of Baron James de Rothschild, although this has been denied. Balzac idealized his mistress, Mme. de Berny, as Henriette de Mortsauf, in *The Lily of the Valley*, displaying more gallantry than Gustave Flaubert did towards Louise Colet when he wrote *Madame Bovary*.

Observation with more extensive view would undoubtedly find originals in the fiction of every European and Asiatic literature. "Practice and precedent afford authority for introduction of real persons into fiction, and probably the novelists will continue to depict them," an editorial writer has observed. "The point that will interest the reader is: what part will the fictionist give to the real person—a true portrayal of character, or a sensational exposure valuable only for the coin it brings him?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Honk-Honk Breed

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Stewart Edward White

IT WAS Sunday at the ranch. For a wonder the weather had been favourable; the windmills were all working, the bogs had dried up, the beef had lasted over, the remuda had not strayed—in short, there was nothing to do. Sang had given us a baked bread-pudding with raisins in it. We filled it in—a wash basin full of it—on top of a few incidental pounds of *chile con*, baked beans, soda biscuits, "air tights," and other delicacies. Then we adjourned with our pipes to the shady side of the blacksmith's shop where we could watch the ravens on top the adobe wall of the corral. Somebody told a story about ravens. This led to road-runners. This suggested rattlesnakes. They started Windy Bill.

"Speakin' of snakes," said Windy, "I mind when they catched the great-grand-daddy of all the bull-snakes up at Lead in the Black Hills. I was only a kid then. This wasn't no such tur'ble long a snake, but he was more'n a foot thick. Looked just like a sahuaro stalk. Man name of Terwilliger Smith catched it. He named this yere bullsnake Clarence, and got it so plumb gentle it followed him everywhere. One day old P. T. Barnum come along and wanted to buy this Clarence snake—offered Terwilliger a thousand cold—but Smith wouldn't part with the snake nohow. So finally they fixed up a deal so Smith could go along with the show. They shoved Clarence in a box in the baggage car, but after a while Mr. Snake gets so lonesome he gnaws out and starts to crawl back to find his master. Just as he is half-way between the baggage car and the smoker, the couplin' give way—right on that heavy grade between Custer and Rocky Point. Well, sir, Clarence wound his head 'round one brake wheel and his tail around the other, and held that train together to the bottom of the grade. But it stretched him twenty-eight feet and they had to advertise him as a boa-constrictor."

Windy Bill's history of the faithful bull-snake aroused to reminiscence the grizzled stranger, who thereupon held forth as follows:

Wal, I've see things and I've heerd things, some of them ornery, and some you'd love to believe, they was that gorgeous and improbable. Nat'ral history was always my hobby and sportin' events my special pleasure—and this yarn of Windy's reminds me of the only chanst I ever had to ring in business and pleasure and hobby all in one grand merry-go-round of joy. It come about like this:

One day, a few year back, I was sittin' on the beach at Santa Barbara watchin' the sky stay up, and wonderin' what to do with my year's wages, when a little squinch-eye round-face with big bow spectacles came and plumped down beside me.

"Did you ever stop to think," says he, shovin' back his hat, "that if the horse-power delivered by them waves on this beach in one single hour could be concentrated behind washin' machines, it would be enough to wash all the shirts for a city of four hundred and fifty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-six people?"

"Can't say I ever did," says I, squintin' at him sideways.

"Fact," says he; "and did it ever occur to you that if all the food a man eats in the course of a natural life could be gathered together at one time, it would fill a wagon-train twelve miles long?"

"You make me hungry," says I.

"And ain't it interestin' to reflect," he goes on, "that if all the finger nail parin's of the human race for one year was to be collected and subjected to hydraulic pressure it would equal in size the pyramid of Cheops?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Look yere," says I, sittin' up, "did *you* ever pause to excogitate that if all the hot air you is dispensin' was to be collected together it would fill a balloon big enough to waft you and me over that Bullyvard of Palms to yonder gin mill on the corner?"

He didn't say nothin' to that—just yanked me to my feet, faced me towards the gin mill above mentioned, and exerted considerable pressure on my arm in urgin' of me forward.

"You ain't so much of a dreamer, after all," thinks I. "In important matters you are plumb decisive."

We sat down at little tables, and my friend ordered a beer and a chicken sandwich.

"Chickens," says he, gazin' at the sandwich, "is a dollar apiece in this country, and plumb scarce. Did you ever pause to ponder over the returns chickens would give on small investment? Say you start with ten hens. Each hatches out thirteen aigs, of which allow a loss of say six for childish accidents. At the end of the year you has eighty chickens. At the end of two years that flock has increased to six hundred and twenty. At the end of the third year——"

He had the medicine tongue! Ten days later him and me was occupyin' of an old ranch fifty mile from anywhere. When they run stage-coaches this joint used to be a road-house. The outlook was on about a thousand little brown foothills. A road two miles four rods two foot eleven inches in sight run by in front of us. It come over one foothill and disappeared over another. I know just how long it was, for later in the game I measured it.

Out back was about a hundred little wire chicken corrals filled with chickens. We had two kinds. That was the doin's of Tuscarora. My pardner called himself Tuscarora Maxillary. I asked him once if that was his real name.

"It's the realest little old name you ever heerd tell of," says he. "I know, for I made it myself—liked the sound of her. Parents ain't got no rights to name their children. Parents don't have to be called them names."

Well, these chickens, as I said, was of two kinds. The first was these low-set, heavy-weight propositions with feathers on their laigs, and not much laigs at that, called Cochin Chinys. The other was a tall ridiculous outfit made up entire of bulgin' breast and gangle laigs. They stood about two foot and a half tall, and when they went to peck the ground their tail feathers stuck straight up to the sky. Tusky called 'em Japanese Games.

"Which the chief advantage of them chickens is," says he, "that in weight about 90 per cent. of 'em is breast meat. Now my idee is, that if we can cross 'em with these Cochin Chiny fowls we'll have a low-hung, heavy-weight chicken runnin' strong on breast meat. These Jap Games is too small, but if we can bring 'em up in size and shorten their laigs, we'll shore have a winner."

That looked good to me, so we started in on that idee. The theery was bully, but she didn't work out. The first broods we hatched growed up with big husky Cochin Chiny bodies and little short necks, perched up on laigs three foot long. Them chickens couldn't reach ground nohow. We had to build a table for 'em to eat off, and when they went out rustlin' for themselves they had to confine themselves to sidehills or flyin' insects. Their breasts was all right, though—"And think of them drumsticks for the boardin'-house trade!" says Tusky.

So far things wasn't so bad. We had a good grubstake. Tusky and me used to feed them chickens twicet a day, and then used to set around watchin' the playful critters chase grasshoppers up an' down the wire corrals, while Tusky figgered out what'd happen if somebody was dumfool enough to gather up somethin' and fix it in baskets or wagons or such. That was where we showed our ignorance of chickens.

One day in the spring I hitched up, rustled a dozen of the youngsters into coops, and druv over to the railroad to make our first sale. I couldn't fold them chickens up into them coops at first, but then I stuck the coops up on aidge and they worked all right, though I will admit they was a comical sight. At the railroad one of them towerist trains had just slowed down to a halt as I come up, and the towerists was paradin' up and down allowin' they was particular enjoyin' of the warm Californy sunshine. One old terrapin, with gray chin whiskers, projected over, with his wife, and took a peek through the slats of my coop. He straightened up like someone had touched him off with a red-hot poker.

"Stranger," said he, in a scared kind of whisper, "what's them?"

"Them's chickens," says I.

He took another long look.

"Marthy," says he to the old woman,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"this will be about all! We come out from Ioway to see the Wonders of Californy, but I can't go nothin' stronger than this. If these is chickens, I don't want to see no Big Trees."

Well, I sold them chickens all right for a dollar and two bits, which was better than I expected, and got an order for more. About ten days later I got a letter from the commission house.

"We are returnin' a sample of your Arts and Crafts chickens with the lovin' marks of the teeth still onto him," says they. "Don't send any more till they stops pursuin' of the nimble grasshopper. Dentist bill will foller."

With the letter came the remains of one of the chickens. Tusky and I, very indignant, cooked her for supper. She was tough, all right. We thought she might do better biled, so we put her in the pot over night. Nary bit. Well, then we got interested. Tusky kep' the fire goin' and I rustled greasewood. We cooked her three days and three nights. At the end of that time she was sort of pale and frazzled, but still givin' points to three-year-old jerky on cohesion and other uncompromisin' forces of Nature. We buried her then, and went out back to recuperate.

There we could gaze on the smilin' landscape, dotted by about four hundred long-laigged chickens swoopin' here and there after grasshoppers.

"We got to stop that," says I.

"We can't," murmured Tusky, inspired. "We can't. It's born in 'em; it's a primal instinct, like the love of a mother for her young, and it can't be eradicated! Them chickens is constructed by a divine providence for the express purpose of chasin' grasshoppers, jest as the beaver is made for buildin' dams, and the cow-punchers is made for whisky and faro-games. We can't keep 'em from it. If we was to shut 'em in a dark cellar, they'd flop after imaginary grasshoppers in their dreams, and die emaciated in the midst of plenty. Jimmy, we're up agin the Cosmos, the oversoul—" Oh, he had the medicine tongue, Tusky had, and risin' on the wings of eloquence that way, he had me faded in ten minutes. In fifteen I was wedded solid to the notion that the bottom had dropped out of the chicken business. I think now that if we'd shut them hens up, we might have—still, I don't know; they was a good deal in what Tusky said.

"Tuscarora Maxillary," says I, "did you ever stop to entertain that beautiful thought that if all the dumfoolishness possessed now by the human race could be gathered together, and lined up alongside of us, the first feller to come along would say to it 'Why, hello, Solomon!'"

We quit the notion of chickens for profit right then and there, but we couldn't quit the place. We hadn't much money, for one thing, and then we kind of liked loafin' around and raisin' a little garden truck, and—oh, well, I might as well say so, we had a notion about placers in the dry wash back of the house—you know how it is. So we stayed on, and kept a-raisin' these long-laigs for the fun of it. I used to like to watch 'em projectin' around, and I fed 'em twicet a day about as usual.

So Tusky and I lived alone there together, happy as ducks in Arizona. About oncet in a month somebody'd pike along the road. She wasn't much of a road, generally more chuck-holes than bumps, though sometimes it was the other way around. Unless it happened to be a man horseback or maybe a freighter without the fear of God in his soul, we didn't have no words with them; they was too busy cussin' the highways and generally too mad for social discourses.

One day early in the year, when the 'dobe mud made ruts to add to the bumps, one of these automobeels went past. It was the first Tusky and me had seen in them parts, so we run out to view her. Owin' to the high spots on the road, she looked like one of these movin' picters, as to blur and wobble; sounded like a cyclone mingled with cuss-words, and smelt like hell on housecleanin' day.

"Which them folks don't seem to be enjoyin' of the scenery," says I to Tusky. "Do you reckon that there blue trail is smoke from the machine or remarks from the inhabitants thereof?"

Tusky raised his head and sniffed long and inquirin'.

"It's langwidge," says he. "Did you ever stop to think that all the words in the dictionary hitched end to end would reach——"

But at that minute I catched sight of somethin' brass lyin' in the road. It proved to be a curled-up sort of horn with a rubber bulb on the end. I squoze the bulb and jumped twenty foot over the remark she made.

"Jarred off the machine," says Tusky.

"Oh, did it?" says I, my nerves still wrong. "I thought maybe it had growed up from the soil like a toadstool."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

About this time we abolished the wire chicken corrals, because we needed some of the wire. Them long-laigs thereupon scattered all over the flat searchin' out their prey. When feed time come I had to screech my lungs out gettin' of 'em in, and then sometimes they didn't all hear. It was plumb discouragin', and I mighty nigh made up my mind to quit 'em, but they had come to be sort of pets, and I hated to turn 'em down. It used to tickle Tusky almost to death to see me out there hollerin' away like an old bull-frog. He used to come out reg'lar, with his pipe lit, just to enjoy me. Finally I got mad and opened up on him.

"Oh," he explains, "it just plumb amuses me to see the dumfool at his childish work. Why don't you teach 'em to come to that brass horn, and save your voice?"

"Tusky," says I, with feelin', "sometimes you do seem to get a glimmer of real sense."

Well, first off them chickens used to throw back-sommersets over that horn. You have no idee how slow chickens is to learn things. I could tell you things about chickens—say, this yere bluff about roosters bein' gallant is all wrong. I've watched 'em. When one finds a nice feed he gobbles it so fast that the pieces foller down his throat like yearlin's through a hole in the fence. It's only when he scratches up a measly one-grain quick-lunch that he calls up the hens and stands noble and self-sacrificin' to one side. That ain't the point, which is, that after two months I had them long-laigs so they'd drop everythin' and come kitin' at the *honk-honk* of that horn. It was a purty sight to see 'em, sailin' in from all directions twenty foot at a stride. I was proud of 'em, and named 'em the Honk-honk Breed. We didn't have no others, for by now the coyotes and bob-cats had nailed the straight-breds. There wasn't no wild cat or coyote could catch one of my Honk-honks, no, sir!

We made a little on our placer—just enough to keep interested. Then the supervisors decided to fix our road, and what's more, *they done it!* That's the only part in this yarn that's hard to believe, but, boys, you'll have to take it on faith. They ploughed her, and crowned her, and scraped her, and rolled her, and when they moved on we had the fanciest highway in the State of Californy.

That noon—the day they called her a job—Tusky and I sat smokin' our pipes as per usual, when way over the foothills we seen a cloud of dust and faint to our ears was bore a whizzin' sound. The chickens was gathered under the cottonwood for the heat of the day, but they didn't pay no attention. Then faint, but clear, we heard another of them brass horns:

"Honk! honk!" says it, and every one of them chickens woke up, and stood at attention.

"Honk! honk!" it hollered clearer and nearer. Then over the hill come an automobeel, blowin' vigorous at every jump.

"My God!" I yells to Tusky, kickin' over my chair, as I springs to my feet. "Stop 'em! Stop 'em!"

But it was too late. Out the gate sprinted them poor devoted chickens, and up the road they trailed in vain pursuit. The last we seen of 'em was a minglin' of dust and dim figgers goin' thirty mile an hour after a disappearin' automobeel.

That was all we seen for the moment. About three o'clock the first straggler came limpin' in, his wings hangin', his mouth open, his eyes glazed with the heat. By sundown fourteen had returned. All the rest had disappeared utter; we never seen 'em again. I reckon they just naturally run themselves into a sunstroke and died on the road.

It takes a long time to learn a chicken a thing, but a heap longer to unlearn him. After that two or three of these yere automobeels went by every day, all a-blowin' of their horns, all kickin' up a hell of a dust. And every time them fourteen Honk-honks of mine took along after 'em, just as I'd taught 'em to do, layin' to get to their corn when they caught up. No more of 'em died, but that fourteen did get into elegant trainin'. After a while they got plumb to enjoyin' it. When you come right down to it, a chicken don't have many amusements and relaxations in this life. Searchin' for worms, chasin' grasshoppers, and wallerin' in the dust is about the limits of joys for chickens.

It was sure a fine sight to see 'em after they got well into the game. About nine o'clock every mornin' they would saunter down to the rise of the road where they would wait patient until a machine came along. Then it would warm your heart to see the enthusiasm of them. With exultant cackles of joy they'd trail in, reachin' out like quarter-horses, their wings half spread out, their eyes beamin' with delight. At the lower turn they'd quit. Then, after talkin' it over excited-like for a few minutes, they'd calm down and wait for another.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

After a few months of this sort of trainin' they got purty good at it. I had one two-year-old rooster that made fifty-four mile an hour behind one of those sixty-horse-power Panhandles. When cars didn't come along often enough, they'd all turn out and chase jack-rabbits. They wasn't much fun at that. After a short, brief sprint the rabbit would crouch down plumb terrified, while the Honk-honks pulled off triumphal dances around his shrinkin' form.

Our ranch got to be purty well known them days among automobeelists. The strength of their cars was horse-power, of course, but the speed of them they got to ratin' by chicken-power. Some of them used to come way up from Los Angeles just to try out a new car along our road with the Honk-honks for pace-makers. We charged them a little somethin', and then, too, we opened up the road-house and the bar, so we did purty well. It wasn't necessary to work any longer at that bogus placer. Evenin's we sat around outside and swapped yarns, and I bragged on my chickens. The chickens would gather round close to listen. They liked to hear their praises sung, all right. You bet they *sabe!* The only reason a chicken, or any other critter, isn't intelligent is because he hasn't no chance to expand.

Why, we used to run races with 'em. Some of us would hold two or more chickens back of a chalk line, and the starter'd blow the horn from a hundred yards to a mile away, dependin' on whether it was a sprint or for distance. We had pools on the results, gave odds, made books, and kept records. After the thing got knowed we made money hand over fist.

The stranger broke off abruptly and began to roll a cigarette.

"What did you quit it for, then?" ventured Charley, out of the hushed silence.

"Pride," replied the stranger solemnly. "Haughtiness of spirit."

"How so?" urged Charley, after a pause.

"Them chickens," continued the stranger, after a moment, "stood around listenin' to me a-braggin' of what superior fowls they was until they got all puffed up. They wouldn't have nothin' whatever to do with the ordinary chickens we brought in for eatin' purposes, but stood around lookin' bored hen there wasn't no sport doin'. They got to be just like that Four Hundred you read about in the papers. It was one continual round of grasshopper balls, race meets, and afternoon hen-parties. They got idle and haughty, just like folks. Then come race suicide. They got to feelin' so aristocratic the hens wouldn't have no eggs."

Nobody dared say a word.

"Windy Bill's snake—" began the narrator genially.

"Stranger," broke in Windy Bill, with great emphasis, "as to that snake, I want you to understand this: yereafter in my estimation that snake is nothin' but an ornery angle-worm!"

The Falcon

Old English Ballad

LULLY, lulley! lully, lullcy!
The faucon hath borne my make away!

He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown.

In that orchard there was an halle,
That was hangèd with purple and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed,
It was hangèd with gold sa red

And in that bed there li'th a knight,
His woundès bleeding day and night.

At that bed's foot there li'th a hound,
Licking the blood as it runs down.

By that bed-side kneeleth a may,
And she weepeth both night and day.

And at that bed's head standeth a stone,
Corpus Christi written thereon.

Lully, lulley! lully, lullcy!
The faucon hath borne my make away.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Host

By FERENC MOLNÁR

Molnár Ferenc

Translated by Joseph Szebenyei

CHARACTERS

DAVID ANGELL, *financier.*
MRS. ANGELL, *his wife.*
WOLFF, *Angell's associate in business.*
MRS. WOLFF.
FRIEDRICH.
MRS. FRIEDRICH.
COLMARK.
MRS. COLMARK.
FIRST DETECTIVE.
SECOND DETECTIVE.
GUESTS.
SERVANTS.
SCENE—*The Angell residence, Budapest.*
TIME—*The present.*

The dining-room of the Angell home. The guests are sitting round a large table. At the head of the table, MRS. ANGELL *presiding. At the lower end,* MR. ANGELL. *There are fourteen* GUESTS *in all. The table is well burdened with flasks and dishes. The dinner appears to be nearly at an end, and the time is ripe for the speeches. The company gives the impression of a well-to-do gathering, the women are be-diamonded and the men look prosperous. The atmosphere is that of a newly-rich parvenu crowd, somewhat exhilarated by the richness of the supper and the champagne. The dining-room itself presents a picture of abundant wealth and bad taste in rich furnishing. The characters are of a similar hue.*

When the curtain rises a general conversation is in progress, everybody speaking to everybody else. Loud, boisterous laughter dominates the chaotic scene.

MRS. FRIEDRICH—Isn't he charming?

MR. WOLFF—The loveliest man alive.

MRS. WOLFF (*to her neighbour*)—You can tell it to me above the table. Why telegraph with your feet?

COLMARK (*raising his glass*)—To the Host! Long live the host.

ALL (*raising glasses*)—Long live the host. (*They drink.*)

COLMARK (*rises*)—Ladies and Gentlemen.

(*The noise subsides, and, after* WOLFF *taps on a glass, silence prevails.*)

WOLFF—Let's hear what our friend Colmark has to say. (*The* HOST *and* HOSTESS *assume positions of dignity and seriousness in expectation of something important to come.*) As you know, perhaps, I am not an orator, and am not addicted to speech-making. Still, I cannot allow this glorious moment to pass without making a few remarks, such as I am sure will reëcho in the heart of every one here present.

THE GUESTS—Hear, hear!

WOLFF—I have been associated in business with our beloved host, Mr. Angell, for many years past, and you all know that there never was a partnership founded on such close friendship and absolute harmony and trust as our partnership. (MRS. ANGELL *wipes her eyes.*) There are moments in one's life when the acknowledgment of all those noble and unselfish deeds bestowed upon one by another come, as it were, to the surface. That moment has arrived, so far as I am concerned. (MR. ANGELL *moves in his chair and listens even more eagerly.* MRS. ANGELL *continues wiping her eyes.*) In business one is not sentimental, and I have never as much as said in all these years of our close association: "David Angell, you are a fine and honest fellow. David Angell, I can only shake your hand in thanks and appreciation for what

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

you have done for me and for all of us." That is about all I could tell him face to face, and even now I am not sure whether he would like me to say what I should like to tell you about him.

COLMARK (*who is the humourist of the party, interrupting*)—Only his wings are missing! (*General laughter.*)

WOLFF—A partnership is a partnership. It means . . . it means . . .

COLMARK—Quarreling. . . . (*General laughter.*)

WOLFF—Yes, that's just what it means in almost every firm where there are partners. But in David Angell, Incorporated, it means something else. It means trust and understanding. It means everything in the world *but* quarreling. If you know anything about David Angell, you must know that he is not a man you can fight with. He is good at heart, clean in mind and body, the personification of graciousness and helpfulness. I know that if I were to find myself in trouble and David Angell were called upon to lay down his life for me, he would unhesitatingly do so. Or if he should be called upon to sacrifice his last sou to save me from disgrace or bankruptcy, he would sacrifice it as willingly as he would for himself. (*They all rise and clink glasses.*) To the health of the finest man alive!

ANGELL (*bowing to the guests, deeply affected*)—Thank you my friends, thank you. (*He goes over to* WOLFF *and kisses him on the cheek.*)

MRS. ANGELL (*now crying profusely*)—Ignace Wolff is a fine fellow. The dearest friend we ever had.

COLMARK—Such partners ought to be exhibited in the dime museum. (*Nobody laughs, they are too deeply impressed.*) I'd think twice before I'd kiss my partner. (*This time he gets a smile from various guests.*)

ANGELL (*returns to his seat*)—Ignace is a great speaker. He almost made me cry. (FRIEDRICH *rises, glass in hand.*)

ALL—Hear, hear! (*Silence.*)

FRIEDRICH—Mrs. Angell, Ladies and Gentlemen. May I take this opportunity to unburden my heart of certain sentiments that have accumulated in it these last few years since I have had the pleasure and great honour to meet our friend and host, Mr. David Angell, in a business way, and occasionally in society? To praise his good heart, his unquestionable virtue, his honesty and unselfishness would be simply to repeat what everybody proclaims. I can tell you more than that, I can point to even greater achievements on his part than mere human generosity. As President of the bank where he keeps his deposits, I can tell you that many thousands are devoted to charitable causes. This money is credited to accounts about which there is no newspaper publicity. Often other, less generous donors, insist on having their names printed. He is the man who is called "Anonymous," who gives not for the sake of the publicity it brings, but for the good it does. (*General applause.*) He has never sought thanks for what he has done and for what he is constantly doing. I could also tell you that David Angell, the genius of money-making, never forgets to give the other fellow a chance. In my profession we know what it is to have a tip and to keep it. It means money to us. David Angell never fails to share his tips with others. I know one case where a good man lost out in a deal. No, not through David Angell. He was not the one who won. Still, he gave the man a lift. As unselfishly and as humanly as any man could wish for. He took that ruined man into his confidence and gave him the money to play the tip. How many people would do that?

COLMARK (*interrupting*)—Not many angels on this earth!

FRIEDRICH—A man who has such capacity for making friends will become a living example to the younger generation. We can always point to him with pride, remind our children of his recorded deeds, and always be proud of having shaken his hand. (MRS. ANGELL *sobs silently, wiping her eyes.*)

MRS. FRIEDRICH (*rises and goes to* FRIEDRICH, *smiling with pleasure*)—You are a great speaker, Daniel; I am proud of you.

FRIEDRICH (*beaming with pleasure*)—Thank you, my darling. It's good to know you appreciate me. You do it so very rarely.

ANGELL (*goes over to* FRIEDRICH, *who rises*)—Thank you, my friend. (*He retires to his place. The* SERVANTS *fill the glasses anew and the hum of conversation is again heard. One can make out only praise for* ANGELL *and his wife. The women rise and go over to* MRS. ANGELL *one by one, and kiss her. They drink. A spirit of happy abandon prevails.*)

MRS. WOLFF (*shouting*)—Let's hear the host. Let's hear David Angell!

ALL—Let's hear David Angell!

ANGELL (*rises, clears his throat and raises his glass, as the* SERVANTS *retire*)—My dear friends, my dear brothers and sisters. Your kindness and the undeserved praise

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of my friends have touched me to the heart. I can scarcely find words to thank you for all the wonderful things you have said about me. I do not wish to play the rôle of modest benefactor, for I really cannot play any other rôle than that which is part of my nature. I admit I am trying to make this life more worth while. I am doing my best to make the people about me happy and contented. There is nothing unusual or deserving of special praise in that, for I am simply striving to follow the example of the greatest benefactor of all, who shared His mite with all comers and taught us to love our neighbour as we love ourselves.

ALL—Hear, hear!

ANGELL—It's not a matter of goodness or badness, but it is a matter of selfishness, you see, for I know I could not be happy, or relish a bite of food if I knew that the fellow next door has nothing to eat while I am enjoying the best cuts. It's purely a matter of selfishness on my part. The same principle applies to my business ventures. I like to see my associates and friends reap where I reap, and it would make me miserable to do all the harvesting myself. I happen to be in the fortunate position of the man who hands out the prizes, and I love to do it. Now, as long as I derive pleasure from it, why should that be credited to me as an unselfish deed, when it is, as a matter of fact, the height of selfishness?

COLMARK (*interrupting*)—He wants us to believe that he is a wicked man. (*General laughter.*)

ANGELL—No, nothing of the sort, but I should like to make it clear to you that I am neither better nor worse than my fellows, and that while some people enjoy hoarding their money, I enjoy handing it out to others. The reaction is the same and the aim is the same: To gain enjoyment and satisfaction by it.

COLMARK—You are a great twister, Mr. Angell. (*They all laugh.*)

ANGELL—It gives me great joy and satisfaction to know that my friends who enjoy my selfishness, as I call it, would be just as unselfish—as they call it—towards me as I am towards them. I am sure—though I have never had the occasion and I hope it will never arise—that should they be called upon to stand by me in an emergency, they would all rise to the occasion as one man. That knowledge gives me a sense of security and peace of mind. It is the greatest gift of God: to have friends. He gave us love to fertilize our souls, and I know that I have the love and affection of my friends, who of course have my love and affection. I raise my glass to the everlasting fidelity and loyalty of the friends I am so fortunate as to possess. (*General applause, clinking of glasses. They all rise and drink to his health.* COLMARK *rises.*)

ALL—Hear, hear!

COLMARK—I suppose it is not customary to rise and speak after the host has spoken, but I shall have to ask your kind indulgence. There are a number of things I should like to correct regarding certain misstatements of our beloved host, and others that he has forgotten to state at all.

ANGELL (*smiling happily*)—Well, well, what next?

COLMARK—We who are gathered here to-night are more or less interested in our host, not only because of his personality and charming and unselfish mode of life, but also because he is, so to speak, the mainstay of our business enterprises. We all know that many of us here would have spent most of our time in the bankruptcy courts if it had not been for him, and we all know that he never made anything big in the stock market without letting us in on it. If we are to honour the man let us give him his dues.

ANGELL (*shaking his head*)—You are a fine humourist, Mr. Colmark, but please don't let us talk about that any more.

COLMARK—There is nothing to hide, Mr. Angell. I have had a few glasses, and whenever I look deep into a glass I feel like telling the truth. I am speaking primarily for myself, but at the same time I am speaking for every man present here to-night. You have saved me from bankruptcy, and who knows from what else? You have saved Wolff there on several occasions, if I am not mistaken.

WOLFF—Let's drop these personalities. . . . After all, that's a private matter!

FRIEDRICH—Let him finish. He'll have to tell all about me too.

COLMARK—There's nothing to be ashamed of.

FRIEDRICH—I agree with you there. Let's hear. (*The women whisper together.*)

MRS. ANGELL—He is such a darling.

COLMARK—I thank you, Mrs. Angell. And because you were so generous I shall conclude my speech by saying: Long live our host and our hostess. (*He raises his glass. They all rise and clink glasses.*)

MR. ANGELL—And now let us all be happy and stop praising each other.

MRS. ANGELL (*to* MRS. WOLFF)—Dorothy, darling, wouldn't you sing for us?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MRS. WOLFF (*coyly*)—Who will accompany me?

COLMARK—May I have the pleasure? Anything within reason.

MRS. WOLFF (*affected*)—Oh, you are always so funny. (MRS. WOLFF *and* COLMARK *rise and start toward the piano.*)

MRS. ANGELL—Now we are going to hear something beautiful. (*The two go to the piano.* COLMARK *begins to play the introductory notes, when suddenly there is a commotion at the door. Loud and gruff voices are heard saying: "We must see him." "We can't wait." They all look in the direction of the commotion. There are two rough-looking men at the entrance to the hall, but one can look through the open folding doors of the dining-room at a considerable distance from the center of the stage proper.*)

ANGELL (*rises and goes toward the hall*)—What is it, John? What do the men want?

SERVANT (*outside*)—They want to see you, sir. (*There is a deep silence for a moment. The intruders appear to cause a general depression in the crowd, who all stare in their direction. A heavy air of foreboding fills the room. The attitude and expression on the faces of the characters should indicate that something unusual and distressing is about to happen.*)

ANGELL—Why not let them wait outside? I shall be with them immediately.

SERVANT—They don't want to wait, sir.

COLMARK—They seem awfully anxious to see you! (*Outside, one of the newcomers pushes the* SERVANT *aside and beckons to his companion to follow him. They come forward in a brusque manner. They wear heavy mustaches and look rough and unsuited to the splendour of the place.*)

ANGELL (*pale and nervous*)—What is the meaning of this intrusion, gentlemen?

FIRST DETECTIVE (*talks with a heavy brogue, harsh and impassive*)—Are you Mr. David Angell?

ANGELL—Yes.

FIRST DETECTIVE—We've got a warrant for your arrest. (MRS. ANGELL *screams and sinks into her chair. The guests look at each other horrified. There is a moment's utter silence.*)

ANGELL (*turns pale and staggers back a few steps*)—What—do—you—mean?

SECOND DETECTIVE—That's all we mean.

FIRST DETECTIVE (*coming nearer*)—That's it. Warrant for your arrest.

MRS. WOLFF (*fainting*)—Good Lord, good gracious me! (*She sinks into the chair next to the piano, where* COLMARK *tries his best to comfort her.*)

ANGELL—I don't understand.

FIRST DETECTIVE—We are city detectives. (*He opens his coat lapel and shows a badge.*) We have an order to arrest David Angell, banker and broker. Are you the man?

ANGELL—I am, of course, but——

SECOND DETECTIVE—There is no but about it. That's all there's to it. Come along.

MRS. ANGELL—But why, but why? He didn't steal anything.

FIRST DETECTIVE—We don't know what he stole or not. We got the order, and we have to carry it out. We don't go askin' what it's for. That's not our business.

SECOND DETECTIVE—What we are here for is to carry out the order and get the prisoner to the station. And we can't stand here arguing about it either.

MRS. ANGELL—But what for? He didn't commit any crime.

FIRST DETECTIVE—How do you know that, ma'am?

MRS. ANGELL—He is my husband. Why shouldn't I know? Who should know if I don't?

ANGELL (*to* MRS. ANGELL)—Don't upset yourself, darling. Better telephone to my lawyer, Schwartz.

SECOND DETECTIVE—That's a good idea. (*During this scene the rest of the company stand by listening intently. At this juncture they begin to recover their senses and look at each other furtively and suspiciously. They begin to move about the room in utter discomfort and embarrassment.*)

MRS. ANGELL—But why should they arrest my husband, who never harmed anyone? Why should the best and noblest man in the world be arrested when all the crooks are running about unmolested? (*To* ANGELL) Is there anything behind this, dear? What does it all mean?

MRS. WOLFF (*to* WOLFF)—Are we going, Oscar? I think we ought to be going.

WOLFF—Wait a minute.

MRS. FRIEDRICH—It's getting rather late.

MRS. ANGELL (*to* ANGELL)—Are you sure there is no reason for this? No grounds for——?

ANGELL (*pale and agitated, sinks into a chair. To the* DETECTIVES)—Just a moment, please. I feel rather weak. Just a minute.

FIRST DETECTIVE—All right, take your time.

SECOND DETECTIVE—We've got a taxi outside.

ANGELL (*taking no notice*)—I really don't know. (*To* MRS. ANGELL) It can't

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be on account of those Transylvanian shares. No, I don't imagine——?

MRS. ANGELL—The Transylvanian shares? Why, it was the cleanest deal you ever made.

ANGELL (*wiping his forehead*)—Then, of course, it might be that Weffle made a complaint, and—he might have brought a charge—er—oh, nonsense!

MRS. ANGELL—You are raving! Why, he cheated you in that deal; *you* wouldn't have cheated him! It's preposterous! The idea! (*She has held herself bravely up to now, but by this time she is sinking fast and can hardly restrain her tears.*)

MRS. COLMARK (*to* MRS. WOLFF)—I am afraid we shall have to go home. The children are expecting us back before midnight.

MRS. WOLFF—So are mine.

MRS. ANGELL (*nervously*)—Do you think that deal in Consolidated——?

(ANGELL *looks around until he finds* WOLFF, *his eyes resting upon his figure. Pause.*)

MRS. ANGELL (*impatiently*)—Anything wrong with Consolidated? Why don't you speak?

ANGELL—How can I tell? I bought the shares cheap, it's true, but how could I know where they came from? I was quite certain the brokers who sold them to me were all right!

MRS. FRIEDRICH (*fidgeting nervously*)—I am so sorry, but really it is getting late——

MRS. ANGELL (*taking no notice of her*)—You think they might have come into their possession illegally?

ANGELL—How could I tell? And if they did, what of it? Why should I be held responsible?

MRS. WOLFF (*to* WOLFF, *in a whisper*)—I want to go. Let's get out of this. It's terrible.

WOLFF (*aloud*)—Yes, darling. We shall have to be going.

ANGELL (*reproachfully*)—Besides, my friends, most of those present have profited by the deal. Wolff, didn't you get a block of that stock, too?

WOLFF (*flushing with anger*)—I wish you'd not implicate other people in your affairs!

MRS. WOLFF—It's preposterous to mention my husband's name in connection with such deals. Come, let us go.

ANGELL (*confused, in a surprised tone*)—Why, Wolff, wasn't it you who assured me that the sellers were reliable? Didn't I ask you whether they were honest? Didn't I suggest that the stocks might have been stolen? And you said, "Nonsense!"

WOLFF—I wish you wouldn't drag my name into your crooked dealings. I followed your advice; you didn't follow mine. Besides, I had nothing to do with the whole thing. Everything was carried out in your name, and the rest is not my business.

ANGELL (*searching for* FRIEDRICH)—I say, Friedrich, you had a small lot of it? Are you going to drop out now, too?

MRS. FRIEDRICH (*to* ANGELL, *in an offended tone*)—I don't see why you should have to drag in everybody. If you are such an unselfish creature as you claim to be, why drag in my husband? You should take the responsibility for your deals if you are a man.

ANGELL—What do you say, Friedrich?

FRIEDRICH (*gasping*)—Well, you know, David, I stand by you, but after all you can't expect me to drag my name through the mud. I've got a large family to take care of, and you can't expect me to. . . . Why, whatever I can do, of course——

MRS. FRIEDRICH (*to* FRIEDRICH)—We can go now. That was quite enough. (*To* MRS. WOLFF) I never saw such a selfish and cowardly man in all my life.

ANGELL—Well, I suppose I shall have to go, now. You telephone to Schwartz, Alice. (*To* COLMARK) I suppose I can count on you, Colmark? Perhaps there'll be bail to arrange for——

COLMARK (*annoyed*)—You know I leave for Paris in the morning. You have friends enough to help you. I'd like to stay, but you see, it's very important that I——

MRS. COLMARK (*with her hat on and her cloak on her arm*)—You will have to get up early in the morning, dear. We must be off.

FIRST DETECTIVE—Now, let's get on, Mr. Angell. We can't waste any more time.

MRS. ANGELL (*weeping bitterly*)—No, no, I can't let you go, I can't. He is innocent. He didn't do anything. . . .

ANGELL (*soothingly*)—Don't cry, darling. It will be all right. I shall be back in an hour. Just you ring up the lawyer. (*To* DETECTIVE) Where are you going to take me? To Headquarters?

FIRST DETECTIVE—Yes. (*While this scene is being played the* GUESTS *are all backing out through the hall. They put on their hats and coats and file back in couples, then out again. There must be the impression that they are trying to get away unnoticed.*)

ANGELL (*to* SERVANT)—Get me my hat and coat. (SERVANT *goes out.*)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MRS. ANGELL (*crying bitterly*)—No, no, don't take him away. He will die. His heart is weak and his liver is bothering him.

ANGELL (*consoling her*)—Don't worry, dear, I shall be back soon. They wouldn't keep me there.

SECOND DETECTIVE—Let's get on. We are wasting time.

MRS. COLMARK (*to* MRS. FRIEDRICH)—What do you say to that? I never thought he was a receiver of stolen goods.

MRS. FRIEDRICH—One ought to be more careful about accepting invitations. (The SERVANT *enters and helps* ANGELL *with his coat.*)

ANGELL (*kisses* MRS. ANGELL)—Don't cry, dear.

WOLFF—Well, I suppose we must be off. (*To* MRS. ANGELL) Give me a ring, Mrs. Angell, if you should want anything.

FIRST DETECTIVE—Well, ready?

ANGELL (*to the guests*)—I am sorry our little party was interrupted so unpleasantly. Please excuse me. (*Deep silence. Pause.*) It is most gratifying to know that I can count upon my friends in any emergency.

FRIEDRICH—You can always count on me, Angell.

ANGELL—Thank you, my friend.

SECOND DETECTIVE—Let's go. (*They start toward the door,* ANGELL *walking between the two* DETECTIVES. *When they reach the door the two men suddenly turn and tear off their false mustaches and wigs and begin to laugh boisterously.*)

MRS. ANGELL (*looks up in surprise*)—Why, that's Louis and Peter!

DETECTIVES (*laughing*)—Sure, Louis and Peter. (ANGELL *looks at them, surprised and shocked.*)

MRS. WOLFF—What does this mean?

FIRST DETECTIVE (*to* MRS. ANGELL)—You can't say, Auntie, it wasn't a good joke?

SECOND DETECTIVE (*still laughing*)—None of them recognized us.

MRS. ANGELL (*sourly*)—A good joke it was!

ANGELL—You scoundrels!

SECOND DETECTIVE—Now, Uncle Dave, you can't say it wasn't done fine. (*He laughs.*)

COLMARK—It wasn't badly done. (*They all begin to assume a more cheerful aspect, and try their best to shake off the effects of the practical joke. They do not, however, succeed.*)

MRS. FRIEDRICH—Now that the joke is over, we had better start homeward.

ANGELL (*taking his coat off and handing it to the* SERVANT)—There are good jokes and bad jokes, but this one was certainly a liberal education.

WOLFF (*to* ANGELL)—You have learned at least that we stand behind you in every emergency.

ANGELL—Yes!

WOLFF—Friends ought never to evade responsibility. I am with you, David, through thick and thin.

FRIEDRICH—So am I.

MRS. WOLFF (*to* MRS. ANGELL)—I am sorry, dear, these bad boys upset you so much. You know we are always at your service. Please forget all about it.

MRS. ANGELL—I know, dear; you are all darlings. I am so glad it was just a joke. (*Slowly, one by one, the guests leave.*)

ANGELL (*to* FRIEDRICH)—I'll see you at the office in the morning.

FRIEDRICH—I shan't be in to-morrow. I have to go out of town. (*General leave-taking, all sour and subdued. Only the two* DETECTIVES *are happy and smiling.*)

MRS. ANGELL—Good-bye; come again soon.

CURTAIN

I Wonder Why

By GEORGIA ROSE

THE long-drawn whistle of a train
Makes me lonely.
I do not seem to mind it days—
Night time only.
Heartbreak, separation, tears,
A yearning cry,
In the depths of my soul an echo,
I wonder why.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Immortality of Animal Tissue, and Its Significance

By ALEXIS CARREL, M.D.

THE body, as is well known, consists of myriads of cells organized as a harmonious whole. Since these cells are submitted to the rules of a disciplined community, they cannot display all their possible activities. Most of their potentialities remain virtual in normal life. It is during the development of pathological processes that they become actual. They are doubtless responsible for a number of important phenomena, such as inflammation, malignant tumour, wound healing, etc.

This train of thought led me, more than sixteen years ago, to study the hidden powers of animal tissues. The surgical methods that I used at the beginning of this investigation soon proved to be inadequate. Fortunately, Harrison published at this time, his well-known experiments on the survival *in vitro* of fragments of frog embryos, and demonstrated that tissue cells completely separated from the organism could multiply for a few days. His work was the starting-point of the elaborate procedures that I have developed for obtaining pure strains of various cell types, cultivating them in media of known chemical composition, measuring their rate of growth, etc. Through these methods, it became possible to observe under ideal conditions the fate of animal tissues, when they are liberated from the restraint of the body.

The first experiment that gave a decisive result was undertaken on January 17, 1912. Several minute fragments from the heart of a chick embryo were cultivated according to a technique similar to that of Harrison's. The bits of tissue went on pulsating, and surrounded themselves with connective tissue cells. But after a few days, pulsations and cell migration ceased. Degeneration was imminent.

An attempt was then made to prevent death by removing the waste products from the cultures. For this purpose, the tissues were thoroughly washed, by placing them in a saline solution, and transferred into a fresh medium. Immediately, the heart tissue began pulsating again, and the cells migrated. This treatment was repeated every few days, and the little heart fragments continued living and beating. However, they did not increase in size. On the contrary, they progressively diminished and faded away, or were killed by bacterial infection. Only one extremely minute fragment of heart remained alive and pulsating. But it was much smaller than a pin-head, and could not have failed to disappear within a few days. Then, a drop of embryonic tissue juice was added to the medium. A truly wonderful effect was immediately observed. Fibroblasts began to multiply about the tiny pulsating heart muscle, which was soon surrounded by a large amount of tissue in which it disappeared. The tissues went on growing and could be divided into two parts, which also grew rapidly. Every forty-eight hours, the cultures were washed in Ringer solution by Ebeling or myself, divided into two parts, and cultivated again in embryonic juice. To-day, hundreds of experiments are made every month with the pure strain of fibroblasts descended from the tiny fragment of pulsating tissue that I possessed in 1912.

The colonies are cultivated in flasks with an oblique neck, which protects them from bacterial infection. They grow in a solid

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

medium composed of diluted plasma. This medium is frequently washed in Tyrode solution. On its surface, some embryo juice or other substances used as a nutrient medium is injected every two or three days. The rate of growth is ascertained by the increase of the area and volume of the colonies.

We are entitled to consider the experiment as almost concluded, as it has lasted for a period of nearly sixteen years, while the duration of the life of a fowl rarely exceeds ten years. Two important facts have been brought to light:

1. The fibroblasts derived from the original heart fragment manufacture large quantities of new tissue from the substances contained in the culture medium. In forty-eight hours, each cell of a colony seems to divide twice, and the colony doubles in volume. Had it been possible to keep all the cells that could have been produced during these sixteen years, their mass would be immense. A colony originally one cubic millimeter in volume would produce approximately one cubic centimeter of tissue in about twenty days. After sixty days, the volume of the tissue would be a little more than one cubic meter, and in less than one hundred days, one million cubic meters. It is obvious that tissues growing at this rate for sixteen years would reach a volume greater than that of the solar system.

2. Cell proliferation is unlimited in time. To-day, the rate of growth of the strain of fibroblasts is as great as it was fifteen years ago. The curve representing the variations of the growth velocity during this long period is parallel to the time axis. Time has no action whatever on these tissues. They are immortal.

This property also belongs to other tissues, as was shown by Fischer for iris epithelium, and by Ebeling for thyroid epithelium. Cultures of such tissues have been kept in full activity for several years in my laboratory. Normal and malignant cells of rats, mice, guinea pigs, and human beings were also discovered to be potentially immortal. Although the constituent cells of certain organs, such as brains, lived *in vitro* for only a short period of time, animal tissues in general must be considered as capable of unlimited proliferation, in time as well as in space.

These facts are of profound significance. They demonstrate not only that tissue cells are endowed with potentialities far greater than they display within the body, but also that those potentialities become actual under definite conditions: the elimination of certain metabolic products, and the presence of proper nitrogenous food.

It is obvious that the immense capacity for growth possessed by tissue cells must be kept under restraint while these cells live as part of the organism. If the tissues of an adult animal suddenly were allowed to multiply freely, the body would grow in a rapid and disordered manner, and death would soon occur. Active proliferation of its constituent cells would at once stop the functions of any gland. It is easy to imagine what would become of our memory and personality if the pyramidal cells started to multiply and to disturb the infinite complexity of the association fibers of the cerebral centers. Normal life and anarchial tissue growth are incompatible.

The mechanism that causes tissues to be comparatively at rest when they live within the body became less obscure after some fundamental properties of these cells were discovered. We found that if fibroblasts and epithelium are given certain nitrogenous substances, they are compelled to multiply. The substances endowed with the marvelous property of determining cell proliferation are embryonic proteins, and polypeptids resulting from the digestion of a number of proteins. It is the concentration of such substances in the medium that regulates growth energy. On the contrary, cell multiplication is inhibited by blood serum. This effect increases gradually with the age of the animal. The substances responsible for this phenomenon are lipoids, as was shown by Baker and myself. In the light of this new knowledge, it becomes entirely probable that the resting condition of adult tissues depends on the composition of the humours in which they are immersed. The cells are like a motor which stops when the fuel is exhausted and starts again as soon as the combustible is replenished. When inert fibroblasts are extirpated from an old animal and cultivated *in vitro*, they do not display any growth energy. But as soon as they are given embryonic proteins, they multiply again. The factors that prevent tissue cells from manifesting their potentialities during normal life are chiefly a scanty food supply and an inhibiting medium.

The actualization of these potentialities takes place only under the influence of pathological processes, such as skin regeneration, bone repair, or growth of a cancer. If tissue cells were not potentially immortal, there would be no cancer. Also

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

surgery would be impossible. Wound healing and tumour formation depend entirely on the capacity of adult cells to recuperate their embryonic proliferative activity. In the repair of a wound, leucocytes attracted to the site of injury manufacture directly or indirectly the substances that determine the multiplication of fibroblasts and epithelial cells. If they are prevented from coming, no cicatrization takes place. The growth of cancer is due to the special properties of malignant cells. These cells have the power, through the secretion of proteolytic ferments and acid formation, of producing substances that automatically compel them to multiply in an unlimited manner. In most of the cases, a resumption of cell activity within the adult organism must be attributed to the presence in the tissues of embryonic proteins or of polypeptids.

Although the body is composed of elements that are potentially immortal, it is, and will always be, subject to senility and death. Cells living as parts of an organized community do not find in such an environment the conditions required for immortality. The only living forms enjoying eternal youth are the colonies of unicellular organisms that eliminate their metabolic products directly into the outside world. When an animal is composed of a mass of cells organized as a closed system, the process of aging necessarily takes place. Immortality is incompatible with organization. But organization is necessary for the development of a highly differentiated nervous system and for the appearance of mental processes. Death is the price we have to pay for the possession of our brains. This price is not excessive, because the mysterious energy that is created by the cerebral cells, or expresses itself through them, is after all the greatest marvel of this Universe.

In spite of the fact that higher animals will never reach immortality, there is some hope that the duration of their life may be artificially increased. The solution of this problem, as well as of the far more important one of improving the quality of living beings, rests on the future progress of cell physiology and of the chemistry of nutrition. It is for this reason that I have considered it appropriate to state the results obtained by one of the most powerful methods created for the investigation of cell functions.

Through these experiments, the immortality of animal tissues, and some of their fundamental properties, have been revealed to us. For the present, these findings are of only theoretical interest. But we know, as Claude Bernard has aptly said, that the knowledge of nature always leads to its mastery.

Sonnet

By DANTE ALIGHIERI

Translated by Lorna De' Lucchi

Dante sees coming towards him the lady Vanna, famed for her great beauty, and following after her "the wondrous Beatrice." He describes this pleasing experience to the first among his friends, Guido Cavalcanti, of whom Vanna was at that time the well-beloved mistress.

XVII

I FELT awaken deep within my heart
An amorous spirit that in slumber lay:
Then from afar, seeing Love upon the way,
Scarce knew him for he looked so gay and smart;
He said: "Now mind thou honour none save me!"
And there was laughter in his every word;
Then as he lingered, I beside my lord,
Gazing towards the region whence came he,
Saw Monna Vanna, Monna Bice too,
Approach the spot where we were tarrying,
One and the other marvellous to view;
And as my memory retelleth me,
Love said to me: "This lady is called Spring,
That other Love, for she resembleth me."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Ethics in a Business Suit

That Same Old Troublesome Expense Account

A reporter dispatched to the scene of a hurricane disaster was given his expenses in advance. With the $200 in his pocket and a hastily packed bag in hand, he was rushing to the railway station when he met a friend and explained where he was bound. The friend's father-in-law, a millionaire sportsman, was flying his own plane, carrying a physician, to the scene of the disaster. He was to take off in twenty minutes, but a place was made for the reporter, who had no time to communicate his change of plan to the city desk.

When he reached the scene of the story he had saved his paper twenty-four hours and $75.00. While he had no doubt to whom the former belonged, the money seemed to be his by a very special "break." Nevertheless, after turning the matter over in his mind, he refunded the money to his chief, even against what he felt to be his better sense. A. F.

Conscience vs. a Friend's Job

Mrs. Battle's gift to the Bride was a $25 set of dishes, ordered delivered direct from the big department store where it had been purchased. Mr. Wiseman, a chinaware expert and a guest at the wedding, remarked that the dishes were expensive, and, on being questioned, placed the value at over $200. It was then realized that the store had made a mistake in filling Mrs. Battle's order. The latter, being envious, did not want the Bride to benefit by the error, so she notified the saleswoman. Mrs. Battle was informed that the big store could not trace the transaction, and if she "forgot about it, somebody's job would be safe." But Mrs. Battle succeeded in bringing the matter to the attention of one of the store's officials.

The store admits that it cannot trace the transaction, but requests the Bride to return the dishes so that they can be better able to make an investigation of the matter.

Under the circumstances, the Bride does not want to keep the dishes, but a friend who is employed in the chinaware department of the big store informs her that he is responsible for all goods leaving his department, and if the store officials discover that a $200 set of dishes was sent to her on a $25 order, he will be discharged.

How can the Bride quiet her conscience? She feels uncomfortable and embarrassed in retaining the dishes, but dreads to be considered instrumental in the discharge of her friend. A. A. M.

A "Cold Business Proposition"

It all depends on the point of view. What would you have done under the following circumstances? A Virginia woman ordered a large consignment of baby chicks, which the company guaranteed to deliver alive and in good health. To make the venture doubly safe, she insured them for more than their worth.

Through some delay in transit, the chicks arrived dead and dying. She reported it to the hatchery, who sent another shipment of chicks. In the meanwhile she had sent in the claim for insurance, which was promptly paid.

Her husband declared it was a question of business ethics, and that she should refuse the check from the insurance company. The neighbours said it was sheer robbery. But

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

she claimed that ethics had no part in the transaction, it being merely a cold business proposition, and so she kept both the chicks and the check.

Would you have returned the check? Z.

Chinese Honour

Some years ago, when I was a lawyer in a Northern Ontario town, seven Chinese came into my office. They wanted to go back to China permanently, and asked me to see about getting passports.

I prepared the necessary applications and declarations, and sent them to the Department at Ottawa. Each Chinaman paid me two dollars, and I told them that would cover everything.

I then received word from the Department that, owing to a recent change in the regulations, an additional statutory declaration was needed in each case. I prepared and forwarded these. There was no mention of further payment.

Later, for some unexplained reason, the Department sent two of the passports to me, and the remaining five to the Chinese direct. When the two came for their passports, I was not in; but my stenographer handed them over. Without being asked, each tendered an additional dollar. Nothing was said about the other five, and all were leaving for China in a few hours. I did not know them from Adam, and had not the slightest thought of additional payment, but it evidently seemed to their sense of fairness that each should pay another dollar: so, a few minutes before the train left, the five brought in a five-dollar bill.

How many Canadians or Americans would have done this? M. G. V. G.

Good Business

The writer, a purchaser for his firm of cotton piece goods in large quantities, visited the house of a cotton goods manufacturer in New York in 1926, for the purpose of placing a large order for this material, to the amount of ninety thousand pounds.

I had my own ideas as to price, and offered to place the business upon the basis of my figures. The sales manager was willing to accept the order, but suggested that I meet the president of the concern and listen to his views upon the cotton market of the moment and what might happen in the near future.

The president explained that he had made a personal survey of cotton conditions in the South, and that in his opinion the crop would be very large, with the ultimate result that the class of goods I was seeking would be much lower than the price I had named. While he was willing to accept the business, he suggested that I place an order for only one-third of the quantity I was seeking, and later place the other two-thirds at a more advantageous price per pound.

The writer acted upon this suggestion, and purchased only thirty thousand pounds, with the result that, within thirty days, when the Government report was found far short of the president's views in the way of a cotton crop, the finished product which I had been negotiating for thirty days before advanced six cents per pound in excess of the price paid for the one-third that I had purchased. I was naturally disappointed with myself as a buyer, especially with sixty thousand pounds to buy at an extra cost to my firm of $3,600 as compared with what I could have placed the entire order, had I insisted upon placing it thirty days before.

Sitting at my desk, turning the matter over in my mind, the telephone rang. On answering it, I found that the president of the New York company was on the line. Without any preliminary talk, he stated he understood how disappointing it was to me that I hadn't placed the entire ninety thousand pounds at the time of my visit to his office and that he felt he had influenced me unwisely. He was therefore willing to book the other sixty thousand pounds at my original figure, thus saving me a loss of $3,600. Needless to say, I was only too happy to place the business.

This company did not have to take the business at the original figure, for none of us are infallible in our judgment; furthermore, cotton being a speculative commodity, I had a perfect right to match my judgment against the other gentleman's. Regardless of this, the president of the New York company had his own ideal as to what constituted fair play, with the result that my firm benefited at the expense of a loss to his firm. We are still doing business with this same New York house. R. H. S.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

My Summer in a Garden

What I Know About Gardening

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Chas. Dudley Warner

PRELIMINARY

THE *love of dirt is among the earliest of passions, as it is the latest. Mud-pies gratify one of our first and best instincts. So long as we are dirty, we are pure. Fondness for the ground comes back to a man after he has run the round of pleasure and business, eaten dirt, and sown wild oats, drifted about the world, and taken the wind of all its moods. The love of digging in the ground (or of looking on while he pays another to dig) is as sure to come back to him as he is sure, at last, to go under the ground, and stay there. To own a bit of ground, to scratch it with a hoe, to plant seeds, and watch their renewal of life,—this is the commonest delight of the race, the most satisfactory thing a man can do. When Cicero writes of the pleasures of old age, that of agriculture is chief among them:* "Venio nunc ad voluptates agricolarum, quibus ego incredibiliter delector: quæ nec ulla impediunter senectute, et mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere." (*I am driven to Latin because New York editors have exhausted the English language in the praising of spring, and especially of the month of May.*)

Let us celebrate the soil. Most men toil that they may own a piece of it; they measure their success in life by their ability to buy it. It is alike the passion of the parvenu *and the pride of the aristocrat. Broad acres are a patent of nobility; and no man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property. And there is a great pleasure in working in the soil, apart from the ownership of it. The man who has planted a garden feels that he has done something for the good of the world. He belongs to the producers. It is a pleasure to eat of the fruit of one's toil, if it be nothing more than a head of lettuce or an ear of corn. One cultivates even a lawn with great satisfaction; for there is nothing more beautiful than grass and turf in our latitude. The tropics may have their delights; but they have not turf: and the world without turf is a dreary desert. The original garden of Eden could not have had such turf as one sees in England. The Teutonic races all love turf: they emigrate in the line of its growth.*

To dig in the mellow soil—to dig moderately, for all pleasure should be taken sparingly—is a great thing. One gets strength out of the ground as often as one really touches it with a hoe. Antæus (this is a classical article) was no doubt an agriculturist; and such a prizefighter as Hercules couldn't do anything with him till he got him to lay down his spade, and quit the soil. It is not simply beets and potatoes and corn and stringbeans that one raises in his well-hoed garden: it is the average of human life. There is life in the ground; it goes into the seeds; and it also, when it is stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it. The hot sun on his back as he bends to his shovel and hoe, or contemplatively rakes the warm and fragrant loam, is better than much medicine. The buds are coming out on the bushes round about; the blossoms of the fruit-trees begin to show; the blood is running up the grape-vines in streams; you can smell the wild-flowers on the near bank; and the birds are flying and glancing and singing everywhere. To the open kitchen-door comes the busy housewife to shake a white something, and stands a moment to look quite transfixed by the delightful sights and sounds. Hoeing in the garden on a bright, soft May day, when you are not obliged to, is nearly equal to the delight of going trouting.

Blessed be agriculture! if one does not have too much of it. All literature is fragrant with it, in a gentlemanly way. At the foot of the charming olive-covered hills of Tivoli, Horace (not he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of Chappaqua) had a sunny farm: it was in sight of Hadrian's villa, who did landscape-gardening on an extensive scale, and probably did not get half as much comfort out of it as Horace did from his more simply-tilled acres. We trust that Horace did a little hoeing and farming himself, and that his verse is not all fraudulent sentiment. In order to enjoy agriculture, you do not want too much of it, and you want to be poor enough to have a little inducement to work moderately yourself. Hoe while it is spring, and enjoy the best anticipations. It does not much matter if things do not turn out well.

FIRST WEEK

UNDER this modest title, I purpose to write a series of papers, some of which will be like many papers of garden-seeds, with nothing vital in them, on the subject of gardening; holding that no man has any right to keep valuable knowledge to himself, and hoping that those who come after me, except tax-gatherers and that sort of person, will find profit in the perusal of my experience. As my knowledge is constantly increasing, there is likely to be no end to these papers. They will pursue no orderly system of agriculture or horticulture, but range from topic to topic, according to the weather and the progress of the weeds, which may drive me from one corner of the garden to the other.

The principal value of a private garden is not understood. It is not to give the possessor vegetables and fruit (that can be better and cheaper done by the market-gardeners), but to teach him patience and philosophy, and the higher virtues,—hope deferred, and expectations blighted, leading directly to resignation, and sometimes to alienation. The garden thus becomes a moral agent, a test of character, as it was in the beginning. I shall keep this central truth in mind in these articles. I mean to have a moral garden, if it is not a productive one,—one that shall teach, O my brothers! O my sisters! the great lessons of life.

The first pleasant thing about a garden in this latitude is, that you never know when to set it going. If you want anything to come to maturity early, you must start it in a hot-house. If you put it out early, the chances are all in favour of getting it nipped with frost; for the thermometer will be 90 degrees one day, and go below 32 degrees the night of the day following. And, if you do not set out plants or sow seeds early, you fret continually; knowing that your vegetables will be late, and that, while Jones has early peas, you will be watching your slow-forming pods. This keeps you in a state of mind. When you have planted anything early, you are doubtful whether to desire to see it above ground, or not. If a hot day comes, you long to see the young plants; but, when a cold north wind brings frost, you tremble lest the seeds have burst their bands. Your spring is passed in anxious doubts and fears, which are usually realized; and so a great moral discipline is worked out for you.

Now, there is my corn, two or three inches high this 18th of May, and apparently having no fear of a frost. I was hoeing it this morning for the first time,—it is not well usually to hoe corn until about the 18th of May,—when Polly came out to look at the lima beans. She seemed to think the poles had come up beautifully. I thought they did look well: they are a fine set of poles, large and well grown, and stand straight. They were inexpensive, too. The cheapness came about from my cutting them on another man's land, and he did not know it. I have not examined this transaction in the moral light of gardening; but I know people in this country take great liberties at the polls. Polly noticed that the beans had not themselves come up in any proper sense, but that the dirt had got off from them, leaving them uncovered. She thought it would be well to sprinkle a slight layer of dirt over them; and I, indulgently, consented. It occurred to me, when she had gone, that beans always come up that way,—wrong end first; and that what they wanted was light, and not dirt.

Observation: Woman always did, from the first, make a muss in a garden.

I inherited with my garden a large patch of raspberries. Splendid berry, the raspberry, when the strawberry has gone. This patch has grown into such a defiant attitude, that you could not get within several feet of it. Its stalks were enormous in size, and cast out long, prickly arms in all directions; but the bushes were pretty much all dead. I have walked into them a good deal with a pruning-knife; but it is very much like fighting original sin. The variety is one that I can recommend. I think it is called Brinckley's Orange. It is exceedingly prolific, and has enormous stalks. The fruit is also said to be good; but that does not matter so much, as the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

plant does not often bear in this region. The stalks seem to be biennial institutions; and as they get about their growth one year, and bear the next year, and then die, and the winters here nearly always kill them, unless you take them into the house (which is inconvenient if you have a family of small children), it is very difficult to induce the plant to flower and fruit. This is the greatest objection there is to this sort of raspberry. I think of keeping these for discipline, and setting out some others, more hardy sorts, for fruit.

SECOND WEEK

NEXT to deciding when to start your garden, the most important matter is, what to put in it. It is difficult to decide what to order for dinner on a given day: how much more oppressive is it to order in a lump an endless vista of dinners, so to speak! For, unless your garden is a boundless prairie (and mine seems to me to be that when I hoe it on hot days), you must make a selection, from the great variety of vegetables, of those you will raise in it; and you feel rather bound to supply your own table from your own garden, and to eat only as you have sown.

I hold that no man has a right (whatever his sex, of course) to have a garden to his own selfish uses. He ought not to please himself, but every man to please his neighbour. I tried to have a garden that would give general moral satisfaction. It seemed to me that nobody could object to potatoes (a most useful vegetable); and I began to plant them freely. But there was a chorus of protest against them. "You don't want to take up your ground with potatoes," the neighbours said: "you can buy potatoes" (the very thing I wanted to avoid doing is buying things). "What you want is the perishable things that you cannot get fresh in the market."—"But what kind of perishable things?" A horticulturalist of eminence wanted me to sow lines of strawberries and raspberries right over where I had put my potatoes in drills. I had about five hundred strawberry-plants in another part of my garden; but this fruit-fanatic wanted me to turn my whole patch into vines and runners. I suppose I could raise strawberries enough for all my neighbours; and perhaps I ought to do it. I had a little space prepared for melons,—muskmelons,—which I showed to an experienced friend. "You are not going to waste your ground on muskmelons?" he asked. "They rarely ripen thoroughly in this climate before frost." He had tried for years without luck. I resolved not to go into such a foolish experiment. But, the next day, another neighbour happened in. "Ah! I see you are going to have melons. My family would rather give up anything else in the garden than muskmelons,—of the nutmeg variety. They are the most grateful things we have on the table." So there it was. There was no compromise: it was melons, or no melons, and somebody offended in any case. I half resolved to plant them a little late, so that they would, and they wouldn't. But I had the same difficulty about string-beans (which I detest), and squash (which I tolerate), and parsnips, and the whole round of green things.

I have pretty much come to the conclusion that you have got to put your foot down in gardening. If I had actually taken counsel of my friends, I should not have had a thing growing in the garden to-day but weeds. And besides, while you are waiting, Nature does not wait. Her mind is made up. She knows just what she will raise; and she has an infinite variety of early and late. The most humiliating thing to me about a garden is the lesson it teaches of the inferiority of man. Nature is prompt, decided, inexhaustible. She thrusts up her plants with a vigour and freedom that I admire; and, the more worthless the plant, the more rapid and splendid its growth. She is at it early and late, and all night; never tiring, nor showing the least sign of exhaustion.

"Eternal gardening is the price of liberty," is a motto that I should put over the gateway of my garden, if I had a gate. And yet it is not wholly true; for there is no liberty in gardening. The man who undertakes a garden is relentlessly pursued. He felicitates himself that, when he gets it once planted, he will have a season of rest and of enjoyment in the sprouting and growing of his seeds. It is a green anticipation. He has planted a seed that will keep him awake nights; drive rest from his bones, and sleep from his pillow. Hardly is the garden planted, when he must begin to hoe it. The weeds have sprung up all over it in a night. They shine and wave in redundant life. The docks have gone almost to seed; and their roots go deeper than conscience. Talk about the London Docks!—the roots of these are like the sources of the Aryan race. And the weeds are not all. I awake in the morning (and a thriving garden will

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

wake a person up two hours before he ought to be out of bed), and think of the tomato-plants,—the leaves like fine lace-work, owing to black bugs that skip around, and can't be caught. Somebody ought to get up before the dew is off, (why don't the dew stay on till after a reasonable breakfast?) and sprinkle soot on the leaves. I wonder if it is I. Soot is so much blacker than the bugs, that they are disgusted, and go away. You can't get up too early, if you have a garden. You must be early due yourself, if you get ahead of the bugs. I think that, on the whole, it would be best to sit up all night, and sleep daytimes. Things appear to go on in the night in the garden uncommonly. It would be less trouble to stay up than it is to get up so early.

I have been setting out some new raspberries, two sorts,—a silver and a gold colour. How fine they will look on the table next year in a cut-glass dish, the cream being in a ditto pitcher! I set them four and five feet apart. I set my strawberries pretty well apart also. The reason is, to give room for the cows to run through when they break into the garden,—as they do sometimes. A cow needs a broader track than a locomotive; and she generally makes one. I am sometimes astonished to see how big a space in a flower-bed her foot will cover. The raspberries are called Doolittle and Golden Cap. I don't like the name of the first variety, and, if they do much, shall change it to Silver Top. You never can tell what a thing named Doolittle will do. The one in the Senate changed colour, and got sour. They ripen badly,—either mildew, or rot on the bush. They are apt to Johnsonize,—rot on the stem. I shall watch the Doolittles.

THIRD WEEK

I BELIEVE that I have found, if not original sin, at least vegetable total depravity in my garden; and it was there before I went into it. It is the bunch, or joint, or snake-grass,—whatever it is called. As I do not know the names of all the weeds and plants, I have to do as Adam did in his garden,—name things as I find them. This grass has a slender, beautiful stalk: and when you cut it down, or pull up a long root of it, you fancy it is got rid of; but, in a day or two, it will come up in the same spot in half a dozen vigorous blades. Cutting down and pulling up is what it thrives on. Extermination rather helps it. If you follow a slender white root, it will be found to run under the ground until it meets another slender white root; and you will soon unearth a network of them, with a knot somewhere, sending out dozens of sharp-pointed, healthy shoots, every joint prepared to be an independent life and plant. The only way to deal with it is to take one part hoe and two parts fingers, and carefully dig it out, not leaving a joint anywhere. It will take a little time, say all summer, to dig out thoroughly a small patch; but if you once dig it out, and keep it out, you will have no further trouble.

I have said it was total depravity. Here it is. If you attempt to pull up and root out any sin in you, which shows on the surface,—if it does not show, you do not care for it,—you may have noticed how it runs into an interior network of sins, and an ever-sprouting branch of them roots somewhere; and that you cannot pull out one without making a general internal disturbance, and rooting up your whole being. I suppose it is less trouble to quietly cut them off at the top,—say once a week, on Sunday, when you put on your religious clothes and face,—so that no one will see them, and not try to eradicate the network within.

Remark.—This moral vegetable figure is at the service of any clergyman who will have the manliness to come forward and help me at a day's hoeing on my potatoes. None but the orthodox need apply.

I, however, believe in the intellectual, if not the moral, qualities of vegetables, and especially weeds. There was a worthless vine that (or who) started up about midway between a grape-trellis and a row of bean-poles, some three feet from each but a little nearer the trellis. When it came out of the ground, it looked around to see what it should do. The trellis was already occupied. The bean-pole was empty. There was evidently a little the best chance of light, air, and sole proprietorship on the pole. And the vine started for the pole, and began to climb it with determination. Here was as distinct an act of choice, of reason, as a boy exercises when he goes into a forest, and, looking about, decides which tree he will climb. And, besides, how did the vine know enough to travel in exactly the right direction, three feet, to find what it wanted? This is intellect. The weeds, on the other hand, have hateful moral qualities. To cut down a weed is, therefore, to do a moral action. I feel as if I were destroying sin. My hoe becomes

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

an instrument of retributive justice. I am an apostle of Nature. This view of the matter lends a dignity to the art of hoeing which nothing else does, and lifts it into the region of ethics. Hoeing becomes, not a pastime, but a duty. And you get to regard it so, as the days and the weeds lengthen.

Observation.—Nevertheless, what a man needs in gardening is a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it. The hoe is an ingenious instrument, calculated to call out a great deal of strength at a great disadvantage.

The striped bug has come, the saddest of the year. He is a moral double-ender, iron-clad at that. He is unpleasant in two ways. He burrows in the ground so that you cannot find him, and he flies away so that you cannot catch him. He is rather handsome, as bugs go, but utterly dastardly, in that he gnaws the stem of the plant close to the ground, and ruins it without any apparent advantage to himself. I find him on the hills of cucumbers (perhaps it will be a cholera-year, and we shall not want any), the squashes (small loss), and the melons (which never ripen). The best way to deal with the striped bug is to sit down by the hills, and patiently watch for him. If you are spry, you can annoy him. This, however, takes time. It takes all day and part of the night. For he flyeth in darkness, and wasteth at noon-day. If you get up before the dew is off the plants,—it goes off very early,—you can sprinkle soot on the plant (soot is my panacea: if I can get the disease of a plant reduced to the necessity of soot, I am all right); and soot is unpleasant to the bug. But the best thing to do is to set a toad to catch the bugs. The toad at once establishes the most intimate relations with the bug. It is a pleasure to see such unity among the lower animals. The difficulty is to make the toad stay, and watch the hill. If you know your toad, it is all right. If you do not, you must build a tight fence round the plants, which the toad cannot jump over. This, however, introduces a new element. I find that I have a zoölogical garden on my hands. It is an unexpected result of my little enterprise, which never aspired to the completeness of the Paris "Jardin des Plantes."

FOURTH WEEK

Orthodoxy is at a low ebb. Only two clergymen accepted my offer to come and help hoe my potatoes for the privilege of using my vegetable total-depravity figure about the snake-grass, or quack-grass as some call it; and those two did not bring hoes. There seems to be a lack of disposition to hoe among our educated clergy. I am bound to say that these two, however, sat and watched my vigorous combats with the weeds, and talked most beautifully about the application of the snake-grass figure. As, for instance, when a fault or sin showed on the surface of a man, whether, if you dug down, you would find that it ran back and into the original organic bunch of original sin within the man. The only other clergyman who came was from out of town,—a half Universalist, who said he wouldn't give twenty cents for my figure. He said that the snake-grass was not in my garden originally, that it sneaked in under the sod, and that it could be entirely rooted out with industry and patience. I asked the Universalist-inclined man to take my hoe and try it; but he said he hadn't time, and went away.

But, *jubilate*, I have got my garden all hoed the first time! I feel as if I had put down the rebellion. Only there are guerillas left here and there, about the borders and in corners, unsubdued,—Forrest docks, and Quantrell grass, and Beauregard pig-weeds. This first hoeing is a gigantic task: it is your first trial of strength with the never-sleeping forces of Nature. Several times, in its progress, I was tempted to do as Adam did, who abandoned his garden on account of the weeds. (How much my mind seems to run upon Adam, as if there had been only two really moral gardens,—Adam's and mine!) The only drawback to my rejoicing over the finishing of the first hoeing is, that the garden now wants hoeing the second time. I suppose, if my garden were planted in a perfect circle, and I started round it with a hoe, I should never see an opportunity to rest. The fact is, that gardening is the old fable of perpetual labour; and I, for one, can never forgive Adam Sisyphus, or whoever it was, who let in the roots of discord. I had pictured myself sitting at eve, with my family, in the shade of twilight, contemplating a garden hoed. Alas! it is a dream not to be realized in this world.

My mind has been turned to the subject of fruit and shade trees in a garden. There are those who say that trees shade the garden too much, and interfere with the growth of the vegetables. There may be something in this: but when I go down the potato rows, the rays of the sun glancing upon my shining blade, the sweat pouring

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

from my face, I should be grateful for shade. What is a garden for? The pleasure of man. I should take much more pleasure in a shady garden. Am I to be sacrificed, broiled, roasted, for the sake of the increased vigour of a few vegetables? The thing is perfectly absurd. If I were rich, I think I would have my garden covered with an awning, so that it would be comfortable to work in it. It might roll up and be removable, as the great awning of the Roman Coliseum was,—not like the Boston one, which went off in a high wind. Another very good way to do, and probably not so expensive as the awning, would be to have four persons of foreign birth carry a sort of canopy over you as you hoed. And there might be a person at each end of the row with some cool and refreshing drink. Agriculture is still in a very barbarous stage. I hope to live yet to see the day when I can do my gardening, as tragedy is done, to slow and soothing music, and attended by some of the comforts I have named. These things come so forcibly into my mind sometimes as I work, that perhaps, when a wandering breeze lifts my straw hat, or a bird lights on a near currant-bush, and shakes out a full-throated summer song, I almost expect to find the cooling drink and the hospitable entertainment at the end of the row. But I never do. There is nothing to be done but to turn round, and hoe back to the other end.

Speaking of those yellow squash-bugs, I think I disheartened them by covering the plants so deep with soot and wood-ashes that they could not find them; and I am in doubt if I shall ever see the plants again. But I have heard of another defense against the bugs. Put a fine wire-screen over each hill, which will keep out the bugs and admit the rain. I should say that these screens would not cost much more than the melons you would be likely to get from the vines if you bought them; but then think of the moral satisfaction of watching the bugs hovering over the screen, seeing, but unable to reach the tender plants within. That is worth paying for.

I left my own garden yesterday, and went over to where Polly was getting the weeds out of one of her flower-beds. She was working away at the bed with a little hoe. Whether women ought to have the ballot or not (and I have a decided opinion on that point, which I should here plainly give did I not fear that it would injure my agricultural influence), I am compelled to say that this was rather helpless hoeing. It was patient, conscientious, even pathetic hoeing; but it was neither effective nor finished. When completed, the bed looked somewhat as if a hen had scratched it: there was that touching unevenness about it. I think no one could look at it and not be affected. To be sure, Polly smoothed it off with a rake, and asked me if it wasn't nice; and I said it was. It was not a favourable time for me to explain the difference between puttering hoeing, and the broad, free sweep of the instrument, which kills the weeds, spares the plants, and loosens the soil without leaving it in holes and hills. But, after all, as life is constituted, I think more of Polly's honest and anxious care of her plants than of the most finished gardening in the world.

FIFTH WEEK

I LEFT my garden for a week, just at the close of the dry spell. A season of rain immediately set in, and when I returned the transformation was wonderful. In one week, every vegetable had fairly jumped forward. The tomatoes which I left slender plants, eaten of bugs and debating whether they would go backward or forward, had become stout and lusty, with thick stems and dark leaves, and some of them had blossomed. The corn waved like that which grows so rank out of the French-English mixture at Waterloo. The squashes —I will not speak of the squashes. The most remarkable growth was the asparagus. There was not a spear above ground when I went away; and now it had sprung up, and gone to seed, and there were stalks higher than my head. I am entirely aware of the value of words, and of moral obligations. When I say that the asparagus had grown six feet in seven days, I expect and wish to be believed. I am a little particular about the statement; for, if there is any prize offered for asparagus at the next agricultural fair, I wish to compete,—speed to govern. What I claim is the fastest asparagus. As for eating purposes, I have seen better. A neighbour of mine, who looked in at the growth of the bed, said, "Well, he'd be——"; but I told him there was no use of affirming now; he might keep his oath till I wanted it on the asparagus affidavit. In order to have this sort of asparagus, you want to manure heavily in the early spring, fork it in, and top-dress (that sounds technical) with a thick layer of chloride of sodium: if you cannot get that, common salt will do, and the neighbours will never notice

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

whether it is the orthodox Na. Cl. 58.5, or not.

I scarcely dare trust myself to speak of the weeds. They grow as if the devil was in them. I know a lady, a member of the church, and a very good sort of woman, considering the subject condition of that class, who says that the weeds work on her to that extent, that, in going through her garden, she has the greatest difficulty in keeping the ten commandments in anything like an unfractured condition. I asked her which one? but she said, all of them: one felt like breaking the whole lot. The sort of weed which I most hate (if I can be said to hate anything which grows in my own garden) is the "pusley," a fat, ground-clinging, spreading, greasy thing, and the most propagatious (it is not my fault if the word is not in the dictionary) plant I know. I saw a Chinaman, who came over with a returned missionary, and pretended to be converted, boil a lot of it in a pot, stir in eggs, and mix and eat it with relish,—"Me likee he." It will be a good thing to keep the Chinamen on when they come to do our gardening. I only fear they will cultivate it at the expense of the strawberries and melons. Who can say that other weeds, which we despise, may not be the favourite food of some remote people or tribe? We ought to abate our conceit. It is possible that we destroy in our gardens that which is really of most value in some other place. Perhaps, in like manner, our faults and vices are virtues in some remote planet. I cannot see, however, that this thought is of the slightest value to us here, any more than weeds are.

There is another subject which is forced upon my notice. I like neighbours, and I like chickens; but I do not think they ought to be united near a garden. Neighbours' hens in your garden are an annoyance. Even if they did not scratch up the corn, and peck the strawberries, and eat the tomatoes, it is not pleasant to see them straddling about in their jerky, high-stepping, speculative manner, pecking inquisitively here and there. It is of no use to tell the neighbour that his hens eat your tomatoes: it makes no impression on him, for the tomatoes are not his. The best way is to casually remark to him that he has a fine lot of chickens, pretty well grown, and that you like spring chickens broiled. He will take them away at once. The neighbours' small children are also out of place in your garden, in strawberry and currant time. I hope I appreciate the value of children. We should soon come to nothing without them, though the Shakers have the best gardens in the world. Without them the common school would languish. But the problem is, what to do with them in a garden. For they are not good to eat, and there is a law against making away with them. The law is not very well enforced, it is true; for people do thin them out with constant dosing, paregoric, and soothing-sirups, and scanty clothing. But I, for one, feel that it would not be right, aside from the law, to take the life, even of the smallest child, for the sake of a little fruit, more or less, in the garden. I may be wrong; but these are my sentiments, and I am not ashamed of them. When we come, as Bryant says in his "Iliad," to leave the circus of this life, and join that innumerable caravan which moves, it will be some satisfaction to us, that we have never, in the way of gardening, disposed of even the humblest child unnecessarily. My plan would be to put them into Sunday schools more thoroughly, and to give the Sunday schools an agricultural turn; teaching the children the sacredness of neighbours' vegetables. I think that our Sunday schools do not sufficiently impress upon children the danger, from snakes and otherwise, of going into the neighbours' gardens.

SIXTH WEEK

Somebody has sent me a new sort of hoe with the wish that I should speak favourably of it, if I can consistently. I willingly do so, but with the understanding that I am to be at liberty to speak just as courteously of any other hoe which I may receive. If I understand religious morals, this is the position of the religious press with regard to bitters and wringing-machines. In some cases, the responsibility of such a recommendation is shifted upon the wife of the editor or clergyman. Polly says she is entirely willing to make a certificate, accompanied with an affidavit, with regard to this hoe; but her habit of sitting about the garden-walk, on an inverted flower-pot, while I hoe, somewhat destroys the practical value of her testimony.

As to this hoe, I do not mind saying that it has changed my view of the desirableness and value of human life. It has, in fact, made life a holiday to me. It is made on the principle that man is an upright, sensible, reasonable being, and not a grovelling wretch. It does away with the neces-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

sity of the hinge in the back. The handle is seven and a half feet long. There are two narrow blades, sharp on both edges, which come together at an obtuse angle in front; and as you walk along with this hoe before you, pushing and pulling with a gentle motion, the weeds fall at every thrust and withdrawal, and the slaughter is immediate and wide-spread. When I got this hoe, I was troubled with sleepless mornings, pains in the back, kleptomania with regard to new weeders; when I went into my garden, I was always sure to see something. In this disordered state of mind and body, I got this hoe. The morning after a day of using it, I slept perfectly and late. I regained my respect for the eighth commandment. After two doses of the hoe in the garden, the weeds entirely disappeared. Trying it a third morning, I was obliged to throw it over the fence in order to save from destruction the green things that ought to grow in the garden. Of course, this is figurative language. What I mean is, that the fascination of using this hoe is such, that you are sorely tempted to employ it upon your vegetables, after the weeds are laid low, and must hastily withdraw it, to avoid unpleasant results. I make this explanation, because I intend to put nothing into these agricultural papers that will not bear the strictest scientific investigation; nothing that the youngest child cannot understand and cry for; nothing that the oldest and wisest men will not need to study with care.

I need not add, that the care of a garden with this hoe becomes the merest pastime. I would not be without one for a single night. The only danger is, that you may rather make an idol of the hoe, and somewhat neglect your garden in explaining it, and fooling about with it. I almost think that, with one of these in the hands of an ordinary day labourer, you might see at night where he had been working.

Let us have peas. I have been a zealous advocate of the birds. I have rejoiced in their multiplication. I have endured their concerts at four o'clock in the morning without a murmur. Let them come, I said, and eat the worms, in order that we, later, may enjoy the foliage and the fruits of the earth. We have a cat, a magnificent animal, of the sex which votes (but not a pole-cat),—so large and powerful, that, if he were in the army, he would be called Long Tom. He is a cat of fine disposition, the most irreproachable morals I ever saw thrown away in a cat, and a splendid hunter. He spends his nights, not in social dissipation, but in gathering in rats, mice, flying-squirrels, and also birds. When he first brought me a bird, I told him that it was wrong, and tried to convince him, while he was eating it, that he was doing wrong; for he is a reasonable cat, and understands pretty much every thing except the binomial theorem and the time down the cycloidal arc. But with no effect. The killing of birds went on to my great regret and shame.

The other day, I went to my garden to get a mess of peas. I had seen, the day before, that they were just ready to pick. How I had lined the ground, planted, hoed, bushed them! The bushes were very fine,—seven feet high, and of good wood. How I had delighted in the growing, the blowing, the podding! What a touching thought it was that they had all podded for me! When I went to pick them, I found the pods all split open, and the peas gone. The dear little birds, who are so fond of the strawberries, had eaten them all. Perhaps there were left as many as I planted: I did not count them. I made a rapid estimate of the cost of the seed, the interest of the ground, the price of labour, the value of the bushes, the anxiety of weeks of watchfulness. I looked about me on the face of Nature. The wind blew from the south so soft and treacherous! A thrush sang in the woods so deceitfully! All Nature seemed fair. But who was to give me back my peas? The fowls of the air have peas; but what has man?

I went into the house. I called Calvin. (That is the name of our cat, given him on account of his gravity, morality, and uprightness. We never familiarly call him John.) I petted Calvin. I lavished upon him an enthusiastic fondness. I told him that he had no fault; that the one action that I had called a vice was an heroic exhibition of regard for my interests. I bade him go and do likewise continually. I now saw how much better instinct is than mere unguided reason. Calvin knew. If he had put his opinion into English (instead of his native catalogue), it would have been: "You need not teach your grandmother to suck eggs." It was only the round of Nature. The worms eat a noxious something in the ground. The birds eat the worms. Calvin eats the birds. We eat—no, we do not eat Calvin. There the chain stops. When you ascend the scale of being, and come to an animal that is, like ourselves, inedible, you have arrived at a result where

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

you can rest. Let us respect the cat. He completes an edible chain.

I have little heart to discuss methods of raising peas. It occurs to me that I can have an iron pea-bush, a sort of trellis, through which I could discharge electricity at frequent intervals, and electrify the birds to death when they alight; for they stand upon my beautiful brush in order to pick out the peas. An apparatus of this kind, with an operator, would cost, however, about as much as the peas. A neighbour suggests that I might put up a scarecrow near the vines, which would keep the birds away. I am doubtful about it: the birds are too much accustomed to seeing a person in poor clothes in the garden to care much for that. Another neighbour suggests that the birds do not open the pods; that a sort of blast, apt to come after rain, splits the pods, and the birds then eat the peas. It may be so. There seems to be complete unity of action between the blast and the birds. But good neighbours, kind friends, I desire that you will not increase, by talk, a disappointment which you cannot assuage.

(*To be continued*)

Bridget Brady

A Love Song

By WILLIAM BOYLE

OH, Bridget Brady's beautiful; her cheeks are like the rose;
In ringlets rare her raven hair adown her shoulders flows;
The light that lies within her eyes the heavens might emulate—
I'm very fond of Bridget, but I think I'll marry Kate.

Oh, Bridget, wise and beautiful, has wealth in plenteous store,
And fortune fine in calves and kine, and lovers, half-a score;
Her faintest smile would saints beguile or sinners captivate—
Oh, I think a dale of Bridget, but I'll surely marry Kate.

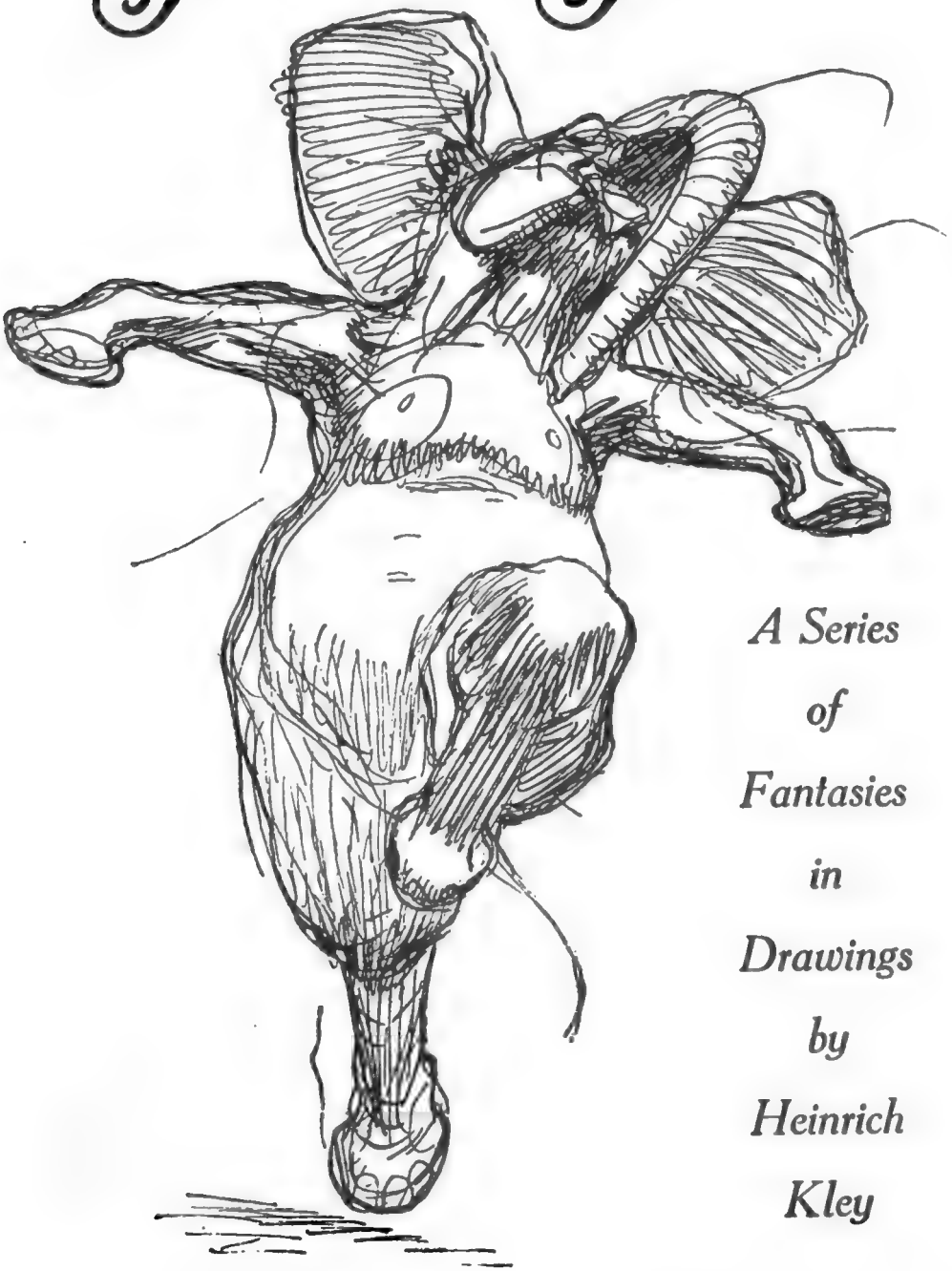
When Bridget takes her walks abroad the air is filled with song,
And round, to greet her dancing feet, the bright young daisies throng.
The rose and thyme their sweets combine her breath to imitate;
But they can't compare with Bridget, yet I'm going to marry Kate.

Oh, Bridget loves me dearly with a love beyond compare,
And when we meet, her eyes entreat that I her love may share;
And as I gaze, with soul ablaze, I can't exaggerate
The love I bear for Bridget, though I'm vowed to marry Kate.

Now to let you know the raison why I can not have my way,
Nor bid my heart decide the part the lover must obey—
The calves and kine of Kate are nine, while Bridget owns but eight,
So, with all my love for Bridget, I'm compelled to marry Kate.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Summer Sports



A Series of Fantasies in Drawings by Heinrich Kley

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BATHING HOUR

EASTER EGGS

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A SNAIL RACE

"WOULD THAT I WERE A BIRD!"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

AT THE SUMMER BOARDING HOUSE

BATHING TRUNKS

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

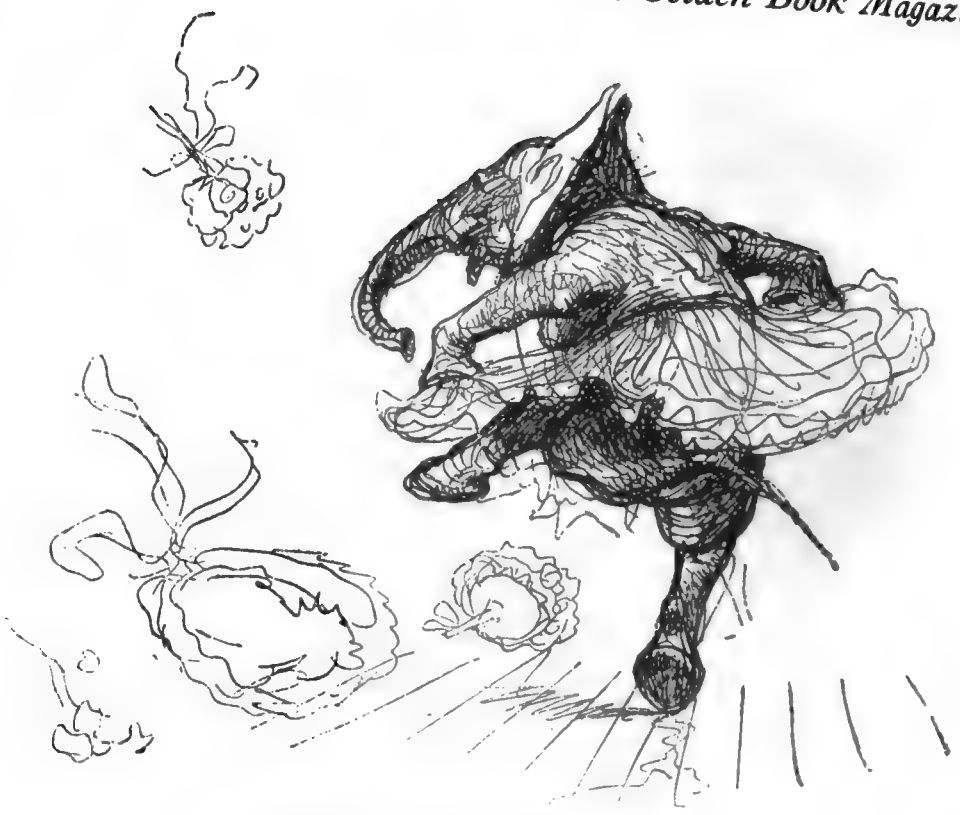
ADAGIO SOSTENUTO

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE SURF

BEACH PLEASANTRIES

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



THE AMATEUR BALLERINA

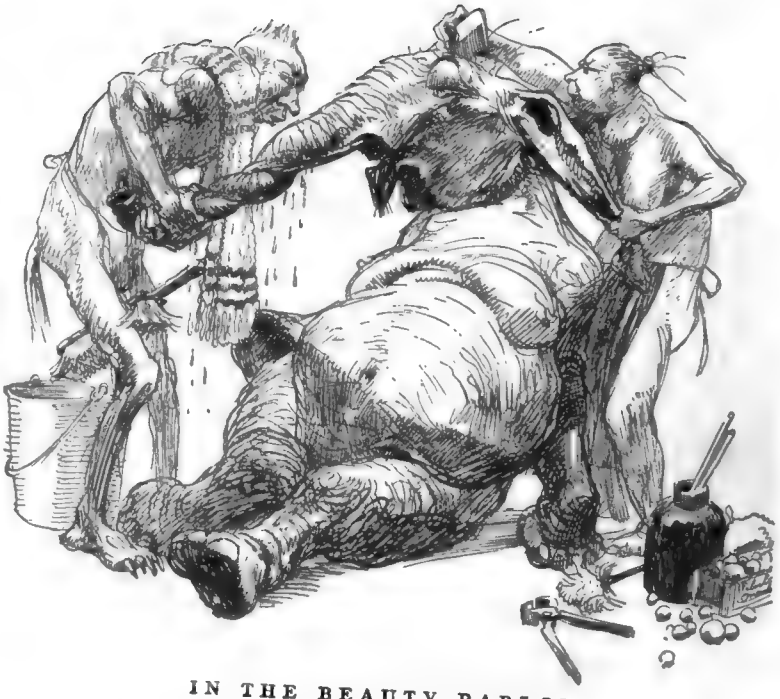
THE HIKERS REST FOR REFRESHMENTS

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ROMANCE

BLACK BOTTOM

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



IN THE BEAUTY PARLOR

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A Seaside Drama

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC

De Balzac

THE young for the most part delight to measure the future with a pair of compasses of their own; when the strength of the will equals the boldness of the angle that they thus project, the whole world is theirs.

This phenomenon of mental existence takes place, however, only at a certain age, and that age, without exception, lies in the years between twenty-two and eight-and-twenty. It is an age of first conceptions, because it is an age of vast longings, an age which is doubtful of nothing; doubt at that time is a confession of weakness; it passes as swiftly as the sowing time, and is followed by the age of execution. There are in some sort two periods of youth in every life—the youth of confident hopes, and the youth of action; sometimes in those whom Nature has favoured, the two ages coincide, and then we have a Cæsar, a Newton, or a Bonaparte—the greatest among great men.

I was measuring the space of time that a single thought needs for its development, and (compass in hand) stood on a crag a hundred fathoms above the sea, surveying my future, and filling it with great works, like an engineer who should survey an empty land, and cover it with fortresses and palaces. The sea was calm, the waves toyed with the reefs of rock. I had just dressed after a swim, and was waiting for Pauline, my guardian angel, who was bathing in a granite basin floored with fine sand, the daintiest bathing place of Nature's fashioning for the sea fairies.

We were at the utmost extremity of Croisic Point, a tiny peninsula in Brittany; we were far from the haven itself, and in a part of the coast so inaccessible that the inland revenue department ignore it, and a coastguard scarcely ever passed that way. Ah! to dip in the winds of space, after a plunge in the sea! Who would not have launched forth into the future? Why did I think? Why does a trouble invade us?—Who knows? Ideas drift across heart and brain by no will of yours. No courtesan is more capricious, more imperious, than an artist's inspiration; you must seize her like Fortune, and grasp her by the hair—when she comes. Borne aloft by my thought, like Astolpho upon his hippogriff, I rode across my world, and arranged it all to my liking. Then when I was fain to find some augury in the things about me for these daring castles that a wild imagination bade me build, I heard a sweet cry above the murmur of the restless sea-fringe that marks the ebb and flow of the tide upon the shore, the sound of a woman's voice calling to me through the loneliness and silence, the glad cry of a woman fresh from the sea. It was as if a soul leapt forth in that cry, and it seemed to me as if I had seen the footprints of an angel on the bare rocks, an angel with outspread wings, who cried, "You will succeed!" I came down, radiant and light of foot, by bounds, like a pebble flung down some steep slope. "What is it?" she asked as soon as she saw me, and I did not answer; my eyes were full of tears.

Yesterday Pauline had felt my sorrow, as to-day she felt my joy, with the magical responsiveness of a harp that is sensitive to every change in the atmosphere. Life has exquisite moments. We went in silence along the beach. The sky was cloudless; there was not a ripple on the sea; others might have seen nothing there but two vast blue steppes above and below; but as for us, who had no need of words to understand each other, who could conjure up illusions to feast the eyes of youth and fill the space between the zones of sea and sky—those swaddling bands of the Infinite—we pressed each other's hands at the slightest change that passed over the fields of water or the fields of air, for in those fleeting signs we

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

read the interpretation of our double thought. Who has not known, in the midst of pleasure, the moment of infinite joy when the soul slips its fetters of flesh, as it were, and returns to the world whence it came? And pleasure is not our only guide to those regions; are there not hours when feeling and thought intertwine with thought and feeling, and fare forth together as two children who take each other by the hand and run, without knowing why? We went thus.

The roofs of the town had come to be a faint gray line on the horizon by the time that we came upon a poor fisherman on his way back to Croisic. He was barefooted; his trousers, of linen cloth, were botched, and tattered, and fringed with rags; he wore a shirt of sailcloth, and a mere rag of a jacket. This wretchedness jarred upon us, as if it had been a discordant note in the midst of our harmony. We both looked at each other, regretting that we had not Abdul Kasim's treasury to draw upon at that moment. The fisherman was swinging a splendid lobster and an adder-pike on a string in his right hand, while in the left he carried his fishing tackle. We called to him, with a view to buying his fish. The same idea that occurred to us both found expression in a smile, to which I replied by a light pressure of the arm that lay in mine as I drew it closer to my heart.

It was one of those nothings that memory afterward weaves into poems, when by the fireside our thoughts turn to the hour when that nothing so moved us, and the place rises before us seen through a mirage which as yet has not been investigated, a magical illusion that often invests material things about us during those moments when life flows swiftly and our hearts are full. The most beautiful places are only what we make them.

What man is there, with something of a poet in him, who does not find that some fragment of rock holds a larger place in his memories than famous views in many lands which he has made costly journeyings to see? Beside that rock what thoughts surged through him! There he lived through a whole life; there fears were dissipated, and gleams of hope shone into the depths of his soul. At that moment the sun, as if sympathizing with those thoughts of love or of the future, cast a glow of light and warmth over the tawny sides of the rock; his eyes were drawn to a mountain flower here and there on its sides and the crannies and rifts grew larger in the silence and peace; the mass, so dark in reality, took the hue of his dreams; and then how beautiful it was with its scanty plant life, its pungent-scented camomile flowers, its velvet fronds of maidenhair fern! How splendidly decked for a prolonged festival of human powers exultant in their strength! Once already the Lake of Bienne, seen from the island of Saint-Pierre, had so spoken to me; perhaps the rock at Croisic will be the last of these joys. But, then, what will become of Pauline?

"You have had a fine catch this morning, good man," I said to the fisherman.

"Yes, sir," he answered, coming to a stand; and we saw his face, swarthy with exposure to the sun's rays that beat down on the surface of the sea. The expression of his face told of the patient resignation and the simple manners of fisher folk. There was no roughness in the man's voice; he had a kindly mouth, and there was an indefinable something about him—ambitionless, starved, and stunted. We should have been disappointed if he had looked otherwise.

"Where will you sell the fish?"

"In the town."

"What will they give you for the lobster?"

"Fifteen sous."

"And for the adder-pike?"

"Twenty sous."

"Why does it cost so much more than the lobster?"

"Oh! the adder-pike" (he called it an *etter*-pike) "is much more delicate, sir! And then they are as spiteful as monkeys, and very hard to catch."

"Will you let us have them both for five francs?" asked Pauline. The man stood stock-still with astonishment.

"You shall not have them!" I cried, laughing. "I bid ten francs for them. Emotions should be paid for at a proper rate."

"Quite right," returned she; "but I mean to have them. I bid ten francs two sous for them."

"Ten sous."

"Twelve francs."

"Fifteen francs."

"Fifteen francs fifty centimes," said she.

"A hundred francs."

"A hundred and fifty."

I bowed. We were not rich enough just then to bid against each other any longer. Our poor fisherman was mystified, not knowing whether to be annoyed or to give himself up to joy; but we helped him out of his difficulty by telling him where we lodged,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and bidding him take the lobster and the adder-pike to our landlady.

"Is that how you make a living?" I asked, wondering how he came to be so poor.

"It is about all I can do, and it is a very hard life," he said. "Shore fishing is a chancey trade when you have neither boat nor nets and must do it with hooks and tackle. You have to wait for the tide, you see, for the fish or the shell-fish, while those who do things on a large scale put out to sea. It is so hard to make a living at it, that I am the only shore fisher in these parts. For whole days together I get nothing at all. For if you are to catch anything, an adder-pike must fall asleep and get left by the tide, like this one here, or a lobster must be fool enough to stick to the rocks. Sometimes some bass come up with a high tide, and then I get hold of them."

"And, after all, taking one thing with another, what do you make each day?"

"Eleven or twelve sous. I could get on if I had no one but myself, but I have my father to keep, and the old man can't help me; he is blind."

The words came from him quite simply; Pauline and I looked at each other in silence.

"Have you a wife or a sweetheart?"

He glanced at us with one of the most piteous expressions that I have ever seen on a human face, and answered, "If I had a wife, I should have to turn my old father adrift; I could not keep him and keep a wife and children too."

"But, my good fellow, why don't you try to earn more by carrying salt in the haven, or by working in the salt pits?"

"Ah! sir, I could not stand the work for three months. I am not strong enough, and if anything happened to me my father would have to beg. The only sort of work for me is something that wants a little skill and a lot of patience."

"But how can two people live on twelve sous a day?"

"Oh, sir, we live on buckwheat bannocks and the barnacles I break off the rocks."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Have you always stopped here?"

"I once went to Guérande to be drawn for the army, and once to Savenay to be examined by some gentlemen who measured me. If I had been an inch taller, they would have made me into a soldier. The first long march would have put an end to me, and my poor father would have been begging his bread this day."

I have imagined many tragedies, and Pauline, who passes her life by the side of a man who suffers as I do, is used to strong emotion, yet neither of us had ever heard words so touching as these of the fisherman. We walked on for several steps in silence, fathoming the dumb depths of this stranger's life, admiring the nobleness of a sacrifice made unconsciously; the strength of his weakness made us marvel, his reckless generosity humbled us. A vision of the life of this poor creature rose before me, a life of pure instinct, a being chained to his rock like a convict fettered to a cannon-ball, seeking for shell-fish to gain a livelihood, and upheld in that long patience of twenty years by a single feeling! How many hopes disappointed by a squall, or a change in the weather! And while he was hanging over the edge of a block of granite with arms outstretched like a Hindoo fakir, his old father, crouching on his stool in the dark, silent hut, was waiting for the coarsest of the shell-fish, and bread if the sea should please.

"Do you drink wine now and then?" I asked.

"Three or four times a year."

"Very well, you shall drink wine to-day, you and your father; and we will send you a white loaf."

"You are very kind, sir."

"We will give you the wherewithal for dinner, if you care to show us the way along the shore to Batz, where we shall see the tower that gives you a view of the harbour and the shore between Batz and Croisic."

"With pleasure," said he. "Go straight on, follow the road you are in; I will overtake you again when I have got rid of my tackle."

We both made the same sign of assent, and he rushed off toward the town in great spirits. We were still as we had been before, but the meeting had dimmed our joyousness.

"Poor man!" Pauline exclaimed, in the tone that takes from a woman's compassion any trace of the something that wounds us in pity; "it makes one ashamed to feel happy when he is so miserable, doesn't it?"

"There is nothing more bitter than helpless wishing," I answered. "The two poor creatures, this father and son, could no more understand how keen our sympathy has been than the world could understand the beauty in that life of theirs, for they are laying up treasures in heaven."

"Poor country!" she said, pointing out to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

me the heaps of cow dung spread along a field under a wall of unhewn stones. "I asked why they did that, and a peasant woman who was spreading it said that she was 'making firewood.' Just imagine, dear, that when the cow dung is dry, the poor people heap it up and light fires with it. During the winter they sell it, like blocks of bark fuel. And, finally, how much do you think the best-paid seamstresses earn?—Five sous a day and their board," she went on after a pause.

"Look," I said; "the sea-winds blight or uproot everything; there are no trees. Those who can afford it burn the driftwood and broken-up boats; it costs too much, I expect, to bring firewood from other parts of Brittany where there is so much timber. It is a country without beauty, save for great souls, and those who have no hearts could not live here—it is a land for poets and barnacles, and nothing between. It was only when the salt warehouses were built on the cliff that people came to live here. There is nothing here but the sand, the sea beyond it, and above us—space."

We had already passed the town, and were crossing the waste between Croisic and the market town of Batz. Imagine two leagues of waste covered with gleaming sand. Here and there a few rocks raised their heads; you might almost think that extinct monsters were crouching among the dunes. The waves broke over the low ridges along the margin of the sea, till they looked like large white roses floating on the surface of the water and drifted up upon the beach. I looked across this savanna that lay between the ocean on the right and the great lagoon on the left, made by the encroaching sea between Croisic and the sandy heights of Guérande, with the barren salt marshes at their feet; then I looked at Pauline, and asked if she felt able to walk across the sands in the burning sun.

"I have laced boots on; let us go over there," she said, looking toward the Tower of Batz, which caught the eye by its great mass, erected there like a pyramid in the desert, a slender spindle-shaped pyramid, however, a pyramid so picturesquely ornate that one could imagine it to be an outlying sentinel ruin of some great Eastern town laid desolate.

We went a few paces further to reach a fragment of rock to sit in the shade that it still cast, but it was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the shadows which crept closer and closer to our feet swiftly disappeared altogether.

"How beautiful the silence is," she said: "and how the murmur of the sea beating steadily against the beach deepens it!"

"If you surrender your mind to the three immensities around us—the air, the sea, and the sands," I answered, "and heed nothing but the monotonous sound of the ebb and flow, you would find its speech intolerable, for you would think that it bore the burden of a thought that would overwhelm you. Yesterday, at sunset, I felt that sensation; it crushed me."

"Oh yes, let us talk," she said after a long pause. "No speaker is more terrible. I imagine that I am discovering the causes of the harmonies about us," she went on. "This landscape that has but three contrasting colours—the gleaming yellow of the sand, the blue heaven, and the changeless green of the sea—is great without anything savage in its grandeur, vast but not desolate, monotonous but not dreary: it is made up of three elements; it has variety."

"Women alone can render their impressions like that," I said; "you would be the despair of a poet, dear soul that I have read so well."

"These three expressions of the Infinite glow, like a burning flame in the noonday heat," Pauline said, laughing. "Here I can imagine the poetry and passions of the East."

"And I, a vision of Despair."

"Yes," she said; "the dune is a sublime cloister."

We heard our guide hurrying after us; he wore his holiday clothes. We asked him a few insignificant questions; he thought he saw that our mood had changed, and, with the self-repression that misfortune teaches, he was silent; and we also—though from time to time each pressed the hand of the other to communicate thoughts and impressions—walked for half an hour in silence, either because the shimmering heat above the sands lay heavily upon us, or because the difficulty of walking absorbed our attention. We walked hand in hand like two children; we should not have gone a dozen paces if we had walked arm in arm.

The way that led to Batz was little more than a track; the first high wind effaced the ruts or the dints left by horses' hoofs; but the experienced eyes of our guide discerned traces of cattle and sheep dung on this way, which sometimes wound toward the sea, sometimes toward the land, to avoid the cliffs on the one hand and the rocks on the other. It was noon, and we were only half way.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"We will rest there," I said, pointing to a headland where the rocks rose high enough to make it probable that we might find a cave among them. The fisherman, following the direction of my finger, jerked his head.

"There is someone there! Any one coming from market at Batz to Croisic, or from Croisic to Batz, always goes around some way so as not to pass near the place."

He spoke in a low voice that suggested a mystery.

"Then is there a robber there, a murderer?"

Our guide's only answer was a deep breath that left us twice as curious as before. "If we go past, will any harm come to us?"

"Oh no!"

"Will you go with us?"

"No, sir!"

"Then we shall go, if you will assure us that there is no danger for us."

"I do not say that," the fisherman answered quickly. "I only say that the one who is there will say nothing to you, and will do you no harm. Oh, good Heavens! he will not so much as stir from his place."

"Then who is it?"

"A man!"

Never were two syllables uttered in such a tragic fashion.

At that moment we were some twenty paces away from the ridge about which the sea was lapping. Our guide took the way that avoided the rocks, and we held straight on for them, but Pauline took my arm. Our guide quickened his pace so as to reach the spot where the two ways met again at the same time as ourselves. He thought, no doubt, that when we had seen "the man," we should hurry from the place. This kindled our curiosity; it became so strong that our hearts beat fast, as if a feeling of terror possessed us both. In spite of the heat of the day and a certain weariness after our walk over the sands, our souls were steeped in the ineffable languid calm of an ecstasy that possessed us both, brimming with pure joy, that can only be compared with the delight of hearing exquisite music —music like the *Andiamo mio ben* of Mozart. When two souls are blended in one pure thought, are they not like two sweet voices singing together? Before you can appreciate the emotion that thrilled us both, you must likewise share in the half-voluptuous mood in which the morning's experiences had steeped us.

If you had watched for a while some daintily coloured wood-dove on a swaying branch, above a spring, you would utter a cry of distress if you saw a hawk pounce down, bury claws of steel in its heart, and bear it away at the murderous speed with which powder wings a bullet. We had scarcely set foot in the space before the cavern, a sort of esplanade some hundred feet above the sea, protected from the surge by the steep rocks that sloped to the water's edge, when we were conscious of an electric thrill, something like the shock of a sudden awakening, by some noise in a silent night. Both of us had seen a man sitting there on a block of granite, and he had looked at us.

That glance, from two bloodshot eyes, was like the flash of fire from a cannon, and his stoical immobility could only be compared to the changeless aspect of the granite slabs that lay about him. Slowly his eyes turned toward us; his body as rigid and motionless as if he had been turned to stone; then after that glance, that made such a powerful impression upon our minds, his eyes turned to gaze steadily over the vast stretch of sea, in spite of the glare reflected from it, as the eagle, it is said, gazes at the sun without lowering his eyelids, nor did he look up again from the waves.

Try to call up before you some gnarled oak stump, with all its branches lately lopped away, rearing its head, like a strange apparition, by the side of a lonely road, and you will have a clear idea of this man that we saw. The form of an age-worn Hercules, the face of Olympian Jove bearing marks of the ravages of time, of a life of rough toil upon the sea, of sorrow within, of coarse food, and darkened as if blasted by lightning. I saw the muscles, like a framework of iron, standing out upon his hard shaggy hands, and all things else about him indicated a vigorous constitution. In a corner of the cavern I noticed a fairly large heap of moss, and on a rough slab of granite, that did duty as a table, a piece of a round loaf lay over the mouth of a stone water pitcher.

Never among my visions of the life led in the desert by early Christian anchorites had I pictured a face more awe-inspiring, more grand and terrible in repentance than this. And even in the experience of the confessional, never, perhaps, has been seen a penitence so grand; for this remorse seemed to be drowned in a sea of prayers, of prayers that flowed forever from a dumb despair. This fisherman, this rough Breton sailor, was sublime through a thought hidden within him. Had those eyes shed tears? Had the hard of that rough-hewn statue

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ever struck a blow? A fierce honesty was stamped upon a rugged forehead where force of character had still left some traces of the gentleness that is the prerogative of all true strength. Was that brow, so scored and furrowed with wrinkles, compatible with a great heart? How came this man to abide with the granite? How had the granite entered into him? Where did the granite end and the man begin? A whole crowd of thoughts passed through our minds; and, as our guide had expected, we went by quickly and in silence. When he saw us again, we were either perturbed with a sense of dread, or overcome by the strangeness of this thing, but he did not remind us that his prediction had come true.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"What is the man?"

"They call him the 'man under a vow'."

You can readily imagine how we both turned to our fisherman at these words. He was a simple-minded fellow; he understood our mute inquiry; and this is the story which I have tried to tell, as far as possible, in the homely language in which he told it.

"The Croisic folk and the people at Batz think that he has been guilty of something, madame, and that he is doing a penance laid upon him by a famous *recteur*, to whom he went to confess, beyond Nantes. There are some who think that Cambremer (that is his name) is unlucky, and that it brings bad luck to pass through the air he breathes, so a good many of them before going round the rocks will stop to see which way the wind blows. If it blows from the nor'-west," he said, pointing in that direction with his finger, "they would not go on if they had set out to seek a bit of the True Cross; they turn back again; they are afraid. Other folk, rich people in Croisic, say that Cambremer once made a vow, and that is why he is called 'the man under a vow.' He never leaves the place; he is there night and day.

"There is some show of reason for these tales," he added, turning round to point out to us something that had escaped our notice. "You see that wooden cross that he has set up there on the left; that is to show that he has put himself under the protection of God and the Holy Virgin and the Saints. He would not be respected as he is, if it were not that the terror people have of him makes him as safe as if he had a guard of soldiers.

"He has not said a word since he went into prison in the open air. He lives on bread and water that his brother's little girl brings him every morning, a little slip of a thing twelve years old; he has left all he has to her, and a pretty child she is, as gentle as a lamb, and full of fun, a dear little pet. She has blue eyes as long as *that*," he went on, holding out his thumb, "and hair like a cherub's. When you begin—'I say, Pérotte'—(that is what we say for *Pierrette*," he said, interrupting himself; "Saint Pierre is her patron saint, Cambremer's name is Pierre, and he was her godfather)—'I say, Pérotte, what does your uncle say to you?' —'He says nothing,' says she, 'nothing whatever, nothing at all.'—'Well, then, what does he do when you go?'—'He kisses me on the forehead of a Sunday.'—'Aren't you afraid of him?'—'Not a bit,' says she, 'he is my godfather.'—He will not have any one else bring his food. Pérotte says that he smiles when she comes; but you might as well say that the sun shone in a fog, for he is as gloomy as a sea mist, they say."

"But you are exciting our curiosity without satisfying it," I broke in. "Do you know what brought him there? Was it trouble, or remorse, or crime, or is he mad, or what?"

"Eh! sir, there is hardly a soul save my father and me that knows the rights of the matter. My mother that's gone was in service in the house of the justice that Cambremer went to. The priest told him to go to a justice, and only gave him absolution on that condition, if the tale is true that they tell in the haven. My poor mother overheard Cambremer without meaning to do so, because the kitchen was alongside the sitting-room in the justice's house. So she heard. She is dead, and the justice has gone too. My mother made us promise, my father and me, never to let on to the people round about; and I can tell *you* this, every hair bristled up on my head that night when my mother told us the story——"

"Well, then, tell it to us; we will not repeat it."

The fisherman looked at us both—then he went on, something after this fashion——

"Pierre Cambremer, whom you saw yonder, is the oldest of the family. The Cambremers have been seamen from father to son; you see, their name means that the sea has always bent under them. The one you saw had a fishing-boat, several fishing-boats, and the sardine fishery was his trade, though he did deep-sea fishing as well, for the dealers. He would have fitted out a bigger vessel, and gone to the cod-fishing, if he had not been so fond of his wife; a fine

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

woman she was, a Brouin from Guérande, a strapping girl with a warm heart. She was so fond of Cambremer that she would never let her man go away from her for longer than for the sardine-fishing. They lived down yonder, there!" said our fisherman, standing on a hillock to point out to us an islet in the little inland sea between the dunes where we were walking and the salt marshes at Guérande. "Do you see the house? It belonged to him.

"Jacquette Brouin and Cambremer had but one child, a boy, whom they loved like—what shall I say?—like an only child; they were crazy over him. Their little Jacques might have done something (asking your pardon) into the soup, and they would have thought it sweetened it. Time and time again we used to see them buying the finest toys at the fair for him! There was no sense in it—everybody told them so. Little Cambremer found out that he could do as he liked with them, and he grew as willful as a red donkey. If any one told his father 'Your boy has all but killed little So-and-so,' Cambremer used to laugh and say, 'Bah! he will be a mettlesome sailor! He will command the king's ships.' Another would say, 'Pierre Cambremer, do you know that your lad put out Pougaud's little girl's eye?' —'He will be one for the girls,' Pierre would say. It was all right in his eyes. By the time the little rascal was ten years old he knocked everybody about, and twisted the fowls' necks for fun, and ripped open the pigs; he was as bloodthirsty as a weasel. 'He will make a famous soldier!' said Cambremer; 'he has a liking for bloodshed.'

"You see, I myself remember all this," said our fisherman, "and so does Cambremer," he added, after a pause.

"Jacques Cambremer grew up to be fifteen or sixteen, and he was—well, a bully. He would go off and amuse himself at Guérande, and cut a figure at Savenay. He must have money for that. So he began robbing his mother, and she did not dare to tell her husband. Cambremer was so honest that if any one had overpaid him twopence on an account, he would have gone twenty leagues to pay it back. At last one day the mother had nothing left. While the father was away at the fishing, Jacques made off with the dresser, the plenishing, and the sheets and the linen, and left nothing but the four walls; he had sold all the things in the house to pay for his carryings-on at Nantes. The poor woman cried about it day and night. She would have to tell his father when he came back, and she was afraid of the father; not for herself, though, not she! So when Pierre Cambremer came back and saw his house furnished with things the neighbours had lent her, he asked——

"'What does this mean?'

"And the poor thing, more dead than alive, answered, 'We have been robbed.'

"'What has become of Jacques?'

"'Jacques is away on a spree!'

"Nobody knew where the rogue had gone.

"'He is too fond of his fun,' said Pierre.

"Six months afterwards the poor father heard that Jacques had got into trouble at Nantes. He goes over on foot—it is quicker than going by sea—puts his hand on his son's shoulder, and fetches him home. He did not ask him, 'What have you been doing?'

"'If you don't keep steady here for a couple of years with your mother and me,' he said, 'and help with the fishing, and behave yourself like a decent fellow, you will have me to reckon with!'

"The harebrained youngster, counting on the weakness his father and mother had for him, made a grimace at his father, and thereupon Pierre fetched him a slap in the face that laid up Jacques for six months afterwards.

"The poor mother was breaking her heart all the time. One night she was lying quietly asleep by her husband's side, when she heard a noise and sat up, and got a stab in the arm from a knife. She shrieked; and when they had struck a light, Pierre Cambremer found that his wife was wounded. He thought it was a robber, as if there were any robbers in our part of the world, when you can carry ten thousand francs in gold from Croisic to Saint-Nazaire, and no one would so much as ask you what you had under your arm. Pierre looked about for Jacques, and could not find him anywhere. In the morning the unnatural wretch had the face to come back and say that he had been at Batz.

"I should tell you that the mother did not know where to hide her money. Cambremer himself used to leave his with M. Dupotet at Croisic. Their son's wild ways had eaten up crowns and francs and gold louis; they were ruined, as you may say, and it was hard on folk who had had about twelve thousand livres, including their little island. Nobody knew how much Cambremer had paid down at Nantes to have his son back. Their luck went from bad to worse. One of Cambremer's brothers was unfortunate, and wanted help.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Pierre told him, to comfort him, that Jacques and Pérotte (the younger brother's girl) should be married some day. Then, to put him in the way of earning his bread, he took him to help in the fishing; for Joseph Cambremer was obliged to work with his own hands. His wife had died of the fever, and he had to pay someone else to nurse Pérotte till she was weaned. Pierre Cambremer's wife owed as much as a hundred francs to different people on the baby's account for linen and things, and two or three months to big Frélu, who had a child by Simon Gaudry, and nursed Pérotte. La Cambremer, too, had sewn a Spanish doubloon into the flock of her mattress, and written on it 'For Pérotte.' You see, she had had a good education, and could write like a clerk; she had taught her son to read, too—that was the ruin of him.

"Nobody knew how it came about, but that scoundrel Jacques got wind of the gold and took it, and went off to get drunk at Croisic. Old Cambremer, just as if it had happened on purpose, came in with his boat; and as he came up to the house he saw a scrap of paper floating about. He picked it up and took it in to his wife; and she dropped down, for she knew her own handwriting. Cambremer said not a word. He went out to Croisic, and heard there that his son was in the billiard room. Then he sent for the good woman who kept the café, and said to her——

"'I told Jacques not to change a piece of gold that he will pay his score with: let me have it; I will wait at the door, and you shall have silver for it.'

"The woman of the house brought him out the gold piece. Cambremer took it.

"'Good!' said he, and he went away home.

"All the town knew that. But this I know, and the rest of them have only a sort of general guess at how it was. He told his wife to set their room to rights; it is on the ground floor. He kindled a fire on the hearth, he lighted two candles, and put two chairs on one side of the fireplace, and a three-legged stool on the other. Then he bade his wife put out the suit he was married in, and to put on her wedding gown. He dressed himself; and then when he was dressed, he went out for his brother, and told him to keep watch outside the house and give warning if he heard any sound on either beach, here by the sea or yonder on the salt marshes at Guérande. When he thought his wife must be dressed, he went in again; he loaded a gun, and hid it in the chimney corner.

"Back comes Jacques to the house. It was late when he came; he had been drinking and gambling up to ten o'clock; he had got someone to ferry him over at Carnouf Point. His uncle heard him hail the boat, and went to look for him along the side of the salt marshes, and passed him without saying anything.

"When Jacques came in, his father spoke.

"'Sit you down there,' he said, pointing to the stool. 'You are before your father and mother; you have sinned against them and they are your judges.'

"Jacques began to bellow, for Cambremer's face twitched strangely. The mother sat there, stiff as an oar.

"'If you make any noise, if you stir, if you don't sit straight up like a mast on your stool,' said Pierre, pointing his gun at him, 'I will shoot you like a dog.'

"Cambremer's son grew mute as a fish, and all this time the mother said not a word.

"'Here is a bit of paper that wrapped up a Spanish gold coin. That coin was in your mother's mattress. No one knew where it was except your mother. I found the bit of paper floating on the water when I came in. Only this evening you changed the piece of Spanish gold at Mother Fleurant's, and your mother cannot find the coin in her mattress. Explain yourself.'

"Jacques said that he had not taken his mother's money, and that he had had the coin at Nantes.

"'So much the better,' said Pierre. "How can you prove it?'

"'I did have it."

"'You did not take your mother's coin?'

"'No.'

"'Can you swear it on your salvation?'

"He was just going to swear, when his mother looked up and said——

"'Jacques, my child, take care; do not swear if it is not true. . . . You can repent and mend; there is still time,' and she cried at that.

"'You are a So-and-so,' said he; 'you have always tried to ruin me.'

"Cambremer turned white, and said: 'What you have just said to your mother goes to swell your account. Now, come to the point! Will you swear?'

"'Yes.'

"'Stop a bit,' said Pierre, 'was there a cross on your coin like the mark the sardine merchant put on the coin he paid me?'

"Jacques grew sober at that, and began to cry.

"'That is enough talk,' said Pierre. 'I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

say nothing of what you have done before—I have no mind that a Cambremer should die in the market-place at Croisic. Say your prayers, and let us be quick! A priest is coming to hear your confession.'

"The mother had gone out of the room that she might not hear her son's doom. As soon as she went out, Joseph Cambremer, the uncle, came in with the *recteur* from Piriac. To him Jacques would not open his mouth. He was shrewd; he knew his father well enough to feel sure that he would not kill him till he had confessed.

"'Thanks. Pardon us, sir,' Cambremer said to the priest when Jacques continued obstinate. 'I meant to give my son a lesson and I beg you to say nothing about it. As for you,' he went on, turning to Jacques, 'if you do not mend your ways, next time you go wrong shall be the last, and shrift or no shrift, I will make an end of it.'

"He sent him off to bed. The young fellow believed him, and fancied that he could make things right with his father. He slept. His father sat up. When he saw his son fast asleep, he covered the young fellow's mouth with hemp, bound it tightly round with a strip of sail-cloth; then he tied him hand and foot. He writhed, he 'shed tears of blood,' so Cambremer told the justice. What would you have! His mother flung herself at the father's feet.

"'He is doomed,' said Cambremer; 'you will help me to put him into the boat.'

"She would not help him, and Cambremer did it alone; he fastened him down in the bottom of the boat, and tied a stone round his neck, put out of the bay, reached the sea, and came out as far as the rock where he sits now. Then the poor mother, who had made her brother-in-law take her over, cried out in vain for mercy; it was like throwing a stone at a wolf. By the moonlight she saw the father take the son, toward whom her heart still yearned, and fling him into the water; and as there was not a breath of air stirring, she heard the gurgling sound, and then *nothing*—not an eddy, not a ripple; the sea is a famous keeper of secrets, that it is. When Cambremer reached the place to silence her moans, he found her lying like one dead. The two brothers could not carry her, so they had to put her in the boat that had carried her son, and they took her round home by way of the Croisic channel.

"Ah, well! *la belle Brouin*, as they called her, did not live the week out. She died, asking her husband to burn the accursed boat. Oh! he did it; yes, he did it. He himself was queer after that; he did not know what ailed him; he reeled about like a man who can not carry his wine. Then he went off somewhere for ten days, and came back again to put himself where you saw him; and since he has been there, he has not said a word."

The fisherman told us the story in a few minutes, in words even more simple than those that I have used. Working people make little comment on what they tell; they give you the facts that strike them, and interpret them by their own feelings. His language was as keenly incisive as the stroke of a hatchet.

"I shall not go to Batz," said Pauline, when we reached the outer rim of the lake.

We went back to Croisic by way of the salt marshes, the fisherman guiding us through the labyrinth. He also had grown silent. Our mood had changed. Both of us were deep in melancholy musings, and saddened by the mournful story which explained the swift presentiment that we had felt at the sight of Cambremer. We had each of us sufficient knowledge of human nature to fill in the outlines of the three lives that our guide had sketched for us. The tragedy of these three human beings rose up before us as if we saw scene after scene of a drama crowned by the father's expiation of an inevitable crime. We did not dare to look at the rocks where he sat, the fate-bound soul who struck terror into a whole countryside. A few clouds overcast the sky. The mist rose on the horizon of the sea. We were walking through the most acrid dreariness that I have ever seen; the earth beneath our feet seemed sick and unwholesome in these salt marshes which, with good reason, might be called a cutaneous eruption on the face of the earth. The ground is scored over in rough squares, with high banks of gray earth about them; each is full of brackish water; the salt rises to the surface. These artificial hollows are intersected by raised pathways, on which the workman stand to skin the surface of the pools with long scrapers; and the salt, when collected, is deposited to drain on circular platforms set at even distances, till it is fit to lay up in heaps. For two hours we skirted this dreary chessboard, where the salt stops the growth of any green thing; occasionally, at long intervals, we came upon one or two *paludiers*, so they call the men who work among the salt marshes. These workers, or it should rather be said, this race apart among the Bretons, wears

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a special costume, a white jacket rather like those that brewers wear. They marry only among themselves; a girl belonging to this tribe has never been known to marry anyone but a *paludier*. The hideous desolation of those swamps where the boggy soil is scraped up into symmetrical heaps, the grayness of the soil, from which every Breton flower shrinks in disgust, was in keeping with the sadness within us. We reached the spot where you cross an arm of the sea, the channel doubtless through which the salt water breaks in upon the low-lying land and leaves its deposits on the soil, and we were glad to see the scanty plant-life growing along the edge of the sand. As we crossed it, we saw the island in the lagoon where the Cambremers once lived, and turned our heads away.

When we reached our inn we noticed a billiard table in the room on the ground floor, and when we learned that it was the only public billiard table in Croisic, we made our preparations for departure that night, and on the morrow we went to Guérande.

Pauline was still depressed, and I myself felt a return of the burning sensation that scorches my brain. I was so grievously haunted by the visions of those three lives that I had conjured up, that Pauline said, "Write the story, Louis, and the fever may take a turn."

So I have written the story; but our adventure has already undone the good effects of repose, the result of our stay here and at the Baths.

Robin Hood

To a Friend (John Reynolds)

By JOHN KEATS

NO! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe";
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is. yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!

Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

WHEN THE "SUN" WAS MELANCHOLY

POSTSCRIPT

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT

The southern mail of last night brought the melancholy intelligence of our venerable and popular PRESIDENT, General Harrison, which melancholy result of a brief but excrutiatingly distressing illness, took place at 20 minutes past 12 o'clock yesterday morning.

The lateness of the hour, at which the melancholy intelligence was received and our own agitated and depressed feelings, prevent us at this time, from indulging in the comments which this unlooked for and astounding intelligence, cannot but suggest to every reflecting mind.

It is the first time, since the establishment of our republic, that the nation has been called upon to mourn the demise of a Chief Magistrate; and perhaps in no instance could such a loss have occurred at a more critical juncture, or been attended with more important and vital consequences to the country, than will the death of President Harrison, just one month after assuming the helm of government, in obedience to the almost unanimous call of the States comprising the Federal Union.

But our press is waiting, and we must defer further remarks on the melancholy topic till our next.

The Sun (*New York*) April 5, 1841.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

Now, mind you, the father-in-law is not dependent on his children. This is his own money, and he is entirely independent, and will be as long as he lives. Furthermore, when his daughter married he bought them a lovely souse and has from time to time given them handsome money presents.

Jersey Observer (via *New York Sun*).

THE SEARLETOWN Dramatic Club will present their 3 act comedy drama, "A Little Clad Hopper," in Cape Traverse Hall on Saturday.

Charlottetown (*P. E. I.*) *Guardian.*

This cake weighs seven tons and it has been found necessary to cut it in two with acytelene torches, move it one-half at a time and then weld it back together when it is placed in the bull pen at the City hall. *Poplar Bluff* (*Mo.*) *Citizen-Democrat.*

He waved an absent hand. *American Magazine.*

We are glad to report that Mrs. W. E. Hilbert and little son, Master Clifford Hilbert, are suffering from a severe attack of Measles.

Kentucky Advocate (*Danville, Ky.*).

The outer port will be closed on the one side through prolongation of present north jetty by 850 meters; this work will afford protection from the smell which, when the wind is in the east, causes difficulty in loading and unloading ships at the Al-Djefna quay and has caused ships to break away from their moorings after parting large hawsers.

Commerce Reports, issued by U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

Ralph Conrow of Unadilla has been making improvements on the mother Mrs. Mary Conrow. He has made improvements on the inside and painted the outside.

Bainbridge (*N. Y.*) *Republican.*

Mrs. S. M. Kinter will be glad to take orders for home-made Christmas candies. Those who have sampled her candy need further recommendation. *Bureau County* (*Ill.*) *Republican.*

In addition to the free showing of the film, which shows the manufacture of this unusual car step by step, a sport model couple will be on public display for the first time in Omaha.

Omaha (*Nebr.*) *World-Herald.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

L. K., Palm Avenue, San Francisco—For a man of your age the best abdominal exercises are while you are dying in bed raise first one leg and then the other toward the head, alternating to bring the body toward the feet; but to prepare yourself for this exercise, if your abdominal muscles are soft I suggest that you use the contractive and passive action of the abdominal muscles.

San Francisco Bulletin.

The Prince was thrown heavily across the horse's neck but clung tenaciously to the animal's mane and to the saddle. The Prince finished only three years behind the winner, despite the accident.

New York American.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The body found in a shallow grave near here with a bullet hole in the head and weighted down by a log to-day was identified as Otis Frey, of Milwaukee. It is believed Frey was murdered.
Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Guilford's right hand clutched a cane. His left eye was hooked about the arm of his personal physician. *Chicago Daily News.*

William Mederis of Yakima was a very urgent business visitor at the Tom Thompson ranch Tuesday morning. *Toppenish (Wash.) Review.*

Twice during the day the president walked to the executive offices in the band-box sort of structure at the western end of the White House, once to look over his maid and again just before going to church. *New York Times.*

But the comedy has not been neglected though some of it is of the subtle finer kind. In fact, it is a play which will give the pupils plenty of opportunity to dispel their talent.
Table Grove (Ill.) Herald.

We have seen men killed while intoxicated. . . . These same men now own their own homes, have them comfortably furnished, a radio, piano, talking machine. West Virginia "Reader"
in *San Francisco Examiner.*

NEWS SUMMARY

GENERAL

The cold wave continues to take kidnaping and murder and plans heavy toll throughout country some relief expected today.
Orlando (Fla.) Morning Sentinel.

Mrs. F. H. Hopwood is in Wolf Point taking a course of chiropractic statements.
Hinsdale (Mont.) Tribune.

In the following article written for the Associated Press, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle takes issue with Thomas Edison's recent remark that he believes the chances are "fifty-fifty" for life after death. Sir Arthur cites an experience of one of his own sons as corroboration of his contention that the chances are 100 per cent. for immorality.
Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribune.

Police and detectives were unable Sunday to hold up clerks in the Blue Goose grocery store, 1829 West Cumberland Avenue, late Saturday night.
Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal.

Cecil Wilson and his mother, Mrs. Carl Wilson, returned Friday of last week from the Thermopolis springs where they had been staying for a time while Cecil took the baths for the benefit of hislehshraomftffftbmm. *Edgerton (Wyo.) Independent.*

A German inventor has exhibited an electric dry cell battery clerk which he claims will run without winding for several years.
Dallas (Tex.) Evening Journal.

Rev. L. L. Roberts, District Evangelist of the Christion Church is holding a series of meetings at the Christian Church. The meetings have been well attended and are very inspirational and instructive. Up to the present time there have been a number of additions to the church by statement and conversation. *Bonne Terre (Mo.) Star News-Register.*

Fred Herbert was fined $100 and sentenced to three months in jail by Police Magistrate Sheppard to-day while intoxicated. *Texas paper.*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

FOR RENT—Nice heated room and use of bath cheap, to either lady or gentleman, to act as companion to wife at night, as I am away a great deal. Bell Phone 6220. *Norfolk (Va.) paper.*

WANTED, trombone player who is also a good meat cutter. E. E. Markham, Box 24, Cedar Key, Fla.
Jacksonville (Fla.) Sunday Times-Union.

ELDERLY gentleman who suffers from asthma offers steam-heated room in yard free of charge to clean woman, German only, employed days, to be on place at night in case of attack. 6528 Harrisburg Blvd. *Houston (Tex.) Chronicle.*

WANTED TO RENT

SPECIAL—Full pint Mifflin alcohol with rub down towel $1.25 value for 69 cents at Josey's Cut Rate Drugs. *Palm Beach (Fla.) Post.*

FOR SALE—160 acres suitable for dairy; will take Fresno city as first payment. Route A, Box 264, Selma. *Fresno (Cal.) Morning Republican.*

REWARD

Harrigan—Reward will be paid for information leading to the finding of the two Harrigan men who are brothers. Was out on their farm working about the month of August or September, 1923. When they came home from working they found their sister lying on the back porch of their house with her skull smashed in, and their money box containing $64,000 in gold gone. Those Harrigans are cousins of mine whom I am trying to locate.
Davenport (Iowa) Democrat and Leader.

WANTED—Attendant for able-bodied invalid in perfect health. 19 Berwick Street.
Charlotte (Mich.) Tribune.

AN ADVERTISING EXPERIMENTER OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

REMEMBER

Governor Tilden says that John Hanson told him that he heard Web Wagner say that Anna E. Dickinson told him that D. S. Decker heard that there was no doubt that John McLaren said that S. T. Benedict thought Fred Seward had told Jim Johnson that Cushney had declared to John Fulton that it was generally believed that Harry Hull said, in plain terms, that he heard Al Berry say that his friend, Harriet Beecher Stowe, had said that Fred. Hotchkiss informed her, at Delmonico's, that it was well-known all over the country that Fin Helwig had caught Jimmey Farthing in saying that in his opinion it was a matter of fact of great public interest, that Nate Wells had said Fred. Howell told him that COHEN BROS. would receive, on Thursday, Oct. 28th, the first invoice of LYNN HAVEN OYSTERS, never before sold in Gloversville, and all for 35 cents a quart.
Advertisement in Gloversville (N. Y.) paper, 1875.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Jester

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

SHE lay on her day-bed, long, thin, exquisite, an old woman in fact, but always and forever while she drew mortal breath a thing of beauty.

She wore a dressing gown of heavy lavender satin, disposed in the most charming folds. Blue lights and rose lights were in the depths of those folds, and not one but Almira Clapp, with her eyes of fadeless radiance, saw with delight. She was a beauty-worshiper. Her pose was studied. One slender leg partly raised the knee, disturbing the level of the lavender satin; one slender milk-white arm lay along the satin, in a curve of utmost grace.

One side of Almira's face was superior to the other. That side was exposed, a profile of perfection in age, on a pillow of black satin. Her skin was unbelievably smooth and white, blue veins showing on her temples under the lace frill of her rose-coloured cap.

Almira's whole soul was always in revolt against her white hair, which was not in the least suited to her. Years ago she had given up mild colouring tonics in as much of a rage as she allowed herself. After that she darkened her pale eyebrows and shaded her eyelids, and displayed her white locks defiantly when obliged.

She affected as much as possible the frilled boudoir caps.

"Lucky these caps came in my day," she often told her cousin Lois, who lived with her, subsisted on her bounty, and saved her immortal soul by patience with her lot in life.

Almira Clapp's bounty was so highly seasoned it would have choked a less patient, less proud stomach, for extreme patience is a synonym for extreme pride.

Almira never lost her temper, but she never lost her almost superhuman consciousness of self which made of her personality a weight for the smothering of all about her. Lois Hemingway, the cousin, was not subtle enough to understand her. All she dimly sensed was an effect of burden, vague, unexplainable, which at times almost smothered.

All the women who knew Almira, or rather did not know her, said: "She is so sweet."

Lois herself said: "She is so sweet," and never knew she lied to her own soul.

Almira was not in the least sweet, but she was that unusual thing, a consummate actress before an audience of self alone. She was in reality an unclassified genius.

She had perfect health, the health of youth in her old age; but except for her histrionic genius which never slept, even when her body slumbered, she was one of the idlest of mortals. That is, apparently. She would lie for hours perfectly still so far as her body was concerned, but her brain was a radium brain. It gave out wasteless energy, endless light. She was marvelous. She accounted for her son Jonathan, who was also marvelous, in an inverted way. It was said of Jonathan Clapp that it was quite wonderful how well he had turned out, considering all he had against him. This was the sort of praise that damns; but Jonathan, when he heard it, and he heard it often, it being the sort of compliment which people do not grudge handing on, laughed.

He had undoubtedly been handicapped from the start, and no matter how well a race is run, the wonder remains, what if there had been no handicap? What marvel of speed exceeding all records might not have been attained?

Jonathan's handicap was a vague thing. It existed, but indefinitely. After all, the boy and man was not crippled, deformed, or ill, either in mind or body. There was about his whole personality that curious quality termed insignificance. He was not unduly short nor tall. He was of good average height.

He was neither too stout nor too thin. He had not one noticeable bad feature, nor noticeably beautiful one, with the exception of his eyes. They were blue, and it is seldom that blue eyes achieve true beauty.

One blue is too cold, too much of the surface; or the blue jewel is too small. Jonathan's eyes were a blue of whatever emotion Jonathan wished.

Generally Jonathan wished humour. Humour was his long suit, his long trump

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

suit of life. Instinctively he had known that when he was a mere lad.

Jonathan had his mother's histrionic genius. He had apparently inherited nothing whatever from his father, beyond his mere physical fact. The elder Clapp must have been as near nonentity as possible.

Nobody ever even mentioned him. He had died suddenly when Jonathan was a baby. Nothing remained of his existence except his name on the monument in the Clapp burial plot in the Fairlawn cemetery of Bloomfield.

When Jonathan was a child, he had always been taken by his beautiful mother on Memorial Day to the cemetery, where a queer, decorous sort of festival was held by the inhabitants of Bloomfield and their visiting friends and relatives.

People who had ever had any connection with Bloomfield made it a point to be present at the cemetery reunion on Memorial Day.

Almira always had the lot carefully decorated. Young Jonathan assisted the night before. Laden with wreaths and flower-baskets, trailing with vines like a young Pan, he tagged his mother, herself laden with floral booty, and together they decorated the Clapp lot.

There were not many graves there. It had been a small family. Grandfather Eliphalet Clapp, of course, and his wife Marie, their graves long since sunken; the more recent grave of a spinster Clapp whom Jonathan could dimly remember; his father, Arthur Clapp's, and a tiny mound for a baby sister.

Jonathan's father's grave had always the best of the decorations. An urn blazing with geraniums, overflowing with graceful vines, stood before the headstone, the grave covered with pansies in a royal arabesque of colour.

Jonathan was so young, his mind became confused. He confessed in later years to hilarious friends, that he had been led to think of his defunct sire as a perpetually blooming, gigantic pansy.

He never told his mother of his impression. He had been a very quiet youngster. He thought a great deal. He recorded impressions upon his receptive mind. The only sign of emotion he evinced was a sudden humorous upward quirk of the upper lip, the right corner, and a twitch of his thin nostrils. His blue eyes remained as always, perfectly clear, beautiful and serene, betraying nothing.

His mother could not have understood him, else his silence might not have been so persistent. She had not the ability to recognize the glitter of the merest spark of humour. She laughed at times, of course. That was obligatory, to maintain her rôle, but her laugh was simply a facial affair: an upcurving of the lines of her mouth. Her eyes above the lines remained unmoved, even stupid, because of the contrast between her real mental attitude and her expression.

Jonathan never loved his mother, during his youth. He was never sure, upon later mature reflection, that he had loved any living thing except an absurd little mongrel dog, which had come yelping and tin-kettled to the kitchen door of the Clapp house

Jonathan had displayed the first insistent mind of his own, regarding the keeping of that ridiculous dog. He named him Lazarus, and he made a face at his mother behind her back because she mocked at him.

"I will buy a really good dog, a thoroughbred, for you," she said.

But Jonathan clutched the mongrel with such fierceness that the dog, only a puppy then, yelped with alarm at the cruelty of love.

Lazarus remained. He was not even banished from Almira's presence in the living-room. She in time reconciled herself to him by fastening an enormous bow of orange ribbon on his collar. For some undefined reason, that enormous orange bow conferred the grotesque distinction of a gargoyle upon poor Lazarus. He, a composite of many breeds, became definite. He was hideous, but markedly so. Almira, who was clever artistically, immediately perceived that.

"I have made Lazarus possible with a bow of orange ribbon, and he may remain on the hearth on the black satin cushion," she told Jonathan.

Jonathan nodded silently. Lazarus lay coiled on the black cushion, his orange bow a strange, unearthly colour in the firelight. His eyes gleamed like jets. There was a faint movement of his stumpy tail. There was not enough of it for an actual wag. If he had been a cat he would have purred.

Jonathan had happy hours watching Lazarus on the black cushion, warm and contented in the light of the hearth fire.

Two years before he went to college, Almira sent Jonathan to an inexpensive school. Her luxuries were costly, and her income was limited.

Jonathan had rather a brilliant record in college. However, that was more because, while there, he discovered what his real

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

asset of power in life was, than because of exceptional mental ability.

While in college, during the latter part of his freshman year, Jonathan discovered that he had the rarest type of genius. He could make the world laugh. He did not even need to say anything funny. He could force laughter from embodied sorrow and despair, by a look, a motion.

Jonathan had Lazarus with him in his college rooms. He had always a feeling that the absurd dog had in some occult fashion revealed him to himself. The combination of Jonathan and mongrel dog became the inverted pride of the college.

Jonathan and Lazarus eclipsed in a subtle fashion everything else. They had their own honour, so strange that it commanded first attention.

Even the stroke oar and the football captain retired, if only for the time, into the background when Jonathan, his Lazarus at heel, appeared.

"Here comes Jonty, and the Beggar at the Gate," the shout went up.

Everybody stared, and hilarity appeared like a rainbow. Even the faculty lost dignity.

There was no doubt that Jonathan and Lazarus were the high lights of the young man's last collegiate year.

Jonathan had no need of class honours on Commencement Day. It was enough to be himself when he graduated.

Honours conferred would have been like crowning the already crowned.

He was the real delight of the whole affair: of the weary grind at useless mental tasks, of the enthusiastic games, of the rebellions against authority. He was sheer delight, the promoter of innocent mirth. They could better have given up electric lights in the college buildings, than Jonathan.

But with all this, nobody loved the boy, except as they loved themselves. When they laughed with joy, there was not the slightest love in their hearts for him. They would have lamented had Jonathan been taken away; they would have grieved; but not because they loved him, because they loved themselves and their own joy of life which he, and he alone, had the power to awaken in them. Jonathan was perfectly well aware of that. He did not admit to himself the slightest repining because of it. He told himself gallantly and gayly, that it was a great feat for any man: to like to make his fellow beings laugh and forget sorrow, and have them ready to forget him, as they would any spectacle of amusement.

"I am a sort of jumping-jack for the gods and men," he said to a man once, a man who was the nearest to a friend he had found.

The other looked at him, startled for a minute. Was there, or did he imagine it, a faint inflection of sadness and bitterness in Jonathan's tone?

But Jonathan laughed: a long ringing laugh. "Tell you what it is, Sam," he said. "When you are a joke on yourself, you are the biggest joke in existence."

Sam looked doubtful, then he also laughed. "See here, old man," he said. "It isn't altogether because you are so damned funny that I like you."

The sweetest smile curved Jonathan's mouth. Then he laughed again. "But," he returned, "you might as well own up, if I hadn't made you laugh you would just have gone your way, just gone past without even noticing me."

Sam, who was the brightest scholar of his class, the one out of the whole college destined to live in the history of his country, was honest. His honesty was, in fact, his asset of success.

"Of course, you are right about that, I suppose," he admitted; "but now——."

"Now, you wouldn't turn your back on me, if I failed to make you laugh at all," Jonathan said, and looked with love in his eyes (love for the passing second, he allowed himself no more: the aftertaste was too bitter), at his friend. "Well," he added, "you are not likely to be put to the test. I shall make everybody, myself included, laugh till I die, and then I reckon I shall contrive to be somewhat ludicrous in a ghastly fashion. It is a component part of my personality; I am proud of it, old man. If I didn't have that, what on earth would I have to be proud of?"

Sam regarded him thoughtfully. "After all, it is a rare gift," he said hesitatingly, for suddenly the savour of terrible pathos was strong in his nostrils. "You are the one man here who has it," he added.

"To waken laughter in this world is better than to waken love," Jonathan said, a bit cryptically. "I think the memory of love is shorter than the memory of a laugh," he continued. "Most people remember a good joke. It has immortal youth; but whose sweetheart has? Not a man-jack but will pass the lass to whom he swore eternal devotion, without even recognizing her, twenty years later; but never will he pass a good joke twenty years later, without feeling his heart warm."

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Dare say you are right," Sam returned, but he looked puzzled.

When Jonathan was alone in his room, he stood before his mirror. Every line in his face was downward. His whole face was a mask.

"Needs this sort of thing for a jest foundation," Jonathan said, quite aloud. "Well, I must have something out of life, and this is better than nothing at all."

Jonathan's mother, old and exquisite in her triumphant age, was rather proud of her son's unique talent. She laughed with the rest. When Jonathan was at home, not a word or pose but was for the sake of his mother's laughter when he was with her. And this although he was well aware that her laughter was only perfunctory, the only laughter possible to a woman of her type.

However, that left the boy unmoved. He did not in the least love his mother. He saw no reason for gratitude that she, presumably not considering his welfare at all, had brought him into the world. It did not seem to him reasonable to be grateful for anything like that—for a life such as his.

He admired her only coldly and impersonally. When he had aroused her vain laughter, he felt that he had been purely filial.

"Mother is so proud because she thinks she has a sense of humour," he told himself.

Once the old cousin Lois waylaid him. She put her hand on his shoulder. "You poor boy!" she said.

The meek, involuntary butt had grasped the situation. She had steeled her heart against affection. It was too costly a commodity for her, but she had grasped the situation. He looked at her astonished. A tear was rolling down each withered cheek, although she kept her patient face immobile.

Jonathan had never seen love for himself enough to know it; in reality, he had not seen more of pity, but he did recognize that.

"Look here, old lady," he said. "Tears make me own failure. No tears. Lord, life is one immense joke. Look here, life is your joke as well as mine. If one has nothing else, there is always the joke. Laugh, for God's sake, laugh, old lady!"

Lois, ancient, bent, weazened, her black silk gown crinkled on her flat chest as with a grotesque mirth of fabric, laughed.

"You are the funniest boy that ever lived," she chuckled, and dashed a little wrinkled hand across the streaming tears.

"And isn't that distinction for one boy?" Jonathan laughed back. "Laughter is good for the souls of men. It makes them glad, and as yet the Government has nothing to say against it. Laugh, old lady, laugh, for God's sake!"

And for inexplicable reasons, old Lois laughed, until tears of mirth instead of pity drenched her cheeks.

Jonathan laughed too, but not to tears.

Almira, in her lilac satin, heard, although her door was closed, and laughed also.

"What were you and Jonathan laughing at?" she asked Lois when she entered.

"I don't know," Lois said, still laughing helplessly. "Just Jonathan."

"I have never seen any human being with such inexhaustible spirits," Almira said complacently.

"He would laugh at that," Lois said.

"At what?" Almira stared.

"Inexhaustible spirits—just now—you know."

"I do not understand," Almira said. "For goodness sake, don't you try to be funny, Lois. Leave that to Jonathan. He has a perfect genius for it. As I remember perfectly, he was always laughing when he was a mere baby."

"He needs to," Lois replied with unexpected force. She looked at the other, beautiful, prosperous woman, defiantly.

"What do you mean?"

"He has always had to laugh to keep from crying," Lois said.

"There you are, trying to be funny again, and you are simply stupid. Leave it to Jonathan," Almira said.

She lay on her chaise longue, reflecting. "On the whole, Jonathan is turning out much better than I expected," she murmured. "Of course he is handicapped. I am his mother, but I have always faced the truth that he is handicapped."

"Not as long as he can laugh," Lois said again with her unusual defiance. "A man who can laugh can take all the fences of life."

"There you go again, trying to be funny. You can't. It is not in our family. Jonathan is a throwback."

"Perhaps he is a throwback to a jester of some old king."

Almira stared at Lois icily. "Your hair is growing grayer very fast," said she, "and the lines on your face are deeper. I will give you some of my skin tonic."

"Thank you," said Lois.

Jonathan, after he had transformed his old cousin's tears to laughter, went out to the garage. There was one car there: an

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

old model of a good make, in perfect order. The man who worked about the place for his mother was rubbing its glittering sides.

He looked up and saw Jonathan and began to laugh, without a word being said. It was not the least of Jonathan's genius that he could arouse paroxysms of laughter, and do absolutely nothing except present himself to view. In the face of the fact that no mortal could specify one distinctly humorous feature of his, it was almost uncanny. Jonathan did not even need to change a muscle. He was as a god of hilarity commanding laughter with no perceptible action.

"What in the name of common sense are you laughing at now?" Jonathan inquired. And the man bent over double with mirth. He glanced up at Jonathan's unmoved face, and was off again, fairly choking. Jonathan stood by with absolutely unmoved face. However, although unmoved as to muscle, his features wore an expression of gravity, even sternness, before the other man's laughter, which in some strange paradoxical fashion was the extreme of comedy, at least for an untrained mind.

The man sat down on the running-board of the car; he was fairly weak with his unrestrained mirth.

Jonathan, without a word, got into the car, and took the wheel.

Dickson, the man, slid off the running-board, and stood out of the way. The last thing Jonathan heard as he drove off was the echo of his silly laughter. Then he frowned. "Lord, if there only was something funny," he said. He put on more speed. A girl crossing the street gave a quick, graceful leap to the sidewalk. Jonathan saw her looking back over her silken shoulder, and an old twinge of pain to which he was accustomed, shot over him. It seemed to completely fill his whole consciousness of body, soul and mind.

Years before, when in fact he was very young, Jonathan had taken his fixed attitude of life toward girls and women, and what they could mean to him, or rather what he could mean to them.

It was strange that, without any actual deformity or physical fault, a man could have been so physically repellent toward women; but he was. Jonathan, when he first fully realized it, had felt heartbroken. He was, after all, in spite of his strange gift, as other men. He had his dreams. A youth without dreams would be a spiritual and physical monster. Jonathan had loved his dreams. He had not only to relinquish all hope of happiness,—that natural food for the starved yearning of his kind,—but he had to smother his dreams.

Then he gained greater power in his one talent; but while the laughter swelled louder around him, he knew for the first time the terrible loneliness of his own heart. He knew it must exist while he walked the earth. He would be alone as long as he lived. Sometimes the boy wondered if it would not be better to be alone with openly confessed sadness, than with roaring mirth.

He knew only gradually the dreadful under-note of the born jesters of the world —that compelling endurance of despair which alone makes possible their superhuman mirth and power of awakening mirth.

He was fully fledged in his knowledge, in his development of what is fortunately a rare gift, as he drove down the principal street of his native town.

He had graduated the year before. He was studying with a lawyer who was an old sweetheart of his mother's. Who was in a way her sweetheart still. Peter Saunders had survived his love's marriage with another. He had not attempted, when death had freed her, to renew their old relations and marry her.

Still he clung to the old romance, and Almira was a faithful obbligato.

Both of them enjoyed the situation. Almira did not wish to marry again. She was rather a clever woman. She understood perfectly that with years she had lost her power of creating illusion, when in close daily communion. Not always could she maintain her lovely poses, her charming acceptance of situations with a husband. No mortal woman could at her age.

She knew also that, while it would not have mattered in the least to some men, it would seriously matter with her old lover.

The romantic strain which more properly had belonged to a woman, when she was a girl, had made her turn from him as a husband.

She recognized his perfection as a lover, but she recognized her own inability to keep it green, and his inability to maintain the married pace without actual dislike for her. She had married a man to whom romance meant nothing, but whom she could hold, and did hold until death did them part.

Then, although she was not inconsolable, she was not of that caliber; she had no

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

desire to marry again; and she did regard the return of Peter upon his old footing, as adorer, as perpetual lover, with gratitude and pride.

She thought of him secretly as another Petrarch, although out of his romance he could weave no songs, and of herself as another Laura.

She was aware that this perpetual homage kept her young beyond her years.

She dressed for Peter, she cold-creamed for Peter, she kept her hair wonderful for Peter, and secretly, in the recesses of her terribly feminine mind, knew him for what he really was: a tonic for the preservation of her youth.

There was never any scandal, never any gossip as to their possible marriage. It was the most graceful, properly conducted elderly love-story possible, and was considered very charming.

Peter was the faithful lover, she the accepter of love, holding it to her soul like a sacred chalice. Occasionally she intimated to some other woman that she could not dream of ever marrying again, because of her son.

That absurdity was credited to her account of womanly perfection. Jonathan never heard of it. He would have laughed the most genuine laugh of his life if he had.

He accepted Peter as he accepted the best easy chair in the library, one covered with red leather and worn to ultimate intimacy with the weary curves of the human anatomy. It was there Peter sat, while he paid his calls of faithful and poetic love.

Strangely enough, considering this side of his character, Peter was a lawyer, and rather an astute one. He had inherited wealth, and his legal energy must presumably have been for some motive other than acquisition.

When Jonathan had completed his college course, he naturally studied law with the man who might have been his father. It seemed really all in the family.

Strangely too, as strangely for Jonathan as for the older man, he also promised from the first to be rather more than a moderate success in his profession.

As time went on, he won more than one case by his rare natural gift, instead of his acquired knowledge of the law.

It was as good as known what the verdict would be when the jury went out shaking with suppressed laughter. Jonathan successfully defended one ghastly murder case with that queer power of his. He could make the dreadful swing over the crossbar into the irresistibly funny.

It was against all reason, and the press criticized, but he succeeded.

Jonathan had been practicing law two years, and Peter had gradually played his part of perpetual lover to the usurpation of his business, drinking tea every afternoon, and smoking as his old sweetheart graciously allowed. Peter was a handsome man, fastidious about his dress, peculiarly fastidious, for a man, with regard to coming in contact with the unclean and unkempt.

A distaste for the close fetidness of court rooms had increased with him, as had also an actual loathing which dangerously disposed him to unfairness toward a client whose status in society was below his own.

Jonathan had no such scruples. In fact, he liked very well to have his senior seated metaphorically at his charming mother's feet, drinking tea, and playing with the shadows of a past love.

Privately, he considered Peter better fitted for that than for the law.

"No man has a right to be where he is apt to see a horrible mess any minute, if his stomach is so damned delicate," he told himself.

He was not unhappy, although he had foresworn, or rather been forbidden by fate, the sweets of life which hung too high over the wall of situation for him. He was proudly conscious of never endeavouring to reach for them, and of seeing them grasped and swallowed by others, with a kindly jest upon his own part.

That day when Laura Wayne made her swift graceful leap out of the danger which he had created for her, was destined to mark an epoch in his life.

Two days later Jonathan met her at a little dinner.

Jonathan's home town, although not large, was rather unusually smart at aping city fashions. Except in rare instances, it betrayed no provincialism.

Jonathan was a popular guest at dinners. He could eat his dinner and scarcely speak, and be credited with the social success of the whole affair. Jonathan grinningly admitted to himself that a man might be worse off than being perfectly able to eat a very good dinner, and not pay for it with a single word, and yet receive the credit.

However, it happened this time that he was to take out Miss Laura Wayne.

She was a beauty, although in a subtle fashion which sometimes flung doubt upon the fact. She was very tall, almost too tall,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

taller by an inch at least than Jonathan; but somehow she contrived to make little of her height, as some women contrive to make much of their lack of it. The subtlety of her beauty consisted mainly in the fact that men in a great majority recognized it, women in a small minority.

Women generally admitted that Laura Wayne had a good complexion and good features, but as for beauty, or the indefinable combination which makes for that, they failed to see it.

Men saw it.

Jonathan could scarcely command himself sufficiently to look squarely in her face when he offered her his arm to lead her to the dining-room—Jonathan, one of whose chief assets of popularity was his entire lack of self-consciousness.

As they sat at table, Jonathan for the most part addressed remarks to the smooth cold curve of her bare shoulder, surmounted by a silver strap which held her black velvet dinner gown in place.

Jonathan had not the slightest idea what the beauty wore. He had a confused perception of soft dark depths of fabric, confining her tall slenderness like a sheath. He could not have told if the shoulder straps were of gold or silver. He was, however, aware of a long platinum chain, from which swung a diamond cross. The thing glittered obtrusively.

He felt curiously confounded before it. Sometimes, when he essayed to make a remark to the girl, the dazzle of the cross seemed to make him stop dumb, to lose entirely the thread of his contemplated speech.

Once Laura laughed. "What is the trouble, Mr. Clapp?" she asked.

"Trouble?"

"Yes, you seemed about to say something, but then you checked yourself so abruptly. Was it something shocking?"

"I quite forget. I beg your pardon," Jonathan said. He felt himself a burning crimson. His lower lip almost dropped.

Laura laughed again. The girl's laugh, at once mocking and caressing, rang in the man's ears all night long. He could not sleep. Such love had entered his soul that he was too alive for sleep. Every nerve in his body was like a thread of fire. The whole man flamed with the utmost divinity of love, that which gives and does not ask.

Poor Jonathan never dreamed of asking. He never dreamed of the possibility of his love being returned. It is doubtful if he could have done that and loved. Love in its fullest sense means, for a rare soul, giving only, never receiving, and the man had a rare soul. His love was worth more, a minute of it, than another man's love of a life.

Jealousy was not in Jonathan. Laura's name was coupled with that of another man: a handsome, graceful fellow, with wealth and charm. Jonathan even thought of him with a queer sort of affection tinctured with doubt. He wondered was he worthy. He sought his company, he studied him. Finally he took the purest delight in finding him of rather exceptional merit.

Jonathan, convinced of that, thought of the girl as already married, placed beyond his honourable reach. He realized no suffering because of that. He had not even wanted her for himself in the sense that the other did. She was his butterfly wing of existence. He could scarcely venture to touch her with the antennæ of his thought. Possessed by him, she would have lost her value for him.

No man could ever possess her, as he already did for time and eternity, not even himself.

In those days Jonathan came near losing his insignificance. He appeared taller, almost imposing. Sometimes Laura looked at him with dawning wonder, but he did not realize it. He realized nothing except the rapture of utterly selfless love which ennobled him past his own understanding.

The true hero cannot escape his pedestal. Worship raises, as by some divine lever, the soul above itself. Peter Saunders noticed the change in him, but it assumed in his estimation a perfectly natural advance along the lines of the young man's rare gift.

Jonathan was more successful than ever in his profession. More and more he compelled the adoration of laughter, and won his way through all obstacles.

His mother was proud of him because he was her son. Her laughter at his jests had a ring of genuine fondness in it.

Jonathan was mentioned as a possible factor in politics. A high position was hinted at as not being beyond his reach.

"A man who can hold an audience like that can hold the reins of power," it was said.

When Laura heard that she looked reflective. Still, Jonathan's possible elevation did not move her. She had not thought of him as a lover; she did not then. That came later.

There was a benefit play to be held in the town for a new hall. A celebrated stock

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

company with a Broadway success was engaged.

Strangely enough, the play had for one of its cast a queen's jester, and the jester died suddenly just before the date of the performance.

He had been in reality the star of the cast, although the playwright had not so intended.

The man had gained, almost without his own connivance, undue prominence. The jester made the play.

When he died there was consternation, for there was nobody among the professionals to take his part and not let the whole play down.

Then Jonathan suddenly came into his own.

He was besieged, first by his fellow-townsmen, then by the manager.

He did not hesitate long. The thing appealed to him. It was, and he instinctively knew it, the right footing after many days. The peg was to be fitted to its own niche.

Laura was out of town. She returned the night of the performance. She was amazed when Jonathan appeared in the traditional cap and bells.

"Why, that is Jonathan Clapp!" she whispered to a woman beside her.

"Yes, didn't you know? The professional dropped dead, and Jonathan Clapp is taking his part." As she spoke, the woman's face was creased with mirth.

The audience went mad with delight over their own jester. Every movement, every word was applauded, and the laughter rose and fell like waves of the sea.

Until the last.

Then the poor jester, on his knees before the queen, confessed his love. Suddenly a silence like a shock was over everything. The people sat still and held their breaths. This was something new. They had not expected it.

The tremendous pathos which alone can make great comedy, was before them, made known to them.

When the curtain went down the house rose with one accord. Something almost like hysteria swept them. Jonathan appeared again and again.

The next day it was known he had refused the most flattering offers to continue with the company. They said he was greater than the dead comedian had been—that a career was open to him.

That evening Jonathan went to a dinner in his honour. He was made a hero. Laura, who was there, did not approach him with the rest.

After dinner she beckoned him into a little conservatory off the drawing-room. She stood half-concealed behind the tall palms and motioned to him.

He shook his head slightly. That simple motion awakened laughter among all who saw and did not understand.

She was insistent. He saw a flash of emeralds on her finger.

After a time he stole away and joined her.

The girl did not hesitate. She was bold, out of herself.

"Jonathan," she whispered. "Jonathan."

He knew that she understood herself as being in the place of the queen in the play. He knew that he had betrayed himself. He knew that at last it was possible for him to take as well as give, but the taking had no savour for his soul. He knew that if he took, love would go, both from his own soul and hers.

What had moved her was the jester in the consummate climax of all jest. Not even for her could he accept as his own the sad underlying fact. He could not all his life play a part not his own birthright.

When she whispered again and laid a hand on his arm, he only laughed.

He flung back to the people in the drawing-room. "Another bouquet for the fool," he called out gaily.

There was a roar of laughter. The girl's face blazed, then went white. Then she too laughed of her brave spirit.

Nobody could have said those five words as Jonathan said them.

Nobody could have made them so unaccountably funny.

When Jonathan got home that night, the lights were on. The perpetual lover had not gone, and old Lois was waiting for Jonathan in the little room near the door. The servants had gone out. She let him in before he could take out his latch-key.

Old Lois pulled him gently into the little room gleaming with light. "Jonathan," she said in very much the same manner that the girl had.

"Well, old lady."

"I know," said old Lois.

"Then you know why I laugh," Jonathan replied.

She gazed up in his face, tears streaming over her cheeks, her mouth twitching.

"Laugh, old lady, Life can be met by you as by me, only with a laugh—or we shall both go down under it. Laugh, old lady."

Lois laughed. Jonathan's laugh rang out. "It is a duet," he cried gaily, and they laughed again.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Remembered from the Play

"The Furies"

Fern Andrews—There are so many kisses in the world—and love gets so few of them.

Harvey Bell Smith—People have the damndest manners in this town. Now, whether it's exactly the right thing to have bad manners or not is a question. I've been trying to cultivate bad ones for the last five years, but I think they're going out. Too easy to do.

Harvey Bell Smith—Rich people love getting anything free—even advice. It's the poor devils who are so proud of being able to pay that the world makes its money off of.

By Zoe Akins, New York, 1928.

"Within the Law"

George Demarest—Nowadays they don't call them Courts of Justice. They call them Courts of Law.

By Bayard Veiller, New York, 1912; revived New York, 1928.

"March Hares"

Mrs. Rodney—Geoffrey, dear, why don't you marry Janet?

Geoffrey—Marry her! Why, that's so easy. But it is really difficult to be engaged to a person.

Geoffrey—My definition of entire love is: a state of mind at which two people arrive simultaneously for the purpose of not annoying each other.

Geoffrey—Ungentlemanly! How typical! How many crimes men have committed for women for fear of being thought ungentlemanly!

By Harry Wagstaff Gribble, New York, 1921; revived, New York, 1928.

"The Circle"

Anna—She is very unfair to expect a politician to live up in private to the statements he makes in public.

Arnold—I never know whether you're a humorist or a cynic, father.

Champion-Cheney—I'm neither, my boy; I'm merely a very truthful man. But people are so unused to the truth that they're apt to mistake it for a joke or a sneer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LADY KITTY—The tragedy of love isn't death or separation. One gets over them. The tragedy of love is indifference.

TEDDIE—When two people are married it's very difficult for one of them to be unhappy without making the other unhappy too.

By W. Somerset Maugham, London, 1921; revived, London, 1928.

"OLYMPIA"

KOVACS—You have danced with me.

OLYMPIA—Because you are an officer. If you were a bishop, I should kiss your hand. I should kiss the ring on your finger just as I have danced with your uniform. But I haven't danced with *you*.

KOVACS—The man who sinks a knife into another man's body is not always a murderer.

PRINCESS—What else could he be?

KOVACS—A surgeon.

By Ferenc Molnar, Budapest, 1928.

"THE GREAT BROXOPP"

BROXOPP—Children are invariably disappointing when they grow up. It isn't their fault. I dare say that we are just as disappointing to our children. When they are young they think we are wonderful; so wise, so strong, so good. And then they grow up, and—find us out.

By A. A. Milne, London, 1928.

"THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL"

ANATOL—To be unhappy is only half a misfortune. To be pitied, that's a complete one.

ANATOL—We believe everything that women tell us, from the first lie that makes us happy, on to—everything.

By Arthur Schnitzler, Vienna, 1908; revived, Berlin, 1928.

A City Ringed With Fire

By F. L. MINNIGERODE

ONCE a year, for a thousand years, Meran, the ancient capital of Tyrol, has become a city ringed with fire. Formerly Austrian, but since the war Italian territory, Meran is seated in the bottom of an immense limestone cup. Precipitous sides rise almost immediately above the town to heights varying from a few thousand to ten thousand feet. Here and there this high rim has been broken by nature, and the edges are jagged and irregular as might be the edge of a china cup nicked by blows.

Eternal glaciers hide in the ravines above the city. Minaret, spire and needle—red, brown and gray—stab the sky thousands of feet above. Only one little segment of the circle, where the River Adige roars down its rocky bed toward the Adriatic, seems to offer a possible avenue of escape through the towering mountain rim.

On the night of every June 24 the celebration known as "Sonnenwendfeier," "Sonnenfestfeier" or "Johannisfeier" is held. The first two names are used because this, according to old tradition, was the day upon which the sun reached the furthest point

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

north in its travels, and on the following day turned its shining face toward the southern hemisphere. The name "Johannisfeier" is sometimes given to the celebration in honour of John the Baptist, who was supposed to have been born on that day.

This seasonal custom of a thousand years used to be observed in many places besides —in Scandinavia, in Ireland, as well as in other parts of Tyrol. But other communities have allowed the old custom to pass out entirely, or have neglected to observe it fittingly. . . .

Days before the celebration the Tyroleans in groups of five or ten or twenty begin their preparations for the fiery fiesta. One group selects for its fire this summit, another that, and so on until each mountain pinnacle holds a pile of firewood waiting to be touched off. It is an unwritten law that the fires must blaze against the sky; that there shall be no higher peak in the background to dwarf the visible flaming of a single fire.

The preliminary labour for making these great bonfires includes carrying heavy bundles of fagots up mountain slopes to a height of six or eight or ten thousand feet, and it is a dangerous job, requiring all the paraphernalia for scaling mountains. A team of eight or ten men are all securely fastened to the same rope. Should one lose his footing and swing out into space over some deep abyss, the sturdy hold of the others swings him back to a footing and safety, and the daring climbers continue, for the fires must blaze from the highest needlepoints of the Kuchelberg.

Accidents have been numerous and will continue to be, but death and injury, toil and time cannot measure in debate with the custom of a thousand years.

Scarcely has the sun of summer's longest day slid behind the Zielspitz when here and there at widely different points of the compass and at varying heights, little clouds of blue smoke ascend above the peaks. Soon a thousand smoke clouds are rising. North, south, east and west blue smoke curls upward far above the city. As dusk descends, the fires, intermittent at first like fireflies, soon burn steadily. Distinct and more distinct, as the darkness deepens, grow the flares. Higher and higher leap the flames.

The service has been perfectly timed, and when the last faint light of the sun has gone from the west the fires are burning splendidly against the night.

Thus for an hour or an hour and a half a thousand or more huge bonfires are ablaze in a great circle at tremendous heights—encompassing the city. Spire, crag and precipice are cleanly outlined by flames that thrust fiery spears into the blackness above. Never did praises to the sun god or worship of the fire god eclipse the summit fires of Meran's peaks during the night when the Tyroleans celebrate the "Johannisfeier."

With only fagots and torches, gaunt peaks and jagged rims, these Tyrolean peasants have given the world a lesson in the indescribable beauties to be achieved in flame and darkness.

St. John's Eve

I AND my sisters tried the dumb cake together; you must know two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time), and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and, to be sure, I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our backyard, and said to myself—"Hemp-seed I sow, hemp-seed I hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow." Will you believe me? I looked back and saw him as plain as eyes could see him. After that I took a clean shift and wetted it, and turned it wrong side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again (for I heard his step), but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Mid-summer Men, one for myself and one for him. Now, if his had died away, we should never have come together; but I assure you his bowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas Day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out.

The Connoisseur (about 1750).

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Concerning Kissing

PART III

A lover should not hold his bride by the ears in kissing her, as appears to have been customary at Scotch weddings of the last century. HENRY T. FINCK.

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER CONSIDERED IT GUSTATORY IN ORIGIN

Obviously, the billing of doves or pigeons, and the like action of love-birds, indicates an affection which is satisfied by the gustatory sensation. No act of this kind on the part of an inferior creature, as of a cow licking a calf, can have any other origin than the direct prompting of a desire which gains by the act satisfaction; and in such a case the satisfaction is that which vivid perception of offspring gives to the maternal yearning. In some animals like acts arise from other forms of affection. Licking the hand, or, where it is accessible, the face, is a common display of attachment on a dog's part; and when we remember how keen must be the olfactory sense by which a dog traces its master, we cannot doubt that to his gustatory sense, too, there is yielded some impression—an impression associated with those pleasures of affection which his master's presence gives.

The inference that kissing, as a mark of fondness in the human race, has a kindred origin, is sufficiently probable. Though kissing is not universal—though the negro races do not understand it, and though, as we have seen, there are cases where sniffing replaces it—yet being common to unlikely and widely-dispersed peoples, we may conclude that it originated in the same manner as the analogous action among lower creatures. . . .

From kissing as a natural sign of affection, there is derived the kissing which, as a means of simulating affection, gratifies those who are kissed; and by gratifying them, propitiates. Hence an obvious root for the kissing of feet, hands, garments, as a part of ceremonial. HERBERT SPENCER.

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine! THOMAS LODGE.

THE KISS DIPLOMATIC

It was very little that Nicholas knew of the world, but he guessed enough about its ways to think that if he gave Miss La Creevy one little kiss, perhaps she might not be the less kindly disposed towards those he was leaving behind. So he gave her three or four with a kind of jocose gallantry, and Miss La Creevy evinced no greater symptoms of displeasure than declaring, as she adjusted her yellow turban, that she had never heard of such a thing, and couldn't have believed it possible. CHARLES DICKENS.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parents of numbers that cannot be told,
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault—
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

An Evolution of Touch, Said Mr. Darwin

(Kissing) is so far innate or natural that it apparently depends on pleasure from close contact with a beloved person; and it is replaced in various parts of the world, by the rubbing of noses, as with the New Zealanders and Laplanders, by the rubbing or patting of the arms, breasts, or stomachs, or by one man striking his own face with the hands or feet of another. Perhaps the practice of blowing, as a mark of affection, on various parts of the body may depend on the same principle. CHARLES DARWIN.

Among the safeguards of female purity (in the Roman Republic) was an enactment forbidding women even to taste wine. . . . Cato said that the ancient Romans were accustomed to kiss their wives for the purpose of discovering whether they had been drinking wine.
W. E. H. LECKY.

If so, They Later Made up for Lost Time

It is quite certain that the custom of kissing was brought into England from Friesland, as St. Pierius Wensemius, historiographer to their High Mightinesses, the States of Friesland, in his *Chronicle*, 1622, tells us that the pleasant practice of kissing was utterly "unpractised and unknown in England till the fair Princess Romix (Rowena), the daughter of King Hengist of Friesland, pressed the beaker with her lippens, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a Kusjen (little kiss)." *St. James Gazette, 1871.*

Timarion, thy kiss is bird-lime, thy eyes are fire. If thou lookest at me, thou burnest, if thou touchest me, thou hast caught me fast. MELEAGER.

A Christian Scholar in England Four Centuries Ago

"Not unprosperous is your Erasmus in England," wrote that man of wiles to one Faustus, a poet; and then—"To touch upon one among many delights, there are girls in this land divinely fair—soft, easy, and more wooing than any of your Muses. Moreover, they have a custom which cannot be too much honoured. Wheresoever you go a-visiting, the girls all kiss you. With kisses you come in, with kisses depart; returning, they kiss you again. Cometh one to you, the kisses fly between; doth she go away, with kisses you are torn asunder; meeting in any place, kisses abound. Go where you will, it is all kisses. Indeed, my Faustus, had you but once tasted of lips so fragrant and so soft, not for a time only, but to your end of days, you would choose to be a pilgrim in this England." MAURICE HEWLETT.

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean.
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Sigurd and the Warrior Maid

One day, when Sigurd was come from the forest, his hawk flew to the window at which Brynhild sat busy weaving within a gold border the exploits of the hero. Sigurd ran after it, saw the maiden, and seemed deeply struck with her handiwork and beauty.

On the following day Sigurd went to her apartment, and the boy Alsoid stood outside the door shafting arrows. Sigurd said: "Hail to thee, lady! How fares it with thee?"

She answered: "We are well, my kindred and friends are living, but it is uncertain what anyone's lot may be till the last day."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

He sat down by her. Brynhild said: "This seat will be permitted to few, unless my father comes."

Sigurd replied: "Now is that come to pass which thou didst promise me."

She said: "Here shalt thou be welcome." She then arose, and her four maidens with her, and, approaching him with a golden cup, bade him drink.

He reached towards her and took hold of her hand together with the cup, and placed her by him; then he clasped her round the neck and kissed her, saying: "A fairer than thou was never born."

She said: "It is not wise to place faith in women, for they so often break their promise."

He replied: "Better days will come upon us, so that we may enjoy happiness."

Brynhild said: "It is not ordained that we shall live together, for I am a shield-maiden."

But Sigurd answered: "Then shall we be happiest, living together; for harder to endure than a keen weapon is the pain that lies herein."

Volsunga Saga. (A fragment, from the lost poems of Sigurd and Brynhild, printed with the Stockholm edition of the *Edler Edda*.)

The only things you may deal out without counting in this life of ours, which is but a little fight and a little love, is blows to your enemy and kisses to a woman.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE SYRIAN PRINCESS OF THE TOWER

Behold there was no child born to the prince of Naharaina except one daughter. So he built for her a house; its window was seventy cubits from the ground, and he caused to be brought all the sons of all the chiefs of the land of Kharu (Syria), and said to them: "He who shall reach the window of my daughter, she shall be to him for a wife."

Now when the days had multiplied after these things, as they were in their daily task, the wandering young prince of Egypt came by them. They took the youth to their dwelling, they bathed him, they gave provender to his horse, they did every service for the youth; they anointed him, they bound up his feet, they gave him portions of their own food; they inquired of him: "Whence camest thou, good youth?"

He said to them: "I am the son of an officer of the land of Egypt; my mother is dead, my father has taken another wife. When she bore children, she began to hate me, and I have come as a fugitive before her." They embraced him and kissed him.

Now when the days were multiplied after these things, he said to the youth: "What is it that you do here?" And they said to him, "We spend our time in this: we climb up, and he who shall reach the window of the daughter of the prince of Naharaina, to him shall she be given to wife." He said to them: "Lo! I desire to try, I shall go to climb with you." They went to climb, as was their daily wont; the youth stood afar off to behold; and the face of the daughter of the prince of Naharaina was turned to him.

Now when the days were multiplied after the things, the youth came to climb with the sons of the chiefs. He climbed, he reached the window of the daughter of the prince of Naharaina. She kissed him, she embraced him.

XVIII Dynasty Papyrus (about 1450 B.C.).

A kiss is the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet . . . the love-labial which it takes two to speak plainly.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A KISS FANTASTICAL

Curves of cheek and throat, and shadow of loose hair—the dark flash of dark eyes under the silk of black lashes—a passing vision light as a dream of summer—the sweet temptations of seventeen years' grace—womanhood at its springtime, when the bud is bursting through the blossom—the patter of feet that hardly touch ground in their elastic movement—the light loose dress, moulding its softness upon the limbs beneath it, betraying much, suggesting the rest—an apparition seen only for a moment passing through the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

subdued light of a vine-shaded window, briefly as an object illuminated by lightning—yet such a moment may well be recorded by the guardian angels of men's lives.

"*Croyez vous ça?*" suddenly demands a metallically sonorous voice at the other side of the table.

"*Pardon!—qu'est ce que c'est?*" asks the stranger, in the tone of one suddenly awakened, internally annoyed at being disturbed, yet anxious to appear deeply interested. They had been talking of Japan—and the traveler, suddenly regaining the clue of the conversation, spoke of a bath-house at Yokohama, and of strange things he had seen there, until the memory of the recent vision mingled fantastically with recollections of the Japanese bathing-house, and he sank into another reverie, leaving the untasted cup of black coffee before him to mingle its dying aroma with the odour of the cigarettes.

For there are living apparitions that affect men more deeply than fancied visits from the world of ghosts;—numbing respiration momentarily, making the blood to gather about the heart like a great weight, hushing the voice to a murmur, creating an indescribable oppression in the throat—until nature seeks relief in a strong sigh that fills the lungs with air again and cools for a brief moment the sudden fever of the veins. The vision may endure but an instant—seen under a gleam of sunshine, or through the antiquated gateway one passes from time to time on his way to the serious part of the city; yet that instant is enough to change the currents of the blood, and slacken the reins of the will, and make us deaf and blind and dumb for a time to the world of SOLID FACT. The whole being is momentarily absorbed, enslaved by a vague and voiceless desire to touch her, to kiss her, to bite her.

The lemon-gold blaze in the west faded out; the blue became purple; and in the purple the mighty arch of stars burst into illumination, with its myriad blossoms of fire white as a woman's milk. A Spanish officer improved a momentary lull in the conversation by touching a guitar, and all eyes turned toward the musician, who suddenly wrung from his instrument the nervous, passionate, semi-barbaric melody of a Spanish dance. For a moment he played to an absolutely motionless audience; the very waving of the fans ceased, the listeners held their breath. Then two figures glided through the vine-framed doorway and took their seats. One was the Vision of a few hours before—a type of semi-tropical grace, with the bloom of Southern youth upon her dark skin. The other immediately impressed the stranger as the ugliest little Mexican woman he had ever seen in the course of a long and experienced life.

She was grotesque as a Chinese image of Buddha, no taller than a child of ten, but very broadly built. Her skin had the ochre tint of new copper; her forehead was large and disagreeably high; her nose flat; her cheek-bones very broad and prominent; her eyes small, deeply set, and gray as pearls; her mouth alone, small, passionate, and pouting, with rather thick lips, relieved the coarseness of her face. Although so compactly built, she had no aspect of plumpness or fleshiness:—she had the physical air of one of those little Mexican fillies which are all nerve and sinew. Both women were in white; and the dress of the little Mexican was short enough to expose a very pretty foot and well-turned ankle.

Another beautiful woman would scarcely have diverted the stranger's attention from the belle of the party that night; but that Mexican was so infernally ugly, and so devilishly comical, that he could not remove his eyes from her grotesque little face. He could not help remarking that her smile was pleasing if not pretty, and her teeth white as porcelain; that there was a strong, good-natured originality about her face, and that her uncouthness was only apparent, as she was the most accomplished dancer in the room. Even the belle's movements seemed heavy compared with hers; she appeared to dance as lightly as the humming-bird moves from blossom to blossom. By and by he found to his astonishment that this strange creature could fascinate without beauty and grace, and play coquette without art; also that her voice had pretty bird tones in it; likewise that the Spanish captain was very much interested in her, and determined to monopolize her as much as possible for the rest of the evening. And the stranger felt oddly annoyed thereat; and sought to console himself by the reflection that she was the most fantastically ugly little creature he had seen in his whole life. But for some mysterious reason consolation refused to come. "Well, I am going back to Honduras to-morrow," he thought—"and there thoughts of women will give me very little concern."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"I protest against this kissing," cried the roguish host in a loud voice, evidently referring to something that had just taken place in the embrasure of the farther window. "*On fait venir l'eau dans la bouche!* Monopoly is strictly prohibited. *Our* rights and feelings must be taken into consideration." Frenzied applause followed. What difference did it make?—they were the world's Bohemians—here to-day, there to-morrow!—before another moonrise they would be scattered west and south;—the ladies ought to kiss them all for good luck.

So the kiss of farewell was given under the great gate, overhung by vine-tendrils drooping like a woman's hair love-loosened.

The beauty's lips shrank from the pressure of the stranger's;—it was a fruitless phantom sort of kiss. "*Y yo, señor,*" cried the little Mexican, standing on tiptoe as she threw her arms about his neck. Everybody laughed except the recipient of the embrace. He had received an electric shock of passion which left him voiceless and speechless, and it seemed to him that his heart had ceased to beat.

Those carmine-edged lips seemed to have a special life of their own as of the gymnotus —as if crimsoned by something more lava-warm than young veins: they pressed upon his mouth with the motion of something that at once bites and sucks blood irresistibly but softly, like the great bats which absorb the life of sleepers in tropical forests;—there was something moist and cool and supple indescribable in their clinging touch, as of beautiful snaky things which, however firmly clasped, slip through the hand with boneless strength; —they could not themselves be kissed, because they mesmerized and mastered the mouth presented to them;—their touch for the instant paralyzed the blood, but only to fill its motionless currents with unquenchable fires as strange as of a tropical volcano, so that the heart strove to rise from its bed to meet them, and all the life of the man seemed to have risen to his throat only to strangle there in its effort at self-release. A feeble description, indeed; but how can such a kiss be described?

Six months later the stranger came back from Honduras, and deposited some small but heavy bags in the care of his old host. Then he called the old man aside, and talked long and earnestly and passionately, like one who makes a confession.

The landlord burst into a good-natured laugh. "*Ah, la drôle!—la vilaine petite drôle!* So she made you crazy, also? *Mon cher*, you are not the only one, *pardieu!* But the idea of returning here on account of one kiss, and then to be too late, after all! She is gone, my friend, gone. God knows where. Such women are birds of passage. You might seek the whole world and never find her; again, you might meet her when least expected. But you are too late. She married the guitarrista."

LAFCADIO HEARN.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild without regret;
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

A DISTURBING IDEA FOR ROMANTICS

Honour to whom honour is due. The Chimpanzee seems to have been the first who discovered the charm of mutual labial contact. In a description to me by Mr. Bartlett the two Chimpanzees "sat opposite, touching each other with their much-protruded lips." And in some notes on the Chimpanzee in Central Park, New York, by Dr. C. Pitfield Mitchell, published in the *Journal of Comparative Medicine and Surgery*, January, 1885, we find the following: "That tender emotions are experienced may be inferred from the fact that he pressed the kitten to his breast and kissed it, holding it very gently in both hands. In kissing, the lips are pouted and the tongue protruded, and both are pressed upon the object of affection. The act is not accompanied by any sound, thus differing from human osculation."

HENRY T. FINCK.

(*To be continued*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Queen's Necklace

By ALEXANDER DUMAS

CHAPTER XXVI

THE AMBASSADOR

N THE evening of the next day a traveling-carriage passed through the Barrière d'Enfer, so covered with dust and mud that no one could discern the arms upon it. The four horses that drew it almost flew over the pavement; the postilions were driving at the pace of a prince, as the saying is. The carriage stopped before a hôtel of handsome appearance in the Rue de la Jussienne, at the door of which two men were waiting, one of whom was in full dress, and the other in the livery usually worn by officers connected with foreign embassies in Paris; in other words, the latter looked like a guard in his gala-costume. The carriage entered the court-yard of the hôtel, and the person first-mentioned respectfully approached the carriage-door and began, in somewhat tremulous tones, a speech in the Portuguese language.

"Who are you?" said a voice from the inside, speaking also in Portuguese, but with this difference, that he spoke the language perfectly.

"The unworthy chancellor of the embassy, your Excellency."

"Very well. How badly you speak our language, my dear chancellor; but where are we to alight?"

"Here, Monseigneur, here."

"This is a poor reception," said Don Manoel, who played the grand personage as he got out of the carriage, leaning on the arms of his secretary and valet.

"Your Excellency must pardon me," said the chancellor, "but the courier announcing your arrival reached the hôtel only at two o'clock to-day. I was absent on business of the legation, and when I returned found your Excellency's letter. I have had only time to have the rooms opened; the servants are now lighting them."

"Very good."

"It gives me great pleasure to see the illustrious person of our new ambassador."

"We desire to keep as quiet as possible," said Don Manoel, "until we receive further orders from Lisbon. But show me to my room, if you please, for I am dying with fatigue; my secretary will give you all necessary directions."

The chancellor bowed respectfully to Beausire, who cordially returned the salutation and said with ironical courtesy, "We will speak French, Monsieur; I think it will be easier for both of us."

"Yes," murmured the chancellor, "I shall be more at my ease; for I confess that my pronunciation——"

"Yes; I see," interrupted Beausire, coolly.

"I will take the liberty to say to you, Monsieur, as you seem so amiable, that I trust Monsieur de Souza will not be annoyed at my speaking Portuguese so badly."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, if you speak French well."

"I!" said the chancellor, joyfully; "I, a Parisian of the Rue Saint Honoré!"

"Indeed! that is delightful," said Beausire. "What is your name? Ducorneau, I believe?"

"Yes, Monsieur; an appropriate name, since it has a Spanish termination. It is very flattering to me that Monsieur knew my name."

"Oh, you are well known,—so well, that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

we did not bring with us a chancellor from Lisbon."

"I am very grateful, Monsieur; what a fortunate thing for me the nomination of Monsieur de Souza proves to be."

"But Monsieur is ringing, I believe."

"Let us go and see."

They found Manoel attired in a magnificent dressing-gown. Several boxes and dressing-cases of rich appearance were already unpacked and lying about. A large fire burned on the hearth.

"Enter, enter, Chancellor," said the ambassador, who had seated himself in a large cushioned arm-chair, in front of the fire.

"Will his Excellency be angry if I answer in French?"

"Oh, no; I am sure of it."

Monsieur Ducorneau therefore paid his compliments in French.

"Ah! why, this is convenient; you speak in French admirably, Monsieur du Corno."

"He takes me for a Portuguese," thought the chancellor, beside himself with joy; and he pressed Beausire's hand.

"Now," said Manoel, "can I have supper?"

"Certainly, your Excellency; the Palais Royal is only two steps from here, and I know an excellent caterer who will bring your Excellency a good supper in a very short time."

"As if it were for yourself, Monsieur du Corno."

"Yes, Monseigneur; and if your Excellency will permit me, I will add to it some bottles of wine from your own country, such as your Excellency can have found only in Oporto itself."

"Oh, our chancellor has a good cellar, then?" said Beausire, jokingly.

"It is my only luxury," replied he. And now, by the wax-lights, they could remark his rather red nose and puffed cheeks.

"Do as you please, Monsieur du Corno; bring your wine and take supper with us."

"Such an honour—"

"Oh, no formality; to-night I am only a traveler. I shall not begin to be ambassador till to-morrow; then we will talk of business."

"Monseigneur will permit me to arrange my toilet?"

"Oh, you are superb already," said Beausire.

"Yes, but this is only a reception-dress."

"Remain as you are, Monsieur, and give the time to expediting our supper."

Ducorneau, delighted, left the room to fulfil his orders. Then the three rogues, left alone in the bedroom, examined the situation.

"Does this chancellor sleep here?" said Manoel.

"No; the fellow has a good cellar, and I doubt not a pretty woman or a grisette somewhere or other. He is an old bachelor."

"And the porter?"

"We must get rid of him. I will see to that."

"And the other servants in the hôtel?"

"We must replace them to-morrow with our own friends."

"Who is in the kitchen department?"

"No one. The last ambassador did not live here; he had a house in the town."

"What about the strong-box?"

"Oh, on that point, we must consult the chancellor; it is a delicate matter."

"I charge myself with it," said Beausire; "we are already capital friends."

"Hush! here he comes."

Ducorneau entered quite out of breath. He had ordered the supper; he brought six bottles of very respectable appearance from his cellar, and his face was radiant with pleasing anticipation. "Will your Excellency descend to the dining-room?" said he.

"No; we will take supper here sociably by the fire."

"Monseigneur fills me with joy. Here is the wine."

"Sit down, Monsieur du Corno," said the ambassador, "my valet will wait upon us. What day did the last despatches arrive?"

"The evening before the departure of your Excellency's predecessor."

"Are the affairs of the embassy in good order?"

"Oh, yes, Monseigneur."

"No money difficulties; no debts?"

"Not that I know of."

"Because if there are, we must begin by paying them. My predecessor is a worthy man, for whom I would become guarantee."

"Oh, your Excellency will have nothing of that sort to do. All the accounts were settled three weeks ago; and the day after the departure of the late ambassador one hundred thousand francs arrived here."

"One hundred thousand francs?" exclaimed both Don Manoel and Beausire, transported with joy.

"Yes, in gold."

"In gold!" repeated the ambassador, the secretary, and even the valet.

"So," said Beausire, concealing his emotion, "the box contains——"

"One hundred thousand three hundred and twenty-eight francs, Monsieur."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"It is not much," said Don Manoel, coldly; "but happily, her Majesty has placed funds at my disposal. I told you," he continued, turning to Beausire, "that I thought we should need it at Paris."

"Your Excellency took wise precautions," said Beausire, respectfully.

After this important communication of the chancellor the hilarity of the party went on increasing. A good supper, consisting of salmon, crabs, game, and roast meats, contributed to their satisfaction. Ducorneau, quite at his ease, ate enough for ten, and demonstrated to his superiors that a Parisian could do honour to port and sherry.

Monsieur Ducorneau was still blessing Heaven for sending him an ambassador who preferred the French language to the Portuguese, and Portuguese wines to French; he was revelling in that state of bliss which a satisfied and grateful stomach communicates to the brain, when Monsieur de Souza told him that it was time to go to bed. He arose and bowed himself out, hitting everything in his way until he reached the street-door.

Beausire and Don Manoel had not done such honour to the wine as to be ready at once to retire to bed. Besides, the valet must now follow the example of his masters by taking his supper.

Arrangements for the next day were then made; and the three associates made a tour of examination through the hôtel, after having assured themselves that the guard was asleep.

CHAPTER XXVII

BOEHMER AND BOSSANGE

THE next morning the embassy, thanks to the activity of the hungry Ducorneau, was aroused from its lethargy. Drawers, paper-boxes, desks, horses pawing in the courtyard, indicated bustle and life where the day before everything had seemed listless and dead.

The report spread quickly in the neighbourhood that a grand personage had arrived from Portugal during the night. This rumour, which ought to have been a credit to our three rascals, could not but inspire them with alarm; for the police of Monsieur Crosne had quick ears and Argus eyes. Still they thought that by audacity, combined with prudence, they might easily keep the police from becoming suspicious until they had had time to complete their business.

At daylight, two hired chaises brought to the hôtel a cargo of nine rascals who were to compose the household of the embassy. They were soon installed or rather disposed of by Beausire. One was appointed to the cash department, another was made keeper of the archives, a third took the place of the porter, whom Ducorneau himself dismissed on the ground that he did not speak Portuguese. The hôtel was therefore peopled by this new garrison, whose duty it was to defend it from everything profane.

The police is profane in the highest degree to all those who have political or other secrets.

Toward noon Don Manoel, called Souza, handsomely dressed, entered a very decent carriage which Beausire had hired for five hundred francs a month. He drove to the house of Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange, accompanied by his secretary and his valet.

The chancellor had orders to settle no accounts except with the knowledge of the secretary. The conspirators wished to keep intact the sum of one hundred thousand francs,—the fundamental pivot of the whole scheme.

The ambassador learned that the jewelers of the crown lived on the Quai de l'École. Thither they took their course, and arrived about one o'clock. The valet knocked at the door, which was secured with immense locks, and studded with large-headed nails, like the door of a prison. These nails were arranged in such a way as to form designs more or less agreeable to the eye, and so that no gimlet, saw, or file could touch a particle of the wood without being damaged by encountering a piece of iron.

A latticed wicket was opened, and a voice asked the valet what he wanted.

"His Excellency the Ambassador of Portugal desires to speak to Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange," replied the valet.

A face quickly appeared at the window of the first story, then a hurried step was heard upon the stairs. The door opened.

Don Manoel alighted from the carriage with dignified deliberation, Monsieur de Beausire having first descended to assist his Excellency.

The man who advanced to meet the two Portuguese with so much haste, on hearing the word "ambassador," was Monsieur Boehmer himself, who made all sorts of apologies while they were ascending the stairs.

Monsieur Beausire observed that behind them a strong woman-servant was fastening the bolts and locks. Monsieur Boehmer,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

seeing that Beausire's attention was attracted in that direction, said: "Your pardon, Monsieur; we are so exposed in our unfortunate business that we are obliged to take every precaution."

Don Manoel remained impassive, seeing which Boehmer repeated to him the remark which Beausire had received with an affable smile, but the ambassador was as silent as before.

"Your Excellency will pardon me," again said Boehmer, disconcerted.

"His Excellency does not speak French," said Beausire, "and does not understand you, Monsieur; you must communicate with him through me,—unless you speak Portuguese."

"No, Monsieur; I do not."

"I will speak for you, then."

Beausire spoke a few Portuguese words to Manoel, who replied in the same language.

"His Excellency Monsieur le Comte de Souza, ambassador from the queen of Portugal, graciously accepts your apologies, Monsieur, and desires me to ask you if you still have in your possession a beautiful diamond necklace?"

Boehmer looked at him scrutinizingly. Beausire met the look with the coolness of a diplomatist.

"A beautiful diamond necklace," said Boehmer, slowly,—"a very beautiful necklace?"

"The one which you offered to the queen of France; its renown has reached our gracious queen."

"Monsieur," said Boehmer, "is an officer of the ambassador?"

"His private secretary, Monsieur."

Don Manoel, with the air of a great personage, had seated himself, and was looking carelessly at the pictures which hung round the room.

"Monsieur," said Beausire, "it seems to me that you have not heard a word that I have said to you."

"And how so, Monsieur?" replied Boehmer, a little startled by the sharp tone of the secretary.

"I see his Excellency is becoming impatient."

"Excuse me, Monsieur," said Boehmer, colouring, "but I cannot show the necklace except in the presence of my partner, Monsieur Bossange."

"Well, Monsieur, call your partner."

Don Manoel approached Beausire, and with a freezing manner, somewhat majestic withal, began a harangue in Portuguese, during which Beausire many times bowed respectfully. Then Manoel turned his back, and gazed out of the window.

"His Excellency says, Monsieur, that he has already waited ten minutes, and that he is not accustomed to be kept waiting, not even by kings."

Boehmer bowed and rang the bell.

A moment later another person entered the room. It was Monsieur Bossange, the partner. Boehmer explained the matter to him in a few words. Bossange gave a glance to the two Portuguese, and asked Boehmer for his key to the safe.

"It seems to me that honest men," thought Beausire, "take as many precautions toward one another as if they were thieves."

Ten minutes later Monsieur Bossange returned, carrying in his left hand a jewel-case; his right hand was hidden under his coat. Beausire saw the outline of two pistols.

"However respectable we may appear," said Manoel, gravely, in Portuguese, "these gentlemen evidently take us for thieves, rather than ambassadors." And he looked narrowly at the two jewelers to discover by any indication of emotion whether they understood the Portuguese language. But he saw nothing,—nothing but a diamond necklace of dazzling beauty.

Monsieur Bossange advanced, and with much apparent confidence put the casket into Manoel's hands. Manoel opened it, and immediately said angrily, to his secretary, "Monsieur, say to these fellows that they exceed the shopkeeper's privilege of stupidity. I ask for a diamond necklace, and they bring me paste. Tell them I will complain to the ministers, and in the name of my queen will have thrown into the Bastille impertinent fellows who play tricks upon an ambassador"; and he threw down the case in such a passion that the jewelers needed no interpretation of his remarks. They apologized effusively, and explained that in France it was usual to show only the models of diamonds, so as not to tempt people to robbery, were they so inclined.

Manoel, with an angry gesture, walked toward the door.

"His Excellency desires me to tell you," said Beausire, "that he is sorry that people like Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange, jewelers to the queen, should not know better how to distinguish an ambassador from a rogue, and that he will return to his hôtel."

The jewelers looked at each other with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

decided uneasiness, and bowed humbly to the retiring ambassador. Beausire proudly followed his master. The old woman unfastened the door.

"To the hôtel of the embassy, Rue de la Jussienne!" cried Beausire to the coachman.

Boehmer, listening at the wicket, heard the order.

"A complete failure!" muttered Manoel.

"A complete success!" said Beausire. "In an hour these men will follow us."

The carriage rolled away as rapidly as if it had been drawn by eight horses.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AT THE EMBASSY

On returning to their hôtel, these gentlemen found Ducorneau dining quietly in his office. Beausire desired him, when he had finished, to go up and see the ambassador, and added, "You will see, my dear Chancellor, that Monsieur de Souza is not an ordinary man."

"I have perceived that already."

"His Excellency," continued Beausire, "wishes to take a distinguished position in Paris, and this residence will be insupportable to him. It will therefore be necessary to find a private residence for Monsieur de Souza."

"That will complicate the diplomatic business," said Ducorneau, "we shall have to go so often to obtain his signature."

"His Excellency will give you a carriage, dear Monsieur Ducorneau."

"A carriage for me!"

"It is to be regretted that you have not one already," continued Beausire. "Every chancellor of a great ambassador should have a carriage; but we will talk of that afterward. His Excellency wishes to know where the strong-box is."

"Upstairs in his own room, Monsieur."

"So far from you?"

"For greater safety, Monsieur. Robbers would find greater difficulty in getting to it there, than here on the ground-floor."

"Robbers!" said Beausire, disdainfully, "and for such a little sum?"

"One hundred thousand francs!" said Ducorneau. "It is easy to see that Monsieur de Souza is very rich; there is not so much money in all the other embassies."

"Shall we examine it now?" said Beausire. "I am rather in a hurry to attend to my own business."

"Immediately, Monsieur."

They went up, and found the money as Ducorneau had stated. Ducorneau gave his key to Beausire, who kept it for some time, pretending to admire its ingenious construction, while he cleverly took the impression of it in wax. Then he gave it back, saying, "Keep it, Monsieur Ducorneau, it is better in your hands than in mine; let us now go to the ambassador."

They found Don Manoel drinking the national chocolate, and apparently much occupied with a writing in cipher.

"Do you understand the cipher used in the late correspondence?" said he to the chancellor.

"No, your Excellency."

"I wish you henceforth to understand it; it will save me a great many annoying details. By the way, what about the box?" said he to Beausire.

"In good condition, like everything else under the charge of Monsieur Ducorneau."

"The hundred thousand francs?"

"Intact."

"Well, sit down, Monsieur du Corno; I want you to give me some information."

"At your Excellency's orders," replied the chancellor, delighted.

"The matter in question is an affair of State."

"Oh, I listen, Monseigneur!" and he drew his chair nearer to the ambassador.

"A very grave affair, in which I would take advantage of your experience. Do you know any honest jewelers in Paris?"

"There are Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange, jewelers to the queen."

"But they are precisely the people I do not wish to employ; I have just left them, and will have nothing more to do with them."

"Have they had the misfortune to displease your Excellency?"

"Seriously, Monsieur du Corno."

"Oh, if I might be a little less reserved, I would venture——"

"Speak!"

"I would ask how these people, who bear so high a name——"

"They are perfect Jews, Monsieur du Corno; and their bad behaviour will make them lose a million or two."

"Oh!" cried Ducorneau, eagerly.

"I was sent by her gracious Majesty to make an offer to them for a diamond necklace."

"Oh, the famous necklace which had been ordered by the late king for Madame Dubarry,—I know, I know!"

"You are a valuable man, Monsieur; you

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

know everything. Well, I had intended to buy that necklace; but as things are I shall not buy it."

"Shall I interfere?"

"Monsieur du Corno!"

"Oh, only as a diplomatic affair."

"If you knew them at all, it might be well."

"Bossange is a distant relation of mine."

Don Manoel and Beausire looked at each other. A silence followed. The two Portuguese were sharpening their wits.

At this moment a valet opened the door, and announced "Messieurs Boehmer and Bossange." Don Manoel rose quickly, and said, in an angry tone, "Send those men away!"

The valet was about to obey.

"No; dismiss them yourself, Monsieur the Secretary," said the ambassador.

"In the name of Heaven, allow me to execute the order of Monseigneur!" said Ducorneau. "I will dismiss them gently, since it cannot be avoided."

"Certainly, if you wish," said Manoel, carelessly. Beausire approached him as Ducorneau hurried out.

"It seems that this affair is destined to fail," said Manoel.

"No; Ducorneau will arrange it."

"He will spoil it, you unlucky fellow! You said at the jewelers' that I did not understand French, and Ducorneau will let out that I do understand it."

"I will go," said Beausire.

"Perhaps that is equally dangerous."

"Oh, no! only leave me full power to act."

Beausire went down. Ducorneau had found the jewelers much more disposed to politeness and confidence since entering the hôtel; and on seeing an old friend, Bossange was delighted.

"You here?" said he; and he approached to embrace him.

"Ah, ah, you are very amiable to-day, my rich cousin!" said Ducorneau; "you recognize me here. Is it because I belong to the embassy?"

"On my word, yes!" said Bossange. "If we have been a little estranged, forgive, and render me a service."

"I came for that."

"Thanks! You are, then, attached to the embassy?"

"Yes."

"I want to make an inquiry."

"What about?"

"About this embassy."

"I am the chancellor."

"We would speak to the ambassador."

"I come on his behalf."

"On his behalf! to tell us——"

"That he begs you to leave his hôtel as quickly as possible."

The two jewelers looked at each other disconcerted.

"Because," continued Ducorneau, "it seems you have been uncivil to him."

"But listen——"

"It is useless," said Beausire, who suddenly appeared. "Monsieur Ducorneau, his Excellency told you to dismiss them; do it."

"But, Monsieur——"

"Obey!" said Beausire, with disdain. "Dismiss them!" and he went away.

The chancellor took his relation by the shoulder, and pushed him out, saying, "You have spoiled your fortune."

"*Mon Dieu!* how susceptible these foreigners are," murmured Boehmer, who was a German.

"When one is called Souza, and has nine hundred thousand francs a year, one has a right to be what he pleases," said Ducorneau.

"Ah," sighed Bossange, "I told you, Boehmer, you were too stiff in business matters!"

"Well," replied the obstinate German, "at least, if we do not get his money he will not get our necklace."

Ducorneau laughed. "You do not understand either a Portuguese or an ambassador, bourgeois that you are. I will tell you what they are: one ambassador, Monsieur de Potemkin, bought every year for his queen, on the first of January, a basket of cherries, which cost one hundred thousand crowns,—one thousand francs a cherry. Well, Monsieur de Souza will buy up all the mines of Brazil, and will find a diamond as big as all yours put together. Though it may cost him an amount equal to his income for twenty years, what will he care for that?—he has no children. So!"

As Ducorneau was about to close the door, Bossange stopped him, saying, "Arrange this affair for me, and you shall have——"

"We are incorruptible here!" replied Ducorneau, and closed the door.

That evening the ambassador received the following letter:——

MONSEIGNEUR,—A man who awaits your orders, desiring to present to you our respectful apologies, is at the door of your hôtel; and upon a word from your Excellency, he will place in the hands of one of your attendants the necklace of which you did us the honour to speak to us. Be pleased to receive, Monseigneur, the assurance of our profound respect.

BOEHMER AND BOSSANGE.

"So," said Manoel, on reading this letter, "the necklace is ours."

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Not so," said Beausire; "it will be ours only when we have bought it. We must buy it, therefore."

"But how?"

"Your Excellency does not understand French,—that is settled; and so, first of all, we must get rid of the chancellor."

"How can we do that?"

"Oh, I will send him away on some diplomatic mission."

"You are wrong," said Manoel; "he will be our security with these men."

"But he will say that you know French."

"No, he will not; I will tell him not to do so."

"Very well, then, he can stay. Let the man with the diamonds come in."

The man was introduced. It was Boehmer himself, who made many bows and excuses; after which he presented his diamonds, and seemed to intend leaving them for examination.

Don Manoel desired him to remain.

"Sit down," said Beausire, "and let us converse, since his Excellency pardons you."

"Oh, how much trouble a man must take to make a sale!" sighed Boehmer.

"How much trouble a man takes to steal," thought Beausire.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE BARGAIN

THEN the ambassador consented to examine the necklace in detail. Monsieur Boehmer showed each individual beauty.

"On the whole," said Beausire, interpreting for Manoel, "his Excellency sees nothing to complain of in the necklace; but there are ten of the diamonds slightly defective."

"Oh!" said Boehmer.

"His Excellency," interrupted Beausire, "knows more about diamonds than you do; the Portuguese nobility play with the diamonds of Brazil as children do here with glass beads."

In fact, Don Manoel placed his finger on some of the diamonds and showed, with great intelligence, faults which were almost imperceptible, and which even a connoisseur might have passed over without noticing.

"Such as it is, however," said Boehmer, somewhat surprised to find so great a nobleman a jeweler also, "this necklace is the finest collection of diamonds in all Europe."

"That is true," said Don Manoel.

Then Beausire went on, "Well, Monsieur Boehmer, her Majesty the queen of Portugal has heard of this necklace, and has given Monsieur de Souza a commission to buy it, if he should be satisfied as to the quality of the diamonds. He is satisfied; now what is the price?"

"Sixteen hundred thousand francs."

Beausire repeated this to the ambassador.

"It is one hundred thousand francs too much," replied Don Manoel.

"Monseigneur," replied the jeweler, "one cannot estimate profits with precision on an article so valuable as this. In getting together this collection it has been necessary to make voyages and researches that are almost beyond belief."

"One hundred thousand francs too dear," repeated the tenacious Portuguese.

"And if his Excellency says this," said Beausire, "it must be his firm conviction. for he never bargains."

Boehmer was shaken. Nothing reassures a suspicious merchant so much as a customer who haggles as to the price. "However," he said, after a minute's thought, "I cannot consent to a deduction which will make all the difference of loss or profit to myself and my partner."

Don Manoel, after hearing Beausire's interpretation, rose. Beausire returned the case to the jeweler.

"I will, however, speak to Monsieur Bossange about it," continued Boehmer. "I am to understand that his Excellency offers fifteen hundred thousand francs for the necklace?"

"His Excellency never retracts anything he has said; but he might refuse the necklace altogether rather than be subjected to the annoyance of bargaining for it."

"But, Monsieur, you understand that I must consult with my partner?"

"Certainly, Monsieur Boehmer."

"Certainly," replied Don Manoel, to whom Boehmer's question had been interpreted; "but I must have a speedy answer."

"Well, Monseigneur, if my partner will consent to that reduction in the price I also will consent."

"Good."

"It then only remains, besides obtaining he consent of Monsieur Bossange, to settle the mode of payment."

"There will be no difficulty about that," said Beausire. "How do you wish to be paid?"

"Oh," said Boehmer, laughing, "if ready money be possible——"

"What do you call ready money?" said Beausire, coldly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Oh, I know no one has a million and a half of francs ready to pay down," said Boehmer, with a sigh.

"It would be inconvenient, even for you, Monsieur Boehmer."

"Still, I cannot consent to dispense with some ready money."

"That is but reasonable." Then turning to Don Manoel, "How much will your Excellency pay down to Monsieur Boehmer?"

"One hundred thousand francs on signing the agreement."

Beausire repeated this.

"And the remainder?" asked Boehmer.

"At the expiration of the time necessary to transmit a draft signed by Monseigneur to Lisbon; unless you prefer to wait for information sent from Lisbon to Paris."

"Oh!" said Boehmer, "we have a correspondent in Lisbon; by writing to him——"

"The very thing," said Beausire, laughing ironically; "write to him; ask him if Monsieur de Souza is solvent, and whether her Majesty the queen can be trusted to the amount of fourteen hundred thousand francs."

"Monsieur—" said Boehmer, confused.

"Do you accept, or do you prefer other conditions?"

"Those which you at first proposed appear to me acceptable. Would there be any fixed dates for the payments?"

"There would be three payments, Monsieur Boehmer, of five hundred thousand francs, and you might make that the object of a pleasant journey."

"A journey to Lisbon?"

"And why not? Is it not worth a little trouble to receive a million and a half within three months?"

"Oh, undoubtedly, but——"

"Moreover, you would travel at the expense of the embassy, and either the chancellor or myself would accompany you."

"I should take the diamonds with me?"

"Without any doubt, unless you would prefer to send the drafts from here, and allow the diamonds to go alone to Portugal."

"I do not know—I believe—that—the journey would be useful, and that——"

"That is also my opinion," said Beausire. "The signature would be made here. You would receive your one hundred thousand francs cash, you would sign the bill of sale, and you would carry the diamonds to her Majesty. What is the name of your correspondent?"

"Messieurs Nuñez Balboa, Brothers."

Don Manoel raised his head. "They are my bankers," he said, smiling.

"They are his Excellency's bankers," said Beausire, smiling also.

Boehmer appeared radiant; every cloud had left his brow. He bowed as if to express thanks, at the same time taking leave. A sudden thought brought him back.

"What is it?" asked Beausire, with anxiety.

"Our bargain is made?" said Boehmer.

"Yes."

"Except——"

"Except the consent of Monsieur Bossange, as we have agreed."

"Except another thing," added Boehmer.

"Ah! ah!"

"Monsieur, this is a delicate question, and the honour of the Portuguese name is too strong a sentiment for his Excellency not to understand my meaning."

"What a round-about way you take! To the point!"

"This is the point. The necklace has been offered to her Majesty the queen of France."

"Who has refused it; what then?"

"We cannot, Monsieur, let this necklace leave France forever without informing the queen; and our respect and loyalty demand that we should give the preference to her Majesty."

"It is right," said Don Manoel, with dignity. "I should wish a Portuguese merchant to express the same sentiments."

"I am very happy that his Excellency approves of my conduct. Then all is settled, subject only to the consent of Monsieur Bossange, and the definite refusal of her Majesty the queen of France. I ask three days to settle these two points."

"On our side," said Beausire, "one hundred thousand francs down, three drafts amounting in all to fourteen hundred thousand francs placed in your hands. The case of diamonds to be delivered to the chancellor of the embassy or to me, whichever shall accompany you to Lisbon, to the house of Messieurs Nuñez Balboa, Brothers. The whole of the money to be paid in three months. Your traveling expenses to be paid."

"Yes, Monseigneur; yes, Monsieur," said Boehmer.

"Ah!" said Don Manoel, in Portuguese.

"What is it, then?" said Boehmer, uneasy in his turn, and coming back.

"As gratuity," said the ambassador, "a ring worth one thousand pistoles to be given by you to my secretary or to the chancellor of the embassy; in short, to the one who accompanies you to Lisbon, Monsieur."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"That is but too just, Monseigneur," murmured Boehmer; "and I had already in my own mind determined to do so."

Don Manoel dismissed the jeweler with a wave of his hand.

When the two partners were left alone, Don Manoel said angrily to Beausire, "Please to explain what the devil you mean by this journey to Portugal? Are you mad? Why not have the jewels here in exchange for our money?"

"You are too sure of yourself as to this part you are playing," replied Beausire. "You are not yet altogether Monsieur de Souza in the opinion of Monsieur Boehmer."

"Come now! do you think he would have made an agreement if he had suspected anything?"

"As you please. Perhaps he would not have entered into an agreement; but every man in possession of fifteen hundred thousand francs holds himself above all the ambassadors in the world; and everyone who gives that value in exchange for pieces of paper, wishes first to know what the papers are worth."

"Then you mean to go to Portugal,—you who cannot speak Portuguese? I tell you, you are mad."

"Not in the least. You will go there yourself."

"Oh, no!" cried Don Manoel, "I have too many good reasons for not wishing to return to Portugal. No! no!"

"I tell you that Monsieur Boehmer would never have given up his diamonds for mere paper."

"Paper signed 'Souza'?"

"I said that he thought himself a real Souza!" cried Beausire, striking his hands together.

"I would rather hear you admit that the affair is a failure," said Don Manoel.

"Not the least in the world. Come here, Captain," said Beausire to the valet, who appeared on the threshold. "You know what we are talking about?"

"Yes."

"You heard me?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Do you think I have committed a folly?"

"I am sure that you were a thousand times right."

"Explain why."

"Because Monsieur Boehmer would have kept continual watch over the hôtel of the embassy and over the ambassador himself."

"Well?" said Don Manoel.

"Well," replied Beausire, "having both his money and his diamonds by his side, he will have no suspicions; he will set out quietly for Portugal."

"But he will not arrive," said the valet. "Is not that what you mean, Monsieur le Chevalier de Beausire?"

"Ah, you are a lad of discernment," replied Oliva's lover.

"Explain your plan," said Manoel.

"About fifty leagues from Paris," said Beausire, "this clever fellow here will come and present two pistols at the heads of our postilions, will steal from us all we have, including the diamonds, and will leave Monsieur Boehmer half-dead with blows."

"Oh, I was not thinking of that exactly," said the valet; "I thought you would embark for Portugal."

"Well, what then?"

"Monsieur Boehmer, since he is a German, will like being at sea, and will walk frequently on the deck. One day he will make a misstep and fall over, and the necklace will be supposed to have gone with him into the sea. Why should not the sea swallow diamonds worth fifteen hundred thousand francs since it has kept so well the Spanish galleons?"

"Oh, I understand," said Manoel.

"That is fortunate," muttered Beausire.

"But," continued Don Manoel, "for stealing diamonds we should be sent to the Bastille; for making the jeweler look into the sea we should be hanged."

"Yes, but for stealing the diamonds we might be taken," said the captain; "while we should never for a single moment be suspected of drowning this man."

"Well, we will settle all this when the time comes," said Beausire. "In the meantime, to our respective parts. We must administer the affairs of the embassy like model Portuguese, so that it may be said of us: 'If they were not real ambassadors, they appeared to be.' That is always flattering. Let us wait the three days."

CHAPTER XXX

THE JOURNALIST'S HOUSE

In the Rue Montorgueil, at the end of a court-yard the entrance to which was closed by an iron gate, was a rather high and narrow house, protected from the noise of the street by massive shutters which gave it the appearance of a house in the country.

On the first floor of this house lived a journalist who had acquired some degree of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

notoriety. The ground-floor was used for the storage of old journals, which were there piled up after being duly labeled. The two upper stories were occupied by peaceable tenants, whose quiet was broken several times a year by noisy incidents occurring in the rooms of the journalist,—when he was visited by the police, or was assailed by actors or other persons to whom he had given special offense.

When these incidents occurred the tenants of the house, which was known in the neighbourhood as "la Grille," closed their windows on the side toward the street that they might hear more distinctly the cries of the journalist when receiving chastisement.

Sometimes the journalist, pursued by such assailants, would seek escape by way of the Rue des Vieux-Augustins through a door opening on a level with his chamber. A concealed door opened, then closed; the noise ceased; the man assailed had disappeared, and the assailants found themselves face to face with four fusileers of the French guards, hastily summoned by an old woman in the service of the journalist.

Aside from scenes like this, the tranquility of "la Grille" was proverbial.

Monsieur Reteau was accustomed to go out in the morning and take a turn on the quais, the public squares, and the boulevards. He observed whatever was ridiculous, whatever was vicious, took notes of what he found, sketched vivid illustrations, and published his portraitures in his next issue. His journal was issued once a week. That is to say, Reteau spent four days looking for subjects and preparing his articles, three days more in printing them, and had his journal ready for issue on the day of publication.

On the day after that on which the agreement with Monsieur Boehmer had been made, three days after the Opera-ball at which Mademoiselle Oliva had enjoyed so much pleasure, leaning on the arm of the blue domino, Monsieur Reteau, on rising at eight o'clock, received from the hands of his old servant a copy of the issue for that day, still fresh from the press. He hastened to read it, with the attentive interest a tender father shows in examining the merits or defects of his beloved son. When he had read it through, "Aldegonde," said he to the old woman, "this is a capital number; have you read it?"

"Not yet; my soup is not made."

"I am satisfied with this number," said the journalist.

"Yes," replied Aldegonde; "but do you know what they say in the printing-room?"

"What do they say?"

"That this time you will not escape the Bastille."

"Aldegonde," replied Reteau, calmly, "make me a good soup, and don't meddle with literature."

"Oh, always the same," returned the old woman,—"rash and imprudent."

"I will buy you some buckles with the profits of this number. Have many copies been sold yet?"

"No; and I fear my buckles will not be very brilliant if this state of things continues. Do you remember the number containing an article on Monsieur de Broglie? Before ten o'clock on that day we had sold a hundred copies."

"And I had retreated three times to the Rue des Vieux-Augustins," said Reteau. "Every noise put me into a fever; those military men are rough!"

"I had inferred," persisted Aldegonde, "that this number of to-day will not be so profitable as was that on Monsieur de Broglie."

"So be it; but at any rate I shall not have to run away so often, and can take my soup in peace. Do you know why, Aldegonde?"

"Faith, no, Monsieur."

"It is because, instead of attacking a man, I attack a body; instead of attacking a soldier, I attack a queen."

"The queen! Thank God!" murmured the old woman. "Fear nothing, then. If you have attacked the queen you will be borne in triumph; we shall sell all our copies, and I shall have my buckles."

"Some one is ringing," said Reteau.

The old woman hastened to the shop to receive the visitor. A moment later she returned triumphant. "A thousand copies!" she said,—"a thousand copies, all at once; there's an order!"

"In what name?" asked Reteau, eagerly.

"I don't know."

"We must know; run and find out."

"Oh, there is time enough; it is no small matter to count and do up a thousand copies."

"Go at once, I tell you, and ask the valet. Is it a valet?"

"It is a messenger, an Auvergnese, with his pack."

"Good; ask him to whom he is to carry these numbers."

Aldegonde went with all speed. The wooden stairs creaked under her ponderous legs, and her loud voice was heard through

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the floor as she spoke to the messenger. He told her that he was to carry the copies to the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, to the house of the Comte de Cagliostro.

The journalist bounded with joy, and hastened downstairs to assist in the delivery of the papers. The thousand copies were soon heaped on the back of the Auvergnese, who departed bending beneath the weight.

Monsieur Reteau prepared to jot down some notes for his next number regarding the extraordinary success of this, and proposed to write a few lines on the generous nobleman who had bought the thousand copies. He was congratulating himself on having so fortunately made acquaintance with that nobleman, when another ring at the bell was heard.

"Another thousand copies," said Aldegonde, excited by the first success. "Ah, Monsieur, it is not surprising; since the article is about the Austrian, every one will join in the chorus."

"Silence! silence! Aldegonde, don't speak so loud. 'The Austrian!'—that is an offense which might indeed send me to the Bastille you talked about."

"Very well, tell me," said the old woman, sharply; "is she, or is she not, an Austrian?"

"It is a word to which we journalists have given currency, but is not to be used too freely."

There was another ring at the bell.

"Go and see, Aldegonde; I don't think it is any one to buy papers."

"Why do you say that?"

"I think I see a man with a gloomy countenance waiting at the gate."

Aldegonde went down to open the gate; meanwhile Reteau looked on, from his window, with an anxiety that may be easily understood. Aldegonde opened to a man plainly dressed, who asked if he could see the editor of the journal.

"What have you to say to him?" asked Aldegonde, somewhat distrustful; and she held the gate slightly open, ready to shut it at the first sign of danger.

The man rattled some crown-pieces in his pocket, and the sound expanded the old woman's heart. "I have come," he said, "to pay for the thousand copies of to-day's paper, taken in the name of the Comte de Cagliostro."

"Ah, if that is so, come in."

The man entered; but he had not yet closed the gate when another visitor, coming up behind him,—young, tall, and of fine appearance,—held back the gate, saying, "Pardon, Monsieur." Without asking further permission he glided in after the messenger sent by the Comte de Cagliostro.

Aldegonde, intent on gain, and fascinated by the sound of the crown-pieces, hastened on to her master. "Come, come!" she cried; "all goes well. Here are the five hundred francs for the thousand copies."

"Let us receive them nobly," said Reteau, with a grand air; and he draped himself in a somewhat pretentious dressing-gown, for which he was indebted to the munificence, or rather to the fears, of Madame Dugazon, from whom, after her adventure with Astley the equestrian, he had procured numerous presents of every kind.

The messenger of the Comte de Cagliostro went forward and counted out one hundred six-franc pieces, which he arranged in twelve piles. Reteau carefully counted them and examined their quality. Then he thanked the messenger, gave him a receipt, and while dismissing him with a pleasant smile, asked him about the health of the Comte de Cagliostro. The man thanked him as for a common civility, and was taking his departure when Reteau added: "Say to the count that I await his wishes, and that he may rest undisturbed; I know how to keep a secret."

"It is unnecessary," the man replied; "Monsieur le Comte is independent. He doesn't believe in magnetism; he wishes to raise a laugh against Monsieur Mesmer, and gives currency to the adventure of the vat for his own amusement."

"Very good," murmured a voice from the doorway; "we will try to raise a laugh at the expense of Monsieur le Comte de Cagliostro."

Monsieur Reteau beheld, advancing into his chamber, a person whose face seemed to him more gloomy than had that of the person he had noticed first. He was, as we have said, a man young and vigorous; but as to his fine appearance, Reteau was not of our opinion. To him the young man seemed to have a threatening expression in his eyes, and to conduct himself in a threatening manner. And in fact, the stranger's left hand rested on the hilt of his sword, and his right hand on the head of a cane.

"What can I do for you, Monsieur?" asked Reteau, with a certain tremulousness of utterance which always seized him on such occasions.

"Monsieur Reteau?" asked the unknown.

"That is my name."

"Who calls himself 'De Villette'?"

"I am he, Monsieur."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Journalist?"

"I am a journalist."

"Author of this article," asked the unknown, coldly, drawing from his pocket a copy of the new number.

"I am, in fact, not its author," said Reteau, "but its publisher."

"Very well, that comes to exactly the same result; for if you have not had the courage to write the article, you have had the cowardice to allow its publication. I say 'cowardice,' because as a gentleman I wish to measure my words, even in this hole; but I do not thus give full expression to my thought. Were I to say what I think, I should say that he who wrote that article is infamous; he who published it is a scoundrel!"

"Monsieur!" said Reteau, turning pale.

"Ah, this is a wretched piece of business indeed!" continued the young man, with growing excitement; "but listen now, Monsieur,—everything in its turn; just now you received crowns, now you are to receive a caning."

"Oh!" cried Reteau, "we shall see about that."

"And what shall we see?" said the young man, in a sharp, military tone, advancing toward his adversary.

But this was by no means Reteau's first experience in affairs of this sort, and he was acquainted with the secrets of his house. He had only to turn around to find a door, open it, pass through, close it, and bar it, and so make it serve as a defense while he gained an adjacent room which opened into the Rue des Vieux-Augustins. Once there he would be safe; he would find there a small gate, which a turn of the key—and the key was always ready—would open, when he could escape by making good use of his legs.

But that was an unfortunate day for the poor journalist; for just when he put his hand on that key he perceived another man, who seemed to him in his agitated state of mind a Hercules, and who, motionless, threatening, seemed to be waiting for his approach.

Reteau would have been glad to retrace his steps, but the young man with the cane, whom he had seen first, had burst through the door with a vigorous kick, had followed him, and now that he had stopped on seeing that other sentinel, also armed with sword and cane, had only to reach out his arm to lay hold on him. Reteau found himself, then, between two fires,—or rather, between two canes,—in an obscure court between his house and the gate opening into the street.

"Monsieur, I beg you to let me pass," said Reteau to the young man who guarded the gate.

"Monsieur," cried the young man in pursuit, "Monsieur, stop the rascal."

"Be content, Monsieur de Charny; he will not pass out," said the young man at the gate.

"Monsieur de Taverney, is it you?" cried Charny,—for it was he who had come first to Monsieur Reteau by way of the Rue Montorgueil.

On reading the paper that morning they had both conceived the same idea, for they had the same sentiment in their hearts; and without any communication with each other they had proceeded to put that idea into execution. Each of them, on perceiving the other, was affected by jealousy; for each discovered a rival in the man who had been actuated by sentiments identical with his own. It was therefore with a somewhat offensive accent that Monsieur de Charny uttered the words, "Monsieur de Taverney, is it you?"

"Myself," replied Philippe, in the same tone, and making a movement toward the suppliant journalist who had thrust his arms through between the bars of the gate; "but it seems that I have come too late. Very well, I will be a spectator of the game,—unless you will have the kindness to open the gate for me."

"The game!!" murmured the frightened journalist; "are you going to murder me, gentlemen?"

"Oh," said Charny, "that expression is too strong. No, Monsieur, we will not murder you; but we will question you, and then we will see. You allow me to do what I please with this man, do you not, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"Certainly, Monsieur," replied Philippe; "you have the right to precedence, since you arrived first."

"There, then, stick to the wall, and don't you stir," said Charny to Reteau, after thanking Taverney with a gesture. "You admit, then, my dear Monsieur, that you wrote and published that comic tale, as you call it, about the queen, which appeared this morning in your paper?"

"Monsieur, it is not against the queen."

"Ah, good! only that was wanting."

"You are very patient, Monsieur," said Philippe, raging on the other side of the gate.

"Don't be alarmed," replied Charny; "the fellow will lose nothing by waiting."

"Yes," murmured Philippe; "but I also am waiting."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Charny made no reply, but turning to the unhappy Reteau, he said: "'Etteniotna' is 'Antoinette' reversed. Oh, don't lie about it, Monsieur. That would be so stupid and so base that instead of beating you or killing you in an orderly manner, I shall flay you alive. Answer, then, are you the sole author of that article?"

"I am not an informer," said Reteau, drawing himself up.

"Very well, that is as much as to say that there is an accomplice. It must be he who bought a thousand copies of that diatribe,—the Comte de Cagliostro, whom you named a little while ago. So be it; the count will pay his share when you have paid yours. But as I have got hold of you first, you shall pay first," and he raised his cane.

"Monsieur, if I had a sword!" roared the journalist.

Charny lowered his cane. "Monsieur Philippe," said he, "lend your sword to this rascal, I beg of you."

"Oh, by no means. I do not lend an honest sword to a fellow like that. Here is my cane if yours is not enough; but I can't conscientiously do anything more either for him or for you."

"*Corbleu!* a cane?" said Reteau, exasperated. "Do you know, Monsieur, that I am a gentleman?"

"Then lend your sword to me," said Charny, "and my only course will be never to touch this one again." He threw down his own sword at Reteau's feet, who turned pale.

Philippe could make no further objection. He drew his sword from its sheath, and passed it through the gate to Charny. Charny received it, bowing his thanks. "Ah, you are a gentleman," said he, turning toward Reteau,—"you are a gentleman, and you write such infamous things about the queen of France! Well, then, pick up that sword, and prove yourself a gentleman."

But Reteau did not stir. He seemed to be as much afraid of the sword at his feet as he had been of the cane when it was raised for a moment over his head.

"*Mordieu!*" said Philippe, in disgust, "open this gate for me."

"Pardon, Monsieur," said Charny; "but you have agreed that this man belongs to me first."

"Then make haste to get through with him, for I am in a hurry to begin."

"I was obliged to exhaust all other means before resorting to this extreme measure," said Charny; "for I find that blows with a cane cost almost as much to the giver as to the receiver; but since the fellow decidedly prefers blows of a cane to thrusts of a sword, he shall be served according to his choice."

Hardly had these words been spoken when a cry from Reteau showed that Charny had suited the action to the word. Five or six blows, vigorously applied, each of which extorted a cry equivalent to the pain it inflicted, followed the first. These cries brought out the old servant; but Charny was as little disturbed by her cries as by those of her master. Meanwhile Philippe, placed like Adam outside of Paradise, bit his fingers, and jumped about like a bear who smells fresh meat before the bars of his cage.

At length Charny stopped, tired of beating; and Reteau threw himself down, tired of being pommelled.

"There!" said Philippe, "are you through Monsieur?"

"Yes," said Charny.

"Well, then, now return to me my sword, which has been useless to you, and I beg of you, open the gate."

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" implored Reteau who saw a defender in the man who had settled accounts with him.

"You understand that I can't leave the gentleman outside the gate?" said Charny; "I must open to him."

"Oh, it is a murder!" cried Reteau. "Come, kill me at once, and have it over."

"Oh, now be quiet!" said Charny. "I have no idea that the gentleman will even touch you."

"And you are right!" said Philippe, with sovereign contempt, as he entered the court. "He has been beaten, and justly; but as the legal maxim says, 'Non bis in idem.' But there are copies of this edition still remaining, and it is important that they should be destroyed."

"Ah, that is true!" said Charny. "You see that two are better than one alone; I should, perhaps, have forgotten that. But by what chance were you at that gate, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I will tell you," said Philippe. "I inquired in the neighborhood as to the habits of this scoundrel. I ascertained that he was wont to run away when closely pressed. Then I inquired as to his means of escape, and thought that if I should enter by the secret door, and close it after me, I should catch my fox in his hole. The same idea of vengeance occurred to you; but, being in more haste than I, your information was less complete. You came in by the usual

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

entrance, and he was escaping from you when, fortunately, you found me there."

"And I am glad it so turned out. Come, Monsieur de Taverney, this fellow will conduct us to his press."

"But my press is not here," said Reteau.

"A lie!" cried Charny, threateningly.

"No, no," said Philippe; "he is right. The type is already distributed; there remains only the printed edition. Now, the edition must be still complete, except for the thousand copies sold to Monsieur de Cagliostro."

"Then he shall tear up that edition before our eyes."

"He shall burn it,—that is the surest method of destruction;" and Philippe, determined on that mode of satisfaction, pushed Reteau before him in the direction of the shop.

CHAPTER XXXI

HOW TWO FRIENDS BECOME ENEMIES

In the meantime Aldegonde, having heard her master's cries, and finding the door locked, had gone to call the guard; but before she returned Philippe and Charny had had time to light a fire with the copies from the top of the pile. They were throwing in the rest, one after another, and had nearly completed the task, when the guard appeared followed by a crowd from the neighborhood. Happily, Monsieur Philippe and Charny knew Monsieur Reteau's secret exit, which he had so imprudently shown them; so that when they caught sight of the guard, they made their escape, carrying the key with them.

Then Reteau, once more at liberty, cried, "Help! murder! murder!" while Aldegonde, seeing the flames through the window, cried, "Fire! fire!"

The soldiers arrived; but finding that the young men had disappeared, and that the fire was nearly extinguished, they left Reteau to bathe his back with spirits of camphor, and withdrew to their guard-room. But the crowd, always more curious than the guard, lingered about until noon, hoping for a renewal of the scene of the morning.

When Taverney and Charny found themselves in the Rue des Vieux-Augustins, "Monsieur," said Charny, "now that we have finished that business, can I be of use to you in any way?"

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur! I was about to make you the same offer."

"Thank you; but I have private business, which will probably keep me in Paris most of the day."

"And I also, Monsieur."

"Permit me, then, to take leave of you. I am happy to have met you."

"Permit me to return the compliment, and to express also my sincere desire that this affair may terminate according to your wishes."

The two men bowed with smiling courtesy; but it was easy to see that this exchange of polite words proceeded only from the lips. On separating, they took opposite directions, Philippe ascending the street toward the boulevards, and Charny descending it toward the river; both turned round two or three times, until they lost sight of each other.

Charny, going in the direction of the river, hastened on toward the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles. As he approached it, his attention was attracted to the form of a young man who was ascending the Rue Saint Louis, whom, after a moment of doubt, he recognized as Philippe de Taverney. Philippe, by a different course, had reached the corner of the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, where the two young men now found themselves face to face. They both stopped and looked at each other with eyes which on this occasion did not take the trouble to conceal their thoughts. Both had now also the same idea,—that of demanding satisfaction of the Comte de Cagliostro; and meeting there, neither could doubt the other's intention.

"Monsieur de Charny," said Philippe, "I left to you the seller, you should indeed have left to me the purchaser. I allowed you to strike with the cane, let me give the sword-thrusts."

"Monsieur," replied Charny, "you did me that favour because I had arrived first, and for no other reason."

"Yes; but here," said Taverney, "we arrive at the same time, and I tell you at once that I will make no concessions."

"And who says that I ask any, Monsieur? I will maintain my rights, that is all."

"And in your opinion, Monsieur de Charny, your right is——"

"To make Monsieur de Cagliostro burn the thousand copies which he purchased of that scoundrel."

"You will please remember, Monsieur, that it was I who first had the idea of burning those in the Rue Montorgueil."

"Well! you had them burned in the Rue

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Montorgueil, and I will nave them torn up in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles."

"Monsieur, I am sorry to tell you that I very seriously wish to be the first to settle with Comte de Cagliostro."

"All that I can agree to, Monsieur, is to decide the matter by chance; I will throw up a louis, and he who wins shall take prece dence."

"Thanks, Monsieur, but I am not generally lucky, and should probably lose" and he stepped toward the door.

Charny stopped him. "One word, Monsieur, we will soon understand each other."

"Well, Monsieur," answered Philippe, turning back eagerly, for he noticed in Charny's tone an accent of menace which pleased him.

"Before asking satisfaction of Monsieur de Cagliostro, suppose we take a turn in the Bois de Boulogne. It will be out of our way, I know, but perhaps we can settle our dispute there. One of us will probably be left behind, and he who returns need not yield to any one."

"Really, Monsieur," said Philippe, "you anticipate my own thoughts,—that will adjust everything; where shall we meet?"

"Well, if my society be not insupportable to you, we need not part. I ordered my carriage to wait for me in the Place Royale close by here."

"Then you will give me a seat?" said Philippe.

"Certainly, and with the greatest pleasure."

And the two young men, who at first sight had felt that they were rivals, and had become enemies at the first opportunity, now hastened toward the Place Royale where they perceived Charny's carriage. Before entering the carriage Charny wrote a few words on his tablets, which he asked his footman to leave at his hôtel in Paris.

Monsieur de Charny's horses were excellent, and in less than half an hour they reached the Bois de Boulogne. The weather was lovely, and the air was delightful; the fresh leaves were appearing on the trees, and the violets filled the place with their perfume.

"It is a fine day for our drive, is it not, Monsieur de Taverney?" said Charny.

"Beautiful, Monsieur."

"You may go," said Charny to his coachman, as they alighted.

"Are you not wrong, Monsieur, to send away your carriage? One of us may need it."

"No, Monsieur," replied Charny; "in such an affair as this, secrecy is the first thing to be considered; and once in the knowledge of a servant, by to-morrow all Paris might be talking about it."

"As you please, Monsieur; but the fellow who brought us here knows very well what is going on. These people know too well the habits of gentlemen to suppose when they take us to the Bois de Boulogne, and at the pace at which he brought us, that we come simply for a drive. So, I repeat, your coachman knows what is going on. If he is not sure of it now, he may afterward see one of us wounded, and then he will have no doubt of it. Is it not better to keep him here to take back the one who may need help, than for either of us to be left here wounded and alone?"

"You are right, Monsieur," replied Charny. Then turning to the coachman, "Dauphin," he said, "stop, you may wait here."

Dauphin had expected to be recalled; he had driven very slowly and consequently was within hail. He therefore stopped; and as Philippe had foreseen, he suspected what was going forward. He placed himself so as to see, through the still leafless trees, everything that took place.

Philippe and Charny soon reached a spot which was near the centre of the wood. Philippe, who walked in front, found a dry place, and firm under-foot; it was an open place, well adapted to the purpose they had in view.

"With deference to your opinion, Monsieur de Charny," said Philippe, "it seems to me that this is a good place."

"Excellent, Monsieur," replied Charny, taking off his coat.

Philippe also took off his coat, threw down his hat, and drew his sword.

"Monsieur," said Charny, whose sword was still in the scabbard, "to any one but you I would say one word of kindness, if not of apology, and we should be friends again; but to you—a brave soldier who have just come from America, a country where they fight so well—I cannot——"

"And I, to any other," replied Philippe, "would say, 'Monsieur, in my relations toward you I am perhaps in the wrong'; but to you—to the brave sailor who lately received the admiration of the whole court for having performed a glorious exploit in battle—to you, Monsieur de Charny, I can say nothing but this, 'Monsieur le Comte, do me the honour to draw your sword.'"

The count bowed, and in his turn drew his sword.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Monsieur," said Charny, "I believe that neither of us has touched on the real cause of the quarrel."

"I do not understand you, Count," replied Philippe.

"Oh, on the contrary, you do understand me, Monsieur; and as you come from a country whose people know not how to lie, you blushed while saying that you did not understand me."

"Guard!" said Philippe.

Their swords crossed. At the first pass Philippe perceived that he had a marked superiority over his adversary. But this assurance, instead of increasing his ardour, appeared to chill it altogether, and he became as calm as if he were in a fencing academy, and instead of a sword were holding a foil in his hand. He contented himself with parrying, and the combat had lasted more than a minute without his giving a single blow.

"You are sparing me, Monsieur," said Charny; "may I ask why?" And making a rapid feint, he lunged heavily at Philippe. But Philippe covered the sword of his adversary with a counter still more rapid than the feint, and the thrust was parried.

Although Taverney's parry had thrown Charny's sword out of line, Taverney did not thrust in return. Charny made another attack which Philippe again warded off by a simple parry; Charny was forced to recover himself rapidly.

Charny was the younger of the two, and the more ardent; he was mortified, feeling his own blood boil, by his antagonist's coolness. He wished to disturb this calmness.

"I told you, Monsieur, that we had not touched upon the real cause of the quarrel."

Philippe did not answer.

"I will now tell you the real cause; you sought a quarrel with me,—for the quarrel began with you,—you sought a quarrel with me from jealousy."

Philippe remained silent.

"Come now," said Charny, as angry now as Philippe was cool, "what game are you playing, Monsieur de Taverney? Is it your intention to tire my hand? That would be a plan unworthy of you. *Morbleu!* kill me if you can, but at least kill me in full combat."

Philippe shook his head. "Yes, Monsieur," he said, "your reproaches are deserved; I sought the quarrel and I regret it."

"That is not the question now, Monsieur. You have a sword in your hand; use it for something besides parrying, or if you will not more directly attack, do not defend yourself so well."

"Monsieur," replied Philippe, "I have the honour to tell you a second time that I was wrong, and that I regret it."

But Charny's blood was too hot to comprehend his adversary's generosity; he took offense at it. "Ah!" said he, "I understand; you wish to play the magnanimous with me! That is it, am I not right, Chevalier? This evening, or to-morrow morning, you calculate on telling some beautiful ladies that you came upon the ground with me, and that you spared my life."

"Monsieur le Comte," said Philippe, "I really fear that you are going mad."

"You wished to kill Monsieur de Cagliostro to please the queen; and more surely still to please the queen, you wish to kill me also, but by ridicule."

"Ah, that is a word too much," cried Philippe, knitting his brow; "and this word proves that your heart is not so generous as I thought."

"Well, pierce that heart, then!" said Charny, exposing his breast just as Philippe was making a rapid lunge.

The sword glanced along the ribs, and cut a bleeding seam under the fine white shirt.

"At last!" said Charny, joyfully, "I am wounded! Now if I kill you, mine will be the glorious part!"

"Decidedly," said Philippe, "you are quite mad, Monsieur. You will not kill me, and your part will be altogether inglorious, you will only be disabled without cause and without profit, for no one will ever know for what you have fought."

Charny gave a straightforward thrust, so rapidly that it was with difficulty that Philippe parried it in time; which he not only succeeded in doing, but sent Charny's sword flying ten paces away. Then rushing upon it he broke it under his heel.

"Monsieur de Charny," he said, "it was not necessary for you to prove to me that you were brave; you must therefore detest me very much when you fight with such fury."

Charny did not reply, he was growing pale. Philippe looked at him a few moments, expecting either an avowal or a denial on his part. "Come, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "the die is cast,—we are to be enemies."

Charny tottered. Philippe rushed forward to support him; but he repulsed him, saying, "I thank you, but I hope to be able to get to my carriage."

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Take this handkerchief, at least, to stop the bleeding."

"Willingly," and he took the handkerchief.

"And my arm, Monsieur; the slightest obstacle you meet will throw you down, exhausted as you are, and a fall would cause you useless pain."

"The sword has penetrated only the flesh," said Charny; "I feel nothing in the chest."

"So much the better, Monsieur."

"And I hope soon to be quite well."

"So much the better again, Monsieur. But I warn you that you will find it difficult to make me your adversary again."

Charny tried to answer, but the words died on his lips; he tottered again, and Philippe had only time to catch him in his arms. He lifted him as if he were an infant and carried him half-fainting to his carriage. Dauphin, having seen all that had happened, advanced to meet his master. They put Charny into the carriage; he thanked Philippe by an inclination of the head.

"Drive with care, coachman," said Philippe.

"But you, Monsieur," murmured the wounded man.

"Oh, do not make yourself uneasy about me"; and bowing in his turn, he closed the carriage-door.

Philippe watched the carriage until it disappeared round the corner of an avenue, and then slowly took his way toward Paris. Then, turning round once more and perceiving the carriage, which, instead of returning to Paris as he was about to do, was proceeding in the direction of Versailles and was already disappearing among the trees, he uttered these words, torn from the depths of his heart, "She will pity him!"

CHAPTER XXXII

PHILIPPE AND CAGLIOSTRO

At the gate near the guard-house Philippe leaped into a coach which he found standing near.

"To the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles," he said to the coachman, "and quickly."

A man who has just fought a duel, and who has preserved the air of a conqueror; a man of vigorous form, whose figure proclaims the nobleman; a man dressed as a citizen, whose deportment indicates the military man,—was more than enough to stimulate the automaton, who started off at a rapid pace, and carried Philippe in a state of great excitement to the house of the Comte de Cagliostro.

The exterior of the hôtel was simple in architectural form and majestic in outline, like most of the buildings constructed in the time of Louis XIV. A large carriage, to which were attached two good horses, stood in the court-yard. The coachman was asleep on his box, wrapped in a great-coat lined with fox-skin; two footmen, one of whom wore a hunting-knife, silently paced up and down before the entrance. With this exception, there was no sign of life about the hôtel.

Philippe's coachman, having been ordered to enter, hailed the guard, who immediately threw open the massive gates. Philippe jumped out, ran up the steps, and addressing both the servants at once, "Does the Comte de Cagliostro live here?" he asked.

"He is just going out," said one of the footmen.

"The more reason, then, for haste, for I wish to speak to him before he goes out. Announce the Chevalier Philippe de Taverney"; and he followed the servant so quickly that they reached the salon at the same time.

"The Chevalier Philippe de Taverney!" repeated after the valet, a voice manly and sweet at the same time, "Show him in."

Philippe entered the room under the influence of a strange emotion which this calm voice had excited. "Excuse me, Monsieur!" he said to a man whom we have already seen, first, at the table of Monsieur de Richelieu, and later, at the exhibition of Monsieur Mesmer, in Oliva's apartment, and with her at the Opera-ball.

"For what, Monsieur?" he replied.

"Because I prevent you from going out."

"You would indeed have needed to excuse yourself had you been much later, for I was waiting for you."

Philippe knit his brows. "What! you were waiting for me?" he said.

"Yes; I was forewarned of your visit."

"You were forewarned of my visit?"

"Yes; two hours ago. It is about that time, is it not, since you were on your way here, when an interruption, independent of your will, caused you to postpone the execution of your project?"

Philippe began to experience the same strange sensations with which this man inspired every one.

"Sit down, Monsieur de Taverney," continued the count; "this arm-chair was placed for you."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"A truce to pleasantry, Monsieur!" said Philippe, in a voice which he vainly tried to render calm.

"I do not jest, Monsieur; I was really waiting for you."

"Then a truce to charlatanism. I did not come to make trial of your skill as a sorcerer; but if you are one, so much the better, for you must know what I am come to say to you, and therefore can protect yourself beforehand."

"I protect myself?" said the count, with a peculiar smile, "and from what, if you please?"

"Divine, since you claim that power."

"Oh, yes; to please you, I spare you the shame of exposing the motive of your visit! You have come to seek a quarrel."

"You know that? Perhaps you also know why?" cried Philippe.

"On account of the queen. Now, Monsieur, it is your turn. Go on; I am ready to listen"; and these last words were not pronounced with the courteous accent of a host, but in the hard and dry tone of an adversary.

"You are right, Monsieur: I like that better."

"We are both suited, then."

"Monsieur, there exists a certain publication——"

"There are many publications," said Cagliostro.

"Edited by a certain journalist——"

"There are many journalists."

"Be patient; this publication—we will speak of the journalist afterward——"

"Permit me to remind you, Monsieur," interrupted Cagliostro, smiling, "that you have spoken of him already."

"Well, this morning's number contained an article aimed against the queen."

Cagliostro made an affirmative sign.

"You know to what I refer?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You have bought one thousand copies of it?"

"I do not deny it."

"Luckily, they have not reached your hands."

"What makes you think so, Monsieur?"

"Because I met the porter, paid him, and sent him with them to my house; and my servant, instructed by me, must have received them."

"You should always finish yourself the work you undertake, Monsieur."

"I did not finish my own work, because while my servant was employed in saving from your bibliomania these thousand copies, I was engaged in destroying the rest of the edition."

"You are sure, then, that these thousand copies are at your house?"

"Certainly."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur; they are here. Ah, you thought," said the count, phlegmatic as a Nestor, "that I, sorcerer that I am, would let myself be foiled in that way? You thought it a brilliant idea to buy off my messenger? Well, I have a steward, and you see it is natural for the steward of a sorcerer to be a sorcerer also. He divined that you would go to the journalist, and that you would meet my messenger, and that you would pay him; he followed him, and threatened to make him return the gold you had given him. The man was afraid, and instead of going to your hôtel, he followed my steward here. But I see you doubt."

"I do."

"'Vide pedes, vide manus!' Jesus said to Saint Thomas. I will say it to you, Monsieur de Taverney. See this closet, and touch those papers"; and opening an oak cabinet he showed the astonished chevalier the thousand copies lying there.

Philippe approached the count in a menancing attitude, but the latter did not stir. "Monsieur," he said, "you appear to be a man of courage; I call upon you to give me immediate satisfaction."

"Satisfaction for what?"

"For the insult to the queen; in which you render yourself an accomplice, while you keep one number of this vile paper."

"Monsieur," said Cagliostro, without changing his posture, "you make a mistake which gives me pain. I like novelties, scandalous reports, and other amusing things, and collect them that I may remember at a later day what I should otherwise forget. Therefore I have bought these copies, and I do not see that I have insulted anybody by the purchase."

"You have insulted me."

"You?"

"Yes, me, Monsieur; do you understand?"

"No, upon my honour, I do not understand."

"But why, I ask you, did you persist in buying so infamous a publication?"

"As I told you, because of my mania for collecting."

"A man of honour, Monsieur, does not collect infamous things."

"You will excuse me, Monsieur; but I am not of your opinion in regard to this paper.

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

It is injudicious, perhaps, but it is not infamous."

"You will allow, at least, that it is a lie."

"You deceive yourself, Monsieur. The queen was at Monsieur Mesmer's."

"It is false, Monsieur."

"You mean to tell me I lie?"

"I do."

"Well, I will reply in a few words,—I saw her there."

"You saw her!"

"As plainly as I now see you."

Philippe looked his interlocutor full in the face. He wished to combat with his frank, noble, fine look the luminous gaze of Cagliostro; but the struggle wearied him, and he looked away saying, "I still say, Monsieur, that you lie."

Cagliostro shrugged his shoulders as he would have done at the insult of a madman.

"Do you not hear me, Monsieur?" said Philippe.

"On the contrary, Monsieur, I have not lost a word of what you say."

"And do you not know what giving the lie deserves?"

"Yes, Monsieur; there is a French proverb which says it merits a box on the ear."

"Well, Monsieur, I am astonished that your hand has not been already raised to give it, as you are a French gentleman, and know the proverb."

"Before making me a gentleman and teaching me the French proverb, God made me a man and told me to love my fellow-man."

"Then you refuse me satisfaction with the sword?"

"I only pay what I owe."

"Then you will compel me to take satisfaction in another manner."

"How?"

"I will not treat you worse than one nobleman should treat another, but I demand that you burn every copy of that journal which you have in your cabinet."

"Which I refuse to do."

"Reflect."

"I have reflected."

"Then I shall be obliged to proceed with you as another did with the journalist."

"Oh, a beating!" said Cagliostro, laughing, and still as motionless as a statue.

"Neither more nor less, Monsieur. Oh, you will not call your servants?"

"I! Nonsense! And why should I call my servants? It is no concern of theirs; I can settle my own affairs. I am stronger than you. Do you doubt it? I swear it is so, therefore reflect yourself. If you approach me with your cane, I shall take you in my arms and throw you across the room, and shall repeat this as often as you repeat your attempt."

"An English wrestling-match,—that is, a porter's game. Well, Monsieur Hercules, I accept the challenge," said Philippe, throwing himself furiously upon Cagliostro, who, seizing him round the neck and waist with a grasp of iron, threw him on a pile of cushions which lay some way off, and then again took his position before the fireplace as if nothing had happened.

Philippe rose, foaming with rage. But the reaction of cool reasoning soon restored to him his moral faculties. He straightened himself up, arranged his coat and his ruffles, then with a sinister voice, said: "Monsieur, you are in fact as strong as four men, but your logic is not as strong as your arm; and you forgot, when you treated me thus, that you gave me the right to say, 'Defend yourself, Count, or I will kill you.'"

Cagliostro did not move.

"Draw your sword, I tell you, Monsieur, or you are a dead man."

"You are not yet sufficiently near for me to treat you as I did before, and I will not expose myself to be wounded and perhaps killed by you as poor Gilbert was."

"Gilbert!" cried Philippe, reeling back. "Did you say Gilbert?"

"Happily you have no gun this time, only a sword."

"Monsieur," cried Philippe, "you have pronounced a name——"

"Which has awakened a terrible echo in your memory, has it not?—a name that you never thought to hear again, for you were alone with the poor boy, in that grotto at the Azores, when you assassinated him."

"Oh!" said Philippe, "defend yourself! defend yourself!"

"If you knew," said Cagliostro, "how easily I could make your sword fly from your hand."

"With your sword?"

"Yes; with my sword, if I wished."

"Then try! then try!"

"No, I have a still surer method."

"For the last time, draw your sword," said Philippe, springing toward the count; but the latter, now threatened by the sword's point, which was scarcely three inches from his breast, took from his pocket a small vial which he uncorked and threw the contents in Philippe's face. Scarcely had the liquid touched him, when he reeled, let his sword drop, and fell senseless.

Cagliostro picked him up, laid him on a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

sofa, waited for his senses to return, and then said, "At your age, Chevalier, we should have done with follies; cease therefore to act like a foolish boy, and listen to me.

Philippe made an effort to shake off the torpor which still held possession of him, and murmured, "Oh, Monsieur, do you call that the weapon of a gentleman?"

Cagliostro shrugged his shoulders. "You repeat forever the same word," he said. "When we of the nobility have opened our mouths wide enough to utter the word 'gentleman,' we think we have said everything. What do you call the weapon of a gentleman? Is it your sword, which served you so badly against me, or is it your gun, which served you so well against Gilbert? What makes some men superior to others, Chevalier? Do you think it is that high-sounding word 'gentleman'? No; it is first reason, then strength, and most of all, science. Well, I have used all these against you. With my reason, I braved your insults; with my strength, I conquered yours; and with my science, I extinguished at once your moral and physical powers. Now I wish to show you that you have committed two faults in coming here with threats on your lips. Will you do me the honour to listen to me?"

"You have overpowered me," replied Philippe; "I can scarcely move. You have made yourself master of my muscles and of my mind, and then you ask me if I will listen."

Then Cagliostro took down from the chimney-piece another gold vial, which was held by a figure of Esculapius in bronze. "Smell this, Chevalier," said he, with a gentleness full of dignity.

Philippe obeyed, and it seemed to him that the cloud which hung over him was dispersed. "Oh, I revive!" he cried.

"And you feel free and strong?"

"Yes."

"With your full powers and memory of the past?"

"Yes."

"And as I have to deal with a man of courage and intelligence, that memory which returns to you gives me every advantage over you in regard to what has taken place between us."

"No," said Philippe; "for I have acted in defense of a vital and sacred principle."

"What do you mean?"

"I have defended the monarchy."

"You have defended the monarchy!—you, who went to America to defend a republic! Ah, *mon Dieu!* be frank; either it was not the republic you were defending there, or it is not the monarchy you are upholding here."

Philippe cast down his eyes, a great sob almost broke his heart.

"Love," continued Cagliostro,—"love those who scorn you; love those who forget you; love those who deceive you. It is the fate of great souls to be ruined by their grand sentiments. It is the law of Jesus to return good for evil; you are a Christian, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"Monsieur," cried Philippe, terrified at hearing Cagliostro reading thus the present and the past, "not a word more; if I did not defend the monarchy, I defended the queen,—that is to say, an innocent woman, and to be respected even if she were not longer innocent, for it is a divine obligation to defend the weak."

"The weak! Do you call the queen weak?—her to whom twenty-eight million human beings bow the knee!"

"Monsieur, they calumniate her."

"How do you know?"

"I wish to believe it."

"You think it is your right?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, my right is to believe the contrary."

"You act like an evil genius."

"Who tells you so?" cried Cagliostro, whose sparkling eyes suddenly inundated Philippe with their light. "How have you the temerity to assume that you are right, and that I am wrong? You defend royalty; well, I defend the people. You say, 'Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's'; and I say, 'Render to God the things that are God's.' Republican of America, Chevalier of the Order of Cincinnatus, I recall you to the love of the people, to the love of equality. You trample on the people to kiss the hands of queens. I trample on queens to elevate the people but one degree. I do not disturb you in your adoration; leave me at peace in my work. I leave you the broad daylight, the sun of the heavens and the sun of courts; leave me shadows and solitude. You comprehend the strength of my language, do you not,—as you just now comprehended the force of my personality? You say to me, 'Die, for you have offended the object of my worship'; and I say to you, 'Live, you who combat the principles I worship'; and if I say this to you it is because I know that with these principles I am so strong that neither you nor yours, what-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ever you may do, can for an instant retard my progress."

"Monsieur, you frighten me," said Philippe. "I am perhaps the first in this country, thanks to you, to see the depths of the abyss into which royalty is hurrying."

"Be prudent, then, if you have seen the precipice."

"You who tell me this," replied Philippe, moved at the paternal tone in which Cagliostro had spoken to him; "you who reveal to me secrets so terrible,—you are still wanting in generosity, for you well know that I should throw myself into the abyss rather than see it engulf those whom I defend."

"Well, I have warned you, and, like the prefect of Tiberius, shall wash my hands, Monsieur de Taverney."

"Well, I!" cried Philippe, running to Cagliostro with feverish ardour, "I, who am weak and inferior to you,—I will employ against you the weapons of the weak; I will approach you with tearful eye, trembling voice, clasped hands; I will ask you for this once to be merciful to those you are pursuing. I will ask you for myself,—for myself, do you hear?—for myself, who cannot, I know not why, bring myself to think of you as an enemy. I will work upon your feelings, I will convince you, I will ask you to spare me the remorse of seeing the downfall of this poor queen, without having tried to avert it. In short, Monsieur, I shall prevail on you to destroy this paper, which would make a woman weep; I will obtain this from you, or upon my honour, by that fatal love you know so well, I swear that with this sword, so powerless against you, I will pierce my heart here at your feet."

"Ah!" murmured Cagliostro, regarding Philippe with eyes full of eloquent sorrow, "why are they not all like you? I should be on their side, and they would not perish!"

"Monsieur, Monsieur, I entreat you, answer me!"

"Count them," said Cagliostro, after a moment's silence; "see if the thousand numbers are there; burn them yourself, even to the last number."

Philippe's heart was in his mouth; he ran to the cabinet, took out the copies of the journal, threw them on the fire, and pressed with effusion the hand of Cagliostro.

"Adieu, adieu, Monsieur," he said. "A hundred times I thank you for what you have done for me"; and he left the room.

"I owed the brother," said Cagliostro, when Philippe had gone, "this compensation for the suffering his sister endured." Then raising his voice he cried, "My horses!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

BARON DE TAVERNEY

WHILE these things were taking place in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, Monsieur de Taverney the elder was walking in his garden, followed by two servants pushing a wheeled-chair.

There were then at Versailles, and perhaps there are some still existing, a few of those old hôtels with French gardens, which, by servile imitation of the taste and ideas of the sovereign, resembled somewhat the Versailles of Le Notre and of Mansard. Several courtiers, who must have taken Monsieur de le Feuillade for their model, had constructed a miniature subterranean orange-house, a Swiss lake, and baths of Apollo. There were also a court-yard of honour and the Trianons, each one five-hundredth the size of the original; each pond was about as large as a bucket of water.

Monsieur de Taverney had followed the prevailing custom since Louis XV had taken the Trianons. His house at Versailles had its Trianons, its orchards, and its flower-beds. Since Louis XVI had his locksmith shops and turning-lathes, Monsieur de Taverney had his forge and his chips. Since Marie Antoinette had laid out English gardens, artificial rivers, prairies, and Swiss châlets, Monsieur de Taverney had made in a corner of his garden a little Trianon suitable for dolls, and a river for young ducks.

However, at the moment when we find him, he was enjoying the sunshine in the only avenue laid out in the time of Louis XIV which remained to him,—an avenue of lindens with their long red suckers looking like irons just drawn from the fire. He was walking slowly, his hands in his muff, and every five minutes the two servants approached him with the chair that he might rest after his exercise.

He was enjoying this repose and winking in the strong sunshine, when a porter came running from the house calling out, "Monsieur le Chevalier!"

"My son!" said the old man, with proud joy. And turning, he perceived Philippe, who had followed the servant. "My dear Chevalier," he said, dismissing the servants by a sign, "your arrival is very timely, for my mind is full of happy thoughts; but how strange you look. You are in bad humour."

"I, Monsieur? No."

"You know already the result of that affair?"

"What affair?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The old man turned round to see that no one was listening, then said, "I speak of the ball."

"I do not understand."

"The Opera-ball."

Philippe coloured; the sly old man observed it. "Imprudent!" he said, "you are like bad sailors who as soon as there is a favourable wind furl every sail. Sit down on this bench, and let me entertain you with some moral reflections; I have some good ones."

"But Monsieur, in short——"

"In short, Monsieur, you are too audacious; you who were at first so timid and delicate now compromise her."

Philippe looked up. "Of whom are you speaking, Monsieur?" he said.

"*Pardieu!* of her."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Ah! Do you think I have not heard about the pranks you two were playing at the Opera-ball. A pretty piece of work."

"Monsieur, I protest——"

"Come, do not be angry; I speak only for your good. You are not careful enough; you will be caught some time. You were seen with her at this ball; another time you will be seen with her somewhere else."

"I was seen?"

"*Pardieu!* Had you, or had you not, a blue domino?"

Taverney was about to explain that he had not a blue domino, that it was all a mistake, that he had not been to any ball, and that he did not even know of what ball his father was speaking; but it is repugnant to some natures to defend themselves under delicate circumstances. Only those defend themselves energetically who know that by defending themselves, they are rendering a service to the friend who loves them and who accuses them.

"But of what use," thought Philippe, "to make explanations to my father? Besides, I wish to know everything."

"You see," continued the old man, "that you were recognized; I was sure of it. Indeed, Monsieur de Richelieu, who was at the ball in spite of his eighty-four years, and who is very fond of you, wondered who the blue domino could be on whose arm the queen was leaning, and he could suspect only you, for he had seen all the others. And you know the great discernment of Monsieur le Marechal."

"That I may have been suspected, I can conceive; but that the queen should have been recognized is more extraordinary."

"Not so very difficult, since she took off her mask. Oh, that passes all comprehension. Such audacity! That woman must be mad about you."

Philippe blushed. To continue the conversation further would have been impossible.

"If it was not audacity," said Taverney, "it was a very unfortunate accident. Take care, Chevalier, you have jealous rivals to fear. To be the favourite of a queen is an envied post, especially when the queen is really the king"; and Taverney senior slowly inhaled a pinch of snuff. "You will forgive me my little sermon, will you not, Chevalier? Pardon it, my dear. I feel very grateful toward you, and I would prevent the breath of chance from demolishing the scaffolding which you have so skilfully raised."

Philippe rose, perspiring freely, his hands clenched. He was about to go away in order to break off this conversation, and with the same pleasure one would take in breaking the back-bone of a serpent; but one feeling held him back,—a painful feeling of curiosity; an overpowering desire to know the worst,—one of those pitiless arrows which lacerate hearts overflowing with love.

"I was telling you, then," said the old man, "that we are looked upon with envy; that is very natural. However, we have not yet reached the pinnacle to which you are raising us. To you belongs the glory of elevating the name of Taverney above its humble source. But unless you are prudent, we shall never arrive, and your plans will miscarry on the way. That would be a pity, for indeed we are progressing well."

Philippe turned away to conceal the profound disgust, the bitter contempt which imparted to his features at this moment an expression at which the old man would have been astonished, perhaps terrified.

"In a short time you will ask for some high post," said the old man, growing excited. "You will obtain for me a lord-lieutenancy in some place not too far from Paris; you will then make a peerage of Taverney-Maison-Rouge; you will have me included in the first promotion of the order. You can be duke, peer, and lieutenant-general. In two years—I shall still be living—you will obtain for me——"

"Enough! enough!" groaned Philippe.

"Oh, if you are satisfied with that, I am not. You have a whole life before you; I have but a few months. These months must repay me for the sad and miserable past. But I do not complain. God has

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

given me two children. That is much for a man without fortune; but if my daughter has been useless in repairing our fortunes, you will make up for it. You are the architect of the temple. I see in you the great Taverney, the hero. You inspire me with respect, and that is something, you know. It is true that your conduct with the court has been admirable. Oh, I have never seen anything more skilful."

"What do you mean?" said the young man, uneasy at being approved by this serpent.

"Your demeanour is superb. You show no jealousy. You leave the field apparently open to every one, while you really hold it alone."

"I do not understand you," said Philippe, more and more annoyed.

"No modesty, if you please! It is a repetition of the conduct of Monsieur Potemkin, who astonished the world by his success. He saw that Catherine liked variety in her loves; that if left at liberty she would flutter from flower to flower, returning always to the sweetest and most beautiful, but that if pursued she would fly out of reach. He took his resolution. It was he who praised and rendered agreeable to the empress the new favourites whom she distinguished with her favour,—leaving always a vulnerable point of attack; it was he who wearied the sovereign with these passing caprices, instead of satiating her with the charms of Potemkin himself. By aiding the ephemeral reign of these favourites, ironically called the twelve Cæsars, Potemkin rendered his own reign eternal, indestructible."

"But these are incomprehensible infamies!" murmured poor Philippe, gazing at his father in stupefaction.

The old man continued, with imperturbable calmness, "According to the system of Potemkin, you have been slightly at fault. He never abandoned his surveillance, while you relax yours. I know very well that French policy is not Russian policy."

To these words, spoken with an expression of cunning which would have baffled the most hardened diplomatists, Philippe, who thought his father was raving, answered by a shrug of the shoulders which was anything but respectful.

"Yes, yes," cried the old man, quickly; "you think that I have not divined your plan? But you shall see."

"Well, let us see, Monsieur," said Philippe, folding his arms.

"Will you tell me," said the baron, "that you have not your probable successor already in training?"

"My successor?" said Philippe, turning pale.

"Do you mean to tell me that you do not know the stability of the queen's amorous inclinations when once she is possessed by them, and that in the event of a change on her part you do not wish to be wholly sacrificed, evicted, which always happens where the queen is concerned, for she cannot at the same time love the present and endure the past?"

"You speak Hebrew, Monsieur le Baron."

The old man burst into a harsh and ominous laugh, which made Philippe shudder as if it were the summons of an evil genius.

"You will make me believe that it is not your tactics to stand well with Monsieur de Charny?"

"Charny?"

"Yes, your future successor,—the man who can, when he is in power, exile you, as you now can exile Messieurs de Coigny, de Vaudreuil, and others."

The blood rushed violently to Philippe's temples.

"Enough," cried he, once more,—"enough, Monsieur! I am ashamed indeed to have listened so long. He who asserts that the queen of France is a Messalina, that man, Monsieur, is a criminal calumniator!"

"Good,—very good!" cried the old man. "You play your part well; but I assure you that no one can possibly hear us."

"Oh!"

"And as for Charny, I have divined your plan, although skilfully made; the gift of divination runs in the Taverney blood. Go on, Philippe, go on; flatter, mollify, console your Charny. Help him to pass by gentle gradations from the state of the green blade to that of the full-blown flower; and be assured that he is a gentleman who will later, when in favour, repay your kindness"; and after uttering these words, Monsieur de Taverney, quite proud of his exhibition of perspicacity, made a little fantastic leap as if he had been a young man, and a young man insolent in his prosperity.

Philippe, who was furious, seized him by the sleeve and stopped him.

"That is what you mean, is it, Monsieur? Your logic is admirable."

"I have guessed, have I not, and you are angry? Bah! you will pardon me, if only for my good intention. Besides, I like Charny, and am glad that you have conducted yourself so well toward him."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Your Monsieur de Charny is at this moment so much my favourite, my darling, my trained bird, that a little while ago I passed a foot of this blade between his ribs"; and Philippe held out his sword to his father.

"What!" cried Taverney, terrified at the sight of those flashing eyes and at this warlike intelligence. "Did you not say that you had fought with Monsieur de Charny?"

"And that I spitted him! Yes."

"Great God!"

"That is my mode of caressing, mollifying, and standing well with my successors," added Philippe; "and now that you are acquainted with it, apply your theory to my practice"; and he made a desperate effort to get away.

The old man clung to his arm. "Philippe, Philippe, tell me that you jest!"

"Call it a jest, if you please, but it is done."

The old man raised his eyes to heaven, mumbled some incoherent words, and, leaving his son, ran to his house.

"Quick! quick!" he cried, "a man on horseback! Let him go instantly to make inquiries about Monsieur de Charny, who has been wounded; let him not forget to say that he comes from me. That traitor, Philippe!" he said, returning, "is he not the brother of his sister? And I thought him cured! Oh, there is only one head in my family, and that is mine!"

(*To be continued*)

Israfel

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

[And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures. KORAN]

IN HEAVEN a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute";
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars, (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured Moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say, (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up god—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than his might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Some Persons of Importance

Just before twelve o'clock, when all the guests except an Englishman and the commercial traveller had departed, a carriage stopped at the gate; and a moment after the door opened, and a woman, followed by a courier belonging to one of the hotels at Algiers, entered the room. She turned, startled by the cheerless appearance of the place, and was about to go out, when her eyes met those of Brother Angelo; then she walked slowly to the head of the table and took her seat. The courier sat at the foot. Brother Ambrose served her, and she made a pretence of eating. She cast occasional glances at the young monk, and he never took his eyes away from her. He stood staring at what he had never seen before—a beautiful woman.

She was very dark. Her hair was blue-black, twisted into a heavy knot at the back of her head, and over her ears two sharply pointed locks curved up like sickles on her temples. She wore a little black hat, such as Spanish bull-fighters wear, tilted down upon her brows. Her nose was straight and thin, pinched in just above the nostrils, which quivered with each breath. Her lips were full and red, and her white teeth were small and shaped like orange seeds. Her hands were those of the old races, with long pointed fingers and rosy nails. She wore a dozen rings, and all were set with emeralds. Once she looked about the room, and saw the Englishman and the commercial traveller; afterward she did not notice them.

The Monk and the Dancer. ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH.

THAT is a characteristic passage from the opening pages of one of Arthur Cosslett Smith's stories; and, quietly straightforward as it is, any experienced editor would infallibly pick it out as the work of a master craftsman. In a little more than a hundred words, a living, fascinating personality is there before you—vivid as a Goya painting, so significant that one watches, absorbed, for the woman's slightest action, the next expression on her face. And in this case, as in others, the author proceeds to carry the entranced reader through a series of dramatic, adventurous happenings, all inevitable from the very outset, all forming a story which sticks in the memory for years.

In view of which, it seems remarkable that so few people seem to be familiar with this writer's work. Yet his best tales appeared in *Scribner's*, and the two slim volumes (eight stories in all) which represent his literary output have been available since their publication in 1900 and 1903. Those I have found who knew his name at all, were invariably enthusiasts on the subject; and in my own case, the recollection of "The Desert" and "The Turquoise Cup" persisted so strongly—for over twenty years—that ever since planning the first issue of this magazine I have been trying to arrange for their appearance here.

Mr. Smith, who died in 1926, was born in 1852, graduated at Hobart College when he was twenty, and received his degree of LL.B. from Columbia in 1875. He practised as a lawyer in Rochester for many years, and seems to have found the chief expression of an unusually sensitive, cultivated, beauty-loving nature in producing this handful of exquisitely wrought stories.

THERE are some quite elusive factors in that matter of popular recognition of the fiction-writer. Of course, every publisher soon learns the fact that he, like all other readers, has "blind spots," which may prevent his "seeing" something that thousands, or millions will grab for; and, conversely, that some of his choicest enthusiasms are going to

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

leave the public cold. For there are but a few of us on whom can be pronounced that encomium which pinned an Order on the breast of a certain Great Editor: "He can think like a million women."

But, following the case of Arthur Cosslet Smith, consider Albert Hickman. His stories, too, remained so sharp in one reader's mind for a couple of decades that they were among the first possibilities which came to mind in considering contemporary fiction for the GOLDEN BOOK. Of all the people spoken to about him, however, only one recalled him—and that was an editor who had come under his spell at the same time as myself. Yet the six stories of his which have appeared here have brought more letters, and more extravagant expressions of pleasure than anything else published in these three years.

I'm not quite sure just what all that proves—except that you'll probably like "Oriented." And, to be sure, that this monthly garnering has a reason for existence.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER was a writer whose personality leaves an even deeper impression than do his stories, charming as are the latter. The testimony of his friends as to the lovableness of his nature is not necessary: that quality continually breaks through his poetry, his serious tales, his satisfying humour, his sensitive history of the old New York house and its various avatars.

Bunner was born at Oswego in 1855, but came to New York City when very young and was educated there. Just as he was ready to enter Columbia University, he was forced to meet those stern realities of life, and make a living. A short experience as clerk in an importing house convinced him that he must find his work in the field of letters: he had a brief taste of reporting on a newspaper, then, at eighteen, got a chance on the staff of a new weekly, *The Arcadian*.

That journal died in infancy. But the first successful comic weekly in America was cutting its teeth about then, and when *Puck* started its edition in English (1877), young Bunner got his chance. At first assistant, he soon demonstrated his fitness to be editor; and until his death in 1896 that famous periodical was an expression of himself. He made it not only the leading "funny paper," but his sane, vigorous editorials gave it a powerful social and political influence; and his own light verse and short tales began to appear here and in other magazines.

In 1886, *The Midge*, a tale of the New York French quarter around south Fifth Avenue, gave him a reputation as a story-teller; and during his remaining ten years he devoted most of the time he could spare from his editorial labours to novels and short stories. Besides *The Midge*, his books include *The Story of a New York House*, *Short Sixes*, *More Short Sixes*, *Made in France*, *Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories*, *Love in Old Cloathes, and Other Stories*, *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane* (and, I think published separately, *The Runaway Browns* and *The Suburban Sage*)—besides three volumes of verse: *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*, *Rowen*, and, after his death, *Poems*. Bunner also collaborated in several plays, of which the best known was *The Tower of Babel*.

It was a busy life for a man dying at forty-one; and it added a lot to the world's pleasure.

BALZAC wrote *Un Drame au Bord de la Mer* in Paris in November, 1834,—right in the midst of that prodigious outflow of great novels (*Eugénie Grandet*, 1833, *The Quest of the Absolute* and *Père Goriot*, 1834, *Lost Illusions*, 1835, and *César Birotteau*, 1837) which showed him at the summit of his powers. It was dedicated to Mme. la Princesse Caroline Galitzin de Genthod, née Comtesse Walewska, and was one of the group of *Marana* tales. In 1843, one of his rearrangements of his published work changed the title to *La Justice Paternelle*, and issued it in a volume with "The Muse of the Department," "Albert Savarus," and "Facino Cane."

It clearly represents the author's working out of a tragic bit of true local history drawn from the rocky coast of Brittany; and psychologically it is strangely akin to Mérimée's "Mateo Falcone," though the latter study came from Corsica, far away to the South.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

IF THE Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research had never done anything except to give Alexis Carrel an opportunity for his work, it would have brilliantly justified its existence. For Dr. Carrel, though American only by adoption, is one of the first figures an informed American would advance if he had to substantiate this country's claim to a share in the leadership of scientific progress.

Born in France in 1873, he was educated at the University of Lyons, where he took his degree of M.D. in 1900. Serving as interne in the Lyons hospital for four years, he next became prosector to the faculty of medicine; then, in 1905, he came to the United States.

His laboratory work, and a series of scientific papers on the transplantation of blood-vessels, brought him, first a position on the staff, then a fellowship at the Rockefeller Institute; here, for nearly twenty years, he has devoted himself to studies on the preservation of animal tissues, which have profoundly influenced modern biology.

In 1912, Dr. Carrel was awarded the Nobel prize in physiology and medicine for his work in blood-vessel surgery; and at the outbreak of the war he devised the Carrel-Dakin treatment for wounds, saving "many lives and countless amputations" by this new method drawn from his laboratory researches. The short account here of what he has accomplished, in his study of "the immortality of tissue," and what it means, was first delivered as an address to the Race Betterment Conference; and it is, I believe, the first popular statement made by him.

It seems to me of an importance quite incommensurate with its size. In fact, when one reads that "death is the price of organization," the most practical mind is stimulated to abstract thought and reflections upon ultimate matters.

"THE Jester," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, is published here for the first time. Mrs. Freeman continues, in her New Jersey home, to produce stories which reflect her direct and sympathetic outlook on the people she sees about her, their emotions and problems; and the thing which has given her a unique place in the minds of many readers is very largely this capacity for simple feeling. One of the most triumphant displays of it which I recall in her long list of stories, is a tale she wrote long ago called "Noblesse"—in which a proud and reserved New England woman, of a once prosperous family, finds herself, as the last sacrifice to a step-sister, being exhibited as the fat woman in a cheap road show! And she is rescued only by a man of her own breed, scholar and gentleman, who, in default of money, supplies himself as "fat man" in her place! That such a plot can avoid screaming farce, seems to me an indication of extraordinary quality in the feeling behind the writing.

MASSIMO BONTEMPELLI is one of the most brilliant of the younger group of contemporary Italian writers. He has won himself a definite place in his own country, and his stories have been translated into German and widely circulated; but Mrs. Hudson (who has made the present version of "The Avenging Film" by arrangement with the author), believes that this is the first English translation of his work.

Certainly it is an admirable specimen of light and humorous satire.

WHEN Charles Dudley Warner came to put together the leisurely series of narratives which became *My Summer in a Garden*, Henry Ward Beecher wrote an "introductory letter" to the volume:

> Almost all graceful and fanciful work is born like a dream, that comes noiselessly, and tarries silently, and goes as a bubble bursts. And yet somewhere work must come in,—real, well-considered work.
>
> Inness (the best American painter of Nature in her moods of real human feeling) once said,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"No man can do any thing in art, unless he has *intuitions;* but, between whiles, one must work hard in collecting the materials out of which intuitions are made." The truth could not be hit off better. Knowledge is the soil, and intuitions are the flowers which grow up out of it. The soil must be well enriched and worked.

It is very plain, or will be to those who read these papers, now gathered up into this book, as into a chariot for a race, that the author has long employed his eyes, his ears, and his understanding, in observing and considering the facts of Nature, and in weaving curious analogies. Being an editor of one of the oldest daily newspapers in New England, and obliged to fill its columns day after day (as the village mill is obliged to render every day so many sacks of flour or of meal to its hungry customers), it naturally occurred to him, "Why not write something which I myself, as well as my readers, shall enjoy? The market gives them facts enough; politics, lies enough; art, affectations enough; criminal news, horrors enough; fashion, more than enough of vanity upon vanity, and vexation of purse. Why should they not have some of those wandering and joyous fancies which solace my hours?"

The suggestion ripened into execution. Men and women read, and wanted more. Those garden letters began to blossom every week; and many hands were glad to gather pleasure from them. A sign it was of wisdom. In our feverish days, it is a sign of health or of convalescence that men love gentle pleasure, and enjoyments that do not rush or roar, but distil as the dew.

The love of rural life, the habit of finding enjoyment in familiar things, that susceptibility to Nature which keeps the nerve gently thrilled in her homeliest nooks and by her commonest sounds, is worth a thousand fortunes of money, or its equivalents.

Every book which interprets the secret lore of fields and gardens, every essay that brings men nearer to the understanding of the mysteries which every tree whispers, every brook murmurs, every weed, even, hints, is a contribution to the wealth and the happiness of our kind. And if the lines of the writer shall be traced in quaint characters, and be filled with a grave humour, or break out at times into merriment, all this will be no presumption against their wisdom or his goodness. Is the oak less strong and tough because the mosses and weather-stains stick in all manner of grotesque sketches along its bark? Now, truly, one may not learn from this little book either divinity or horticulture; but if he gets a pure happiness, and tendency to repeat the happiness from the simple stores of Nature, he will gain from our friend's garden what Adam lost in his, and what neither philosophy nor divinity has always been able to restore.

Nothing could be more different from the rapid-fire, over-emphasized "stuff with a punch" than Warner's easy, smiling tale of his experiences as an amateur gardener. Dare I utter the heresy that, perhaps, therein lies some of its charm? H. W. L.

Copyright Title Page

725.—"The Desert," by Arthur Cosslett Smith. Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

743.—"Oriented," by Albert Hickman. Copyright, 1909, by The Century Company; permission of the author.

752.—"A Sisterly Scheme," by H. C. Bunner. Copyright, 1890, by Alice Larned Bunner; permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

765.—"Do Novelists Use Real People?" by Earle F. Walbridge. Acknowledgment is made to The New York Public Library, publisher of *Romans à Clef; With Additions.*

776.—"The Honk-Honk Breed," by Stewart Edward White. Copyright, 1907, by The Ridgway Company (*Everybody's Magazine*); permission of the author.

781.—"The Host," by Ferenc Molnar; translated by Joseph Szebenyei. Copyright, 1925, by Samuel French; permission of the translator.

787.—"The Immortality of Animal Tissue, and Its Significance," by Dr. Alexis Carrel. From the Proceedings of the Third Race Betterment Conference, 1928, Battle Creek, Michigan; courtesy of the Conference, and permission of the author.

789.—"Sonnet XVII," by Dante; translated by Lorna De' Lucchi. Permission of the Oxford University Press.

792.—"My Summer in a Garden," by Charles Dudley Warner. Copyright, 1870, by Fields, Osgood, & Company; permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

800.—"Bridget Brady," by William Boyle. Permission of the author.

821.—"The Jester," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Copyright, 1928, by the author.

830.—"A City Ringed with Fire," by F. L. Minnigerode. Courtesy of the New York *Times.*

837.—"The Queen's Necklace," by Alexander Dumas. Translation copyright, 1890, 1893, by Little, Brown and Company.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA